

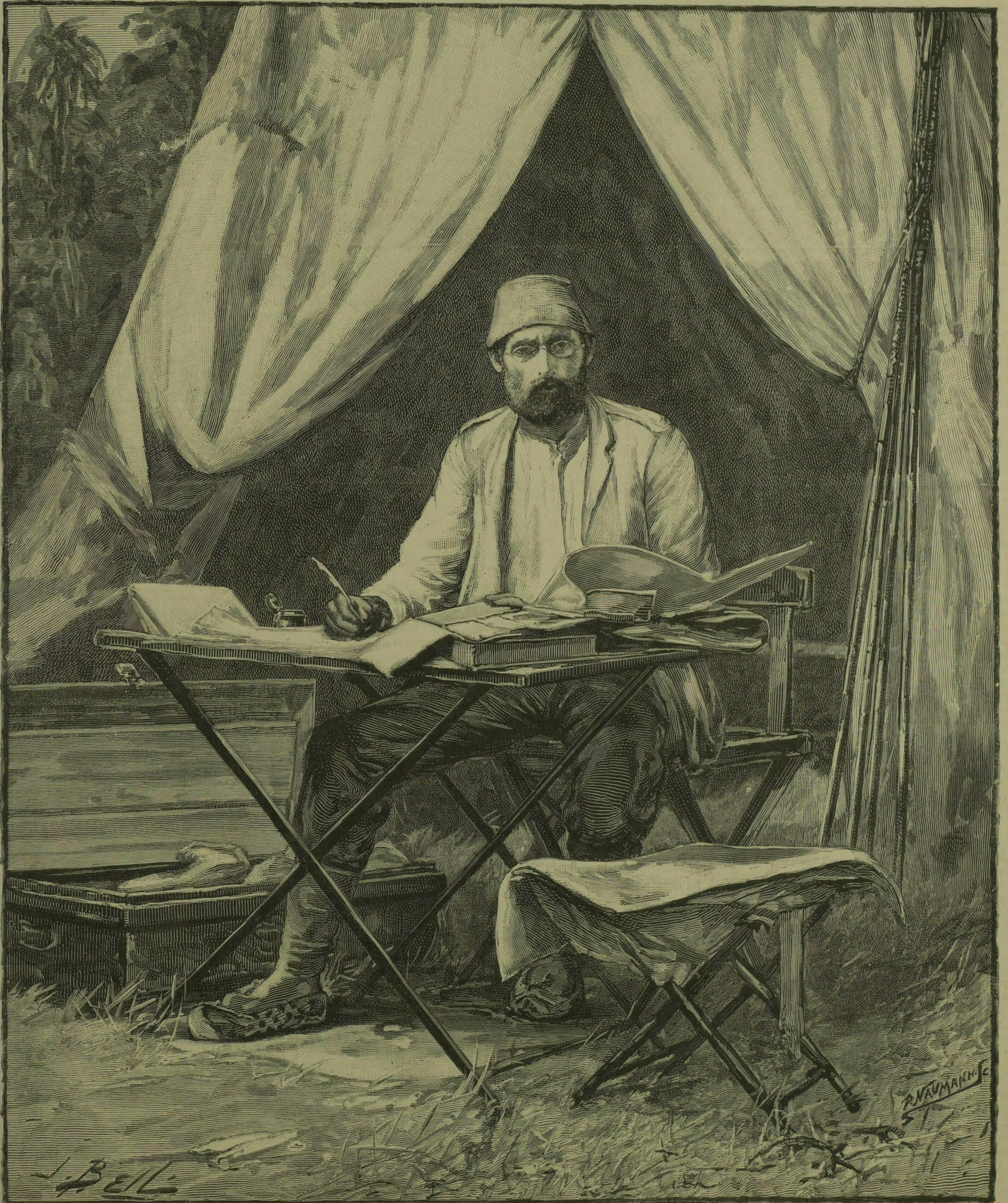
# THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS

REGISTERED AT THE GENERAL POST-OFFICE FOR TRANSMISSION ABROAD.

No. 2641.—VOL. XCV.

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 30, 1889.

THIRTY-SIX <sup>1</sup>/<sub>2</sub> SIXPENCE.  
PAGES ) By Post, 6½d.



EMIN PASHA IN CAMP.

FOUNDED ON A PHOTOGRAPH TAKEN AT KHARTOUM.

THE EMIN PASHA RELIEF EXPEDITION.



## OUR NOTE BOOK.

BY JAMES PAYN.

If there was something wanting in dignity in the late revolution in Brazil, it has some interesting characteristics: if it is commonplace, there is also much common-sense about it. Not even a Macaulay would be able to invest the matter with historical grandeur, yet there is nothing contemptible about it, as in the departure of Mr. Smith from the Tuileries. There is little doubt that this bloodless and simple method of getting rid of a dynasty of which a nation has tired will be followed for the future, so infinitely preferable does it seem to the old way. What a totally unnecessary perturbation, when one comes to think about it, was made about the Stuarts! If James II. had been packed off at twenty-four hours' notice, with "compensation for disturbance" in his pocket, how much better it would have been! What a saving of blood and treasure! Dom Pedro and his people seem almost to have parted friends. It never entered into his mind to drop the Great Seal into the sea, in order to give them trouble; while as for the cause of disagreement, he frankly acknowledged that there was a good deal to be said upon the other side: "My daughter has not a nice manner, I confess, and my son-in-law is distinctly objectionable." There was some little difficulty about the notice; editors have three months, and Emperors—who are also "We's"—might naturally expect the same time to turn about in; but this was allowed for in the cheque, which it must be admitted (if it be only honoured) was very handsome. It was probably the promptest proceeding in any affair of the same magnitude known to history; done, as the old phrase goes, "in the twinkling of a bedpost, or the cracking of a Barcelona nut"—only, in this case, it was a Brazilian one.

Of the very superior manner in which plays are put upon the stage, as compared with old times, there cannot be a doubt; but, notwithstanding all this splendour, one misses something. Actors used often to take the public into their confidence, at all events so far as the playbill was concerned; but now nothing is known of them except through the public prints, where they have a sort of Court Circular of their own. Even in the provinces, the Stars wax and wane, without revealing to us either their dramatic or domestic troubles. How different things used to be in this way may be read in an advertisement of a performance about to take place on Saturday, May 5, 1758, at the theatre in East Grinstead. It says "in the old theatre," so perhaps there were two, in which case Sussex must have been the very home of the provincial drama in those days. "By particular desire and for the benefit of Mrs. T., the deep and affecting tragedy of 'Theodosius; or, the Force of Love,' Varanes by Mr. T., who will strive as far as possible to support the character of this fiery Persian prince, in which he was so much admired at Arundel, Petworth, and Lewes." There is something very touching and modest in that "as far as possible," while on the other hand the introduction of the local audiences as critics of the appropriate behaviour of a fiery Persian prince seems injudicious. "Theodosius, by a young gentleman from the University of Oxford, who has never appeared on any stage." It is curious that this inexperience, which is so fatal in literature (for who would read anybody's first book if he could help it?), is always an attraction on the stage. People hope to see a breakdown (not a dance, but a failure) or the effects of stage fright on a nervous subject. "Athenais by Mrs. T. Though her present condition will not permit her to wait on gentlemen and ladies out of the town with tickets, she hopes for their support." That is a tender touch such as one never sees in a modern playbill. Imagine—but no, we mustn't. "Nothing in Italy can exceed the altar in the first scene of this play. Nevertheless, should any of the nobility or gentry wish to see it ornamented with flowers, the bearer will bring away as many as they choose to favour him with." This sending round not only the hat, but the basket, is an idea that did not suggest itself even to the ingenious Mr. Crummies. The postscript of this admirable notice, though entirely different from it in style, is equally remarkable. "The great yard-dog that made so much noise on Thursday night during the last act of 'Richard III.' will be sent to a neighbour's over the way. *Vivat Regina.*"

A great medical paper has recently opened its columns to a gentleman who has a new theory upon the gout—a liberality not inferior to the admission into a literary or dramatic organ of a new view of the character of Hamlet. It appears, from his statement, that plenty of meat is the best cure; if he would only add, "and plenty of dry champagne," it would be not only the best but the shortest. What I like about him is his directness—a virtue, however, which he shares with the great healers of to-day. "Go and do this and that," they say; where their predecessors, with a most injudicious modesty, said "Try it." The vagueness of medical advice, indeed, in old times makes one wonder how anyone thought it worth their while to follow it; and it was taken advantage of by quacks, who, under cover of it, became mystical. The gentleman, with whom we are all so well acquainted, who, after forty years' study and an unprecedented blessing on it, has discovered an infallible cure for any disorder, and will transmit it by post on receipt of nineteenpence half-penny exactly, is found (embalmed) in the Harleian MSS. Though he has had ten thousand imitators, he has had no rival. He even anticipated Mr. Lewis Carroll in inventing a language of his own. The four most common distempers incident to the body of man he describes as (1) the strong fives, (2) the marthambles, (3) the moonpall, (4) the hock-ogrocle. These really seem most creditable disorders, and as one reads them one almost seems to have got them. "Now," says this generous and ingenious fellow, "though the very symptoms of these diseases are altogether unknown to our greatest physicians, and the particular knowledge of them

would, if concealed, be a vast advantage to me, yet, well knowing that my country's good is to be preferred to my private interest, I will promise a faithful cure of all the diseases aforesaid at as reasonable rates as our modern doctors have for that of any common distemper." This notion of curing one of an entirely novel disease, known only to the physician himself, is excellent indeed, and should be really useful in nervous disorders. "Madam, you have the moonpall"; or, "Sir, it is my duty to tell you that you have the marthambles," should surely be communications likely to arouse the mind, and suggest endeavour.

The shooting at a Judge, rare even in the United States, is in this country unparalleled. That it was "only a County Court Judge" who was shot at the other day does not, as some people seem to think, diminish the gravity of the offence; nor, on the other hand, as others suppose, is the incident likely to prove the small end of the wedge, the precursor of a series of shots at the Bench at large. There is some reason, though certainly not a good one, in a disappointed suitor taking his revenge in one case and not in the other. The County Court Judge decides in person against him; the puisne Judge is the mouthpiece of the jury. It is curious how this seems to be understood even by the most desperate criminals. It is very unusual for a ruffian, after receiving sentence, to indulge in threats of what he will do to the "blooming" Judge when his term of penal servitude shall have ended. A lady will sometimes so far forget herself in the dock as to take off her shoe and shy it at him, but as it always hits somebody else he only blandly smiles, while on her part the little ebullition of wrath acts as a safety-valve. If the convict could pay out the jury, he might concentrate his intelligence, for the next five years or so, upon schemes for putting that very natural desire into effect; but a vendetta against twelve unknown shopkeepers must seem ridiculous even to a Corsican. The prosecutor, of course, is the proper person to be revenged upon; and, if he has perjured himself and brought an innocent man to grief, it is a matter neither of surprise nor regret that when the term of his victim's imprisonment nears its end he should begin to feel rather uncomfortable. But everyone is not as reasonable as the reader; and it is really to the credit of our criminals that, in coming out of penal servitude, they are never so illogical as to take pot-shots at the gentleman in the wig who sent them there.

There are some poets, though undoubtedly "minor," who are as genuine as the major ones, and, under some circumstances (as Longfellow has charmingly pointed out in his poem "The Day is Done"), more welcome to their readers. Among them was William Allingham. Without achieving popularity, his merits have long been acknowledged by those who love poetry for its own sake. At one time it seemed likely that he would have a wider influence. His "Lawrence Bloomfield in Ireland," which has the simplicity and not a little of the graphic power of Crabbe, was quoted with deserved praise by the Prime Minister in the House of Commons. But it is by his lyrics that Allingham will be best remembered. There are some—such as "The Fairies"—so musical and tender that they always haunt the memory:—

Up the airy mountain, down the rushy glen,  
We daren't go a-hunting for fear of little men;  
Wee folk, good folk, trooping altogether,  
Green jacket, red cap, and white owl's feather.

How strange, by the way, is the manner in which certain lines stick to the mind, which have no sort of association with it, nor, as it would seem, even any particular meaning! The turner croons it over his wheel; the traveller murmurs it to himself—and sometimes not to himself, but to the alarm of the nervous fellow-passenger—in the railway carriage; the solitary rider confides it to the ear of his horse. I once knew an old gentleman, learned in the law, who was given, when he thought himself alone, to quote, with much fire and feeling, Shelley's opening lines upon the death of Napoleon:—

What! alive and so bold, O Earth!  
Art thou not over bold?

His clerk was made very unhappy by it. Yet, so far as I could discover, the good lawyer did not care twopence either for Shelley or Napoleon. It was merely that the lines had struck his fancy. I confess I recite sometimes to myself with considerable success, in four-wheeled cabs after nightfall (when one can't read), certain snatches of song. I don't know what the cabman thinks of them, but I gather from the expression of his face (in which alarm is prominent) what he thinks of me.

It has at last dawned upon the authorities that type-writing in our Government offices would be preferable to the work now done by the copying clerk; while a Judge has simultaneously expressed his opinion from the bench that the legibility of depositions and other legal MSS. might be ensured by the same means. There is not even the objection to this course usually made to every modern improvement, that it would throw certain persons out of employment, since the art of type-writing can be acquired by any intelligent person in a few days. How strange it is that the official and judicial mind should have been so slow to arrive at this sage conclusion! Next to the sewing-machine, there has been no instrument of late years so useful as the type-writer, which, moreover, has established an industry of its own, for which female labour is especially adapted. Those who follow the literary calling are under particular obligations to it. If contributors are wise they should always take advantage of this discovery; for a very frequent cause of rejection—illegibility—is thereby done away with, while they are no longer exposed to the risk of losing their precious MS., since it is as easy to take two copies of it by the machine as one. What is curious, notwithstanding the comparatively short time the system has been at work, is the perfection which the fair copyists have attained in deciphering hieroglyphics. In the old times, when the novel or the poem went to the copying clerk, it came back distinctly written, of course, and, sometimes

ornamented with feats of penmanship in the way of flourishes, but the amount of correction it required was enormous. He could transcribe a deed or a document, but an appropriate epithet, far more a flight of imagination, was beyond him: he himself was never puzzled, for the meaning of what he had to write did not trouble him in the least, but he puzzled the author very much, and almost put him out of conceit with his own productions. "If I really wrote such rubbish as that," he would say to himself, "I must be a fool indeed." He could not easily make out what he had written, and the copyist's version of it, putting him on a false scent, made interpretation impossible. Now the mistress of the type-writer, as intelligent as she is deft-handed, knows what the author means to say, and, in some extreme cases which one would rather not particularise, even when he has forgotten it himself.

It is possible that some day an illegible poet may have some such conversation with his type-writer (though in her case the question would be only one of elucidating the text) as that recorded between Johnson and Goldsmith concerning the latter's "Traveller." Someone asks the poet whether by the word "slow" in the line—

Remote, unfriended, melancholy, slow,

he meant tardiness of locomotion. "Yes," said Goldsmith. "No, Sir," roared Johnson; "you do not mean that: you mean that sluggishness of mind which comes upon a man in solitude." This is, perhaps, the most humorous thing in Boswell, and the more so since none of the persons concerned seemed to see any fun in it, or to be aware that Johnson was utterly in the wrong.

## THE COURT.

The Queen, accompanied by Princess Beatrice and her Royal Highness's three children, arrived at Windsor Castle on the morning of Nov. 21. The Royal party left Perth shortly after seven o'clock on the previous evening, and the entire trip from Ballater to Windsor—a distance of 591½ miles—was made in eighteen hours and fifty-five minutes. The Queen, although apparently suffering slightly from rheumatism, was otherwise in good health and spirits. Her Majesty and the Princess, who were escorted by General Gardiner and Sir John McNeill, drove immediately to the castle. The Prince and Princess of Wales visited the Queen in the afternoon, and remained to luncheon. Her Majesty is expected to remain at Windsor till about Dec. 17, when the Court will remove to Osborne for the Christmas season. On the 22nd the Queen drove out, accompanied by Princess Beatrice; and Princess Louise and the Marquis of Lorne arrived at Windsor and dined with her Majesty. Princess Victoria of Schleswig-Holstein also visited her Majesty. The Marquis of Salisbury had an audience of the Queen, and afterwards had the honour of dining with her Majesty and the Royal family. The Queen went out on the morning of the 23rd with Princess Louise, Marchioness of Lorne; and in the afternoon the Queen and Princess Beatrice drove out, attended by the Hon. Frederica Fitzroy. Prince Christian and Princess Victoria of Schleswig-Holstein dined with her Majesty. On Sunday morning, the 24th, the Queen, the Royal family, and the members of the Royal household attended Divine service in the private chapel. The Very Rev. the Dean of Windsor officiated. The Queen drove out in the afternoon, attended by Lady Amphil and Miss McNeill. General the Right Hon. Sir Henry and the Hon. Lady Ponsonby and the Very Rev. the Dean of Windsor had the honour of dining with her Majesty and the Royal family. The Queen went out on the morning of the 25th, accompanied by Princess Louise, Marchioness of Lorne, and Princess Beatrice. Princess Louise, Marchioness of Lorne, and the Marquis of Lorne took leave of her Majesty and left the castle for London. Princess Beatrice, accompanied by Princess Victoria of Schleswig-Holstein, and attended by Miss Minnie Cochrane and Major Sir Fleetwood Edwards, opened a bazaar at the Albert Institute, Windsor, in aid of the fund for providing a Parochial Hall for the parish of Clewer. Princess Victoria of Schleswig-Holstein visited her Majesty, remaining to luncheon, and in the evening the Duchess of Albany and children arrived at Windsor Castle on a visit to the Queen.

The Royal box at Olympia was occupied on Nov. 20 for the first time, the Prince and Princess of Wales paying a visit to Barnum's show, accompanied by Prince George of Wales, Princess Louise and the Marquis of Lorne, the Duke and Duchess of Fife, and Princesses Victoria and Maud of Wales. On the 21st the Prince and Princess of Wales, accompanied by Prince George and Princesses Victoria and Maud, left Marlborough House for Sandringham, where their Royal Highnesses will probably remain for some time. On Sunday morning, the 24th, the Prince and Princess, with Prince George and Princesses Victoria and Maud, were present at Divine service at Sandringham Church. The Rev. F. A. J. Hervey, Rector of Sandringham, and Domestic Chaplain to the Prince of Wales, officiated and preached the sermon. The Prince, accompanied by Prince George, drove over from Sandringham to Castle Rising on the 26th, and joined the Duke of Fife in a day's shooting on the Rising estate. The Princess of Wales, with Princesses Victoria and Maud, also drove over to Castle Rising, and visited the Duchess of Fife, Princess Louise, and lunched with the Royal and noble sportsmen. With the arrival of the Prince and Princess at Sandringham, the county houses in Norfolk are rapidly filling, and a brilliant hunting and shooting season is anticipated.

The Duke and Duchess of Fife have arrived at Castle Rising Hall, in Norfolk, their temporary residence during the stay of the Prince and Princess of Wales at Sandringham.

Farnham Castle, the residence of the Bishop of Winchester, was visited on Nov. 22 by the Duchess of Albany, who took part in a meeting held there in support of the Mothers' Union, recently founded in the diocese, and in which her Royal Highness takes deep interest. Addresses were delivered by the Bishop of Winchester and the Bishop of Guildford.

Prince Christian, after enjoying a few days' shooting on Lord Howe's demesne at Amersham, has concluded his visit to Penn House, and has returned with Princess Victoria of Schleswig-Holstein to Cumberland Lodge. Princess Christian is expected to remain upon the Continent till the spring.

The Duke of Cambridge, as Field-Marshal Commander-in-Chief, held the first levée of the winter season at the Horse Guards, Whitehall, on Nov. 22. There was a full attendance of officers.

The forty-ninth anniversary of the birthday of the Empress Frederick (Princess Royal of England) was celebrated in London in the customary manner on Nov. 21. The bells of several West-End churches rang out merry peals; and flags were hoisted on many public and private buildings, and the usual salutes fired. The anniversary was also celebrated at Windsor.



## THE BLACK DOUGLAS.

Under the great eastern oriel at Melrose, where the high altar of the abbey once stood, lies buried the heart of King Robert the Bruce. Elsewhere, far off at Dunfermline, in Fife, the body of the Scots' King was entombed; but his heart, embalmed and cased in silver, bearing its own strange romantic story, lies apart in the Border Abbey. Around the place of its rest, in that fallen and mouldering fane, lie the race that took from the heart their armorial cognisance—the lords of the great house of Douglas.

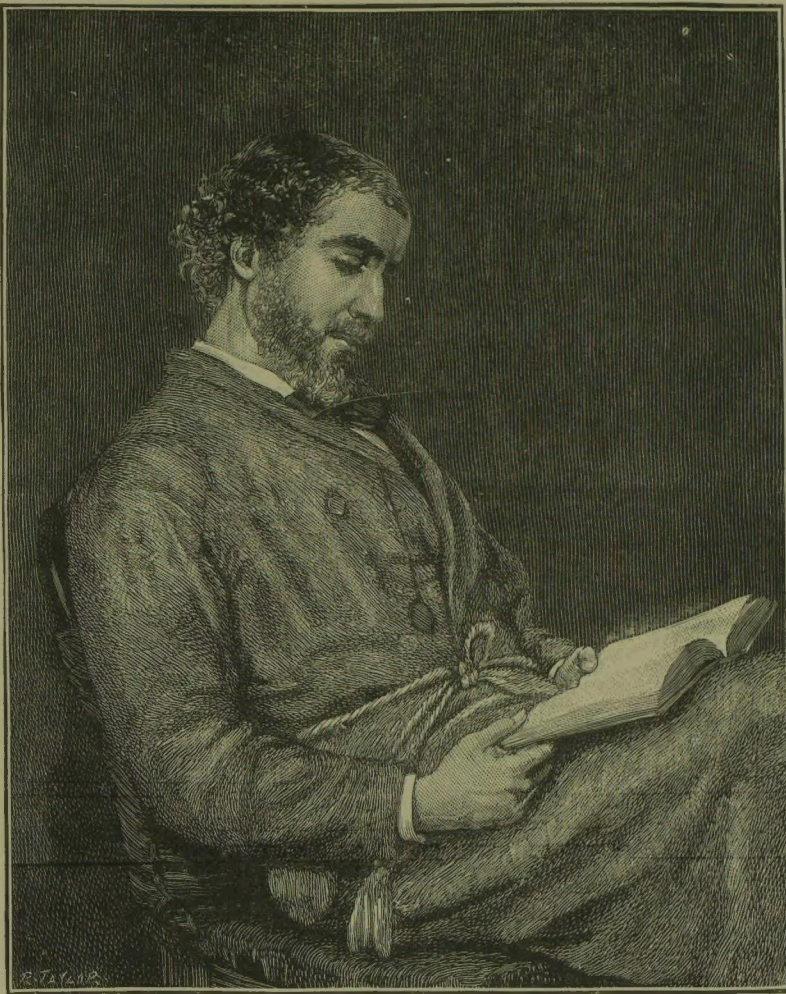
Hot and stirring was the Douglas blood, and hardly a battlefield of the Middle Ages in Scotland but was stained with some of its best. Derived far back amid the mists of antiquity, none could tell how the race arose, and it was wont to be a boast with the house that none could point to its "first mean man." There is a tower in Yarrow by the Douglas (dhu glas, black water) Burn, which is said to have been the stronghold of "the Good Lord James"; and amid the fastnesses of Cairn Table in Lanark there is another Douglas Water and Douglas Castle. From one of these, no doubt, in ancient Scots fashion the family took its name; but when that happened, and what the story was of its early days, must remain a tale untold. The house's mediæval greatness began, however, with the rise of Robert the Bruce, and from that time onwards its deeds mark with stain or blazon every page of Scottish history. Lords of the broad Scottish Border, east and west, their hands were sometimes stronger than the King's. At one time a Douglas could ride to the field with twenty thousand spears at his back, and the gallop of the Douglas steeds sometimes was terrible alike on the causeway of Edinburgh and on the moorland marches of Northumberland. Douglas Earls and Knights fought as leaders through all the wars of David Bruce. A dead Douglas in 1388 won the famous fight with Hotspur on the moonlit field of Otterbourne. At Shrewsbury, in the days of Robert III., Henry IV. of England himself ran close to being hewn in pieces by the Earl of Douglas; and for gallantry on the battlefields of France this same great Earl was invested by the French King with the Dukedom of Touraine. The fame of Scottish chivalry for three hundred years was blown abroad under the Douglas name; for courtesies and blows alike were exchanged by the race on many battle fields besides those of the northern Borderland. Not that dark deeds are lacking in their history. Dark deeds belonged to their times. But in the tilting-yard or on the tented field were to be met no fairer foes. Nor was their heroism all of the sword and buckler order, or confined to one sex. The finest thing recorded of the race after all was done by a woman. On that dark February night in 1437 when James I. was murdered in the Blackfriars Abbey at Perth, when the noise and clashing was heard as of men in armour, and the torches of the coming assassins in the garden below cast up great flashes of light against the windows of the King's chamber, was it not a Catherine Douglas who for lack of a bolt thrust her own fair arm into the staples of the door?

The fortunes of the family culminated in the reign of James II. Whatever its origin had been, in that reign the race had attained an eminence more dazzling, perhaps, than that of any subject before or since. Earls of Douglas and Wigton, Lords of Bothwell, Galloway, and Annandale, Dukes of Touraine, Lords of Longueville, and Marshals of France, they had intermarried more than once with the Scottish Royal house itself. Members of the family also held the Earldoms of Angus, Ormond, and Moray. What wonder that they lifted haughty heads, and began to look askance at the Royal power? Then it was that the Stuart King stooped to treachery, and then was done the darkest deed that ever sullied the Stuart name.

Already, in the boyhood of James, a youthful Earl of Douglas and his brother had been betrayed and slain by the King's Ministers. For this transaction, however, the King was in no way to blame. The young Earl was his guest in the Castle of Edinburgh, and when at the treacherous feast the black bull's head, the sign of death, was placed upon their table, James had wept piteously and begged hard for the lives of his friends. It was later, when another Earl was lord upon the Border, that the King made murder his resource. For this act, it must be said, James had strong provocation. Douglas had been honoured by him, had been made Lieutenant-General of the Kingdom, and had abused that honour. He had flouted the King's authority, and slain the King's friends, and, having been commanded by letter to deliver up to James's representative the person of a subject unjustly imprisoned by him, he delivered him up "wanting the head." Finally, with two great Earls of the North, he had entered into an open league against the King. All this, however, cannot palliate the King's resource, cannot absolve the tragic scene in that little supper-chamber in the Castle of Stirling. There the great Earl was his guest, when James, bursting into rage at his taunts and at his refusal to abandon the treasonous compact, suddenly cried, "By Heaven, my Lord, if you will not break the league, this shall!" and, drawing his dagger, stabbed Douglas to the heart.

This deed brought the family fortunes to a climax, and for three years Scotland was blackened by the raging of the Douglas Wars. From Berwick to Inverness the country was wasted by the struggles of the partisans. Stirling and Elgin were burned, and, amid famine and pestilence, the troubles of the wars of Edward seemed come again on Scotland, so great had grown the power of these Border lords. At last, however, the King and the Earl came face to face. Each led an army of forty thousand men, and only the small river Carron ran between them. By the combat of the morrow, it seemed, would be seen whether James Stuart or James Douglas should wear the Scottish crown. But the Earl's heart was seen to fail, and on the morrow, when he awoke, he found his camp deserted. Of all his host of the previous day not a hundred followers remained. Nothing was left him but flight; and, turning his back, as a Douglas had never done before, he made his way to England. Twenty years later, having been captured by one of his own vassals in a petty skirmish on the Border, he was sent to end his days as a monk in the Fife Abbey of Lindores.

Thus ended the great line of the Earls of Douglas,



THE LATE MR. WILLIAM ALLINGHAM, POET.

a race whose history for three hundred years had been the history of Scotland, and whose foot had twice, at least, been set upon the step even of the throne. From the house's latter days of turbulence and ambition there is pleasure in turning back to those earlier years when the good Lord James rode at the Bruce's saddle-bow, and the patriotism of groaning Scotland rallied round the coupled names of Douglas and the King. No later deed can dim the lustre of those years, and nothing in history can outshine the last scene in the life of the Knight who strove to carry the Bruce's heart to the Holy Land. Hemmed round himself by the Moors on that Spanish plain, it is said, in his effort to succour a friend, the Earl took from his neck the casket containing the King's heart. "Pass first in fight," he cried, "as thou wert wont to do! Douglas will follow thee, or die!" Then, throwing the casket far among the enemy, he rushed forward to the place where it fell, and was there slain. Well would it have been for the race of Douglas had they ever remained true as their ancestor to the service of their King!

G. E.-T.

Mr. Mendoza has been appointed Art Printseller and Publisher to her Majesty.

A new edition, the sixth, of Mr. H. Stafford Smith's "Permanent Postage-Stamp Album," entirely re-written and re-arranged, has been issued. It is strongly bound in fourteen styles, and has an elegant appearance. There are 9000 stamps catalogued in the album, and ample provision is made for stamps of the future.



"THE LOVE LETTER."—BY L. DA RIOS.  
IN MR. MENDOZA'S BLACK AND WHITE EXHIBITION.

## THE LATE MR. W. ALLINGHAM.

Few among the many writers of poetry in this generation have obtained more than ephemeral notice. Mr. William Allingham, whose death, on Monday, Nov. 18, took place at his residence, Eldon House, Lyndhurst-road, Hampstead, has long been held in esteem as a graceful and sympathetic author of poems which have the merit of true originality, and which are free from affectation, while they are not less suggestive of profitable thought than pleasing in fancy and in style. Though of English descent, he was born, on March 19, 1824, at Ballyshannon, county Donegal, and for some time held a post in the Customs in Ireland. He contributed first to the *Athenæum*, *Household Words*, and other literary journals; but in 1850 published a volume of poems, followed by "Day and Night Songs" in 1854; a collection of choice lyrics called "Nightingale Valley" in 1862; "Fifty Modern Poems" in 1865; and in 1869 "Lawrence Bloomfield in Ireland," a narrative poem illustrating the difficulties of the agrarian problem and the relations between landlords and peasants in that country. This work first appeared in *Fraser's Magazine*. An edition of his "Flower Pieces," part of "Day and Night Songs," was accompanied with designs by D. G. Rossetti; and "Life and Phantasy," by Arthur Hughes and Sir J. E. Millais. Mr. Allingham in 1872 edited "The Ballad Book," a collection of the best British ballads. In 1874 he became editor of *Fraser's Magazine*, for which he wrote many prose articles. His "Songs, Ballads, and Stories," published in 1877, comprising revised versions of many of his earlier pieces, with others in addition, were received with increasing public favour. The "Irish Songs and Ballads," with nine airs harmonised for voice and pianoforte, have had a second edition. Another volume contains "Thought and Word," and a play called "Ashby Manor," with four scenes drawn by Mrs. Allingham, who was Miss Helen Paterson, a water-colour artist of high repute, and an Associate of the Society of Painters in Water-Colours: this lady was married to Mr. Allingham in 1874. An historical play, "The Evil May-day," also proved his talent as a dramatist. Of "Blackberries," which appeared in 1884, an elegant edition, on hand-made paper, and of "Flower Pieces" and "Life and Phantasy," superior editions are published by Messrs. Reeves and Turner, who are preparing a final and complete set of the author's poems, carefully revised and rearranged, with many new ones, to be ready at Easter. Mr. Allingham enjoyed the high regard and personal friendship of many distinguished literary men of his time.

## THE BATHS OF CANQUENES, CHILE.

On the line of railway a short distance south from Santiago, the capital city of Chile, is the station for Canquenes, one of the most favourite health-resorts of the townspeople, noted for its springs of tepid medicinal waters: these are alkaline and ferruginous, and prove beneficial in some ailments. The situation, in a gorge of the lower Andes, at the head of a green and pleasant valley, which here suddenly contracts to a ravine with a mountain torrent rushing through its gorge, is attractive to a taste for the romantic and picturesque in scenery. The establishment of the Baths, forming several squares of buildings, shaded with trees, and the large and commodious Hotel, are frequented during the season by a large section of the upper classes, who profess to find here most of the pleasure sought in Europe at such spots as Monte Carlo. Our Special Artist, Mr. Melton Prior, has sketched the view taken at a short distance from the baths, at a spot which is the end of a favourite drive for the visitors, three streams issuing from the mountains meeting at this place.

The Gloucester Dairy School, which was opened in May last by the Bath and West of England Society, began work again in September, and at the end of October the committee arranged with the Council of the British Dairy Farmers' Association to hold an examination at the school, when seven certificates in cheesemaking and seven in buttermaking were awarded to nine pupils of the school. This is the largest number of certificates ever awarded at any one examination by the association. The school is under the control of a representative County Committee, of which Sir J. E. Dorington, Bart., M.P., is chairman, and it is an indication of the growing appreciation in which its work is held that it has received pupils from all parts of the country, including two from Scotland.

Mr. G. Meadows White, Q.C., of the Inner Temple, has been appointed one of the representatives of the Society on the Council of Law Reporting, in the place of the late Sir J. B. Maule.

A bronze statue of the late Mr. Alexander Balfour, erected in St. John's-gardens, Liverpool, by public subscription, was unveiled on Nov. 23 by the Rev. Canon Ellison, before a very large assemblage of people.

The gift of £50,000 by Mr. Hymers for establishing a college at Hull has now been paid over to a body of trustees, who are considering the advisability of purchasing the Botanical Gardens as a site for the college, at a cost of £9000.

Sir Richard Temple gave an address at a meeting of the East India Association on Nov. 25 upon "India in the House of Commons," in the course of which he said that the system of questions in the House had been valuable to those interested in India.

Another of the five cruisers for the Australasian Colonies, according to the agreement entered into at the Colonial Conference in London in 1887, was launched on Nov. 25, at Elswick, by Lady Samuel, wife of the Agent-General in London for New South Wales.

The scholarships offered by the Council of Newnham College for competition in the Cambridge Higher Local Examination, held in June last, have been awarded as follows: the Winkworth Scholarship to Miss E. Stoney, of Dublin (with leave to defer residence until October 1890); the Goldsmiths' Scholarship to Miss M. Knight, of Manchester; the Clothworkers' Scholarship to Miss Ada Johnson, of Cambridge (with leave to defer residence until October 1890); the Drapers' Scholarship to Miss G. Hirst, Newnham College; one of £35 to Miss I. J. Edwards, Exeter High School; and one of £35 to Miss M. L. Loewenstein, Newnham College.



## SIR E. C. GUINNESS, BART.

It was announced, on Nov. 20, that Sir Edward Guinness — brother of Lord Ardilaun, and one of the sons of the late Sir Benjamin Lee Guinness, who restored at his own cost the fine old Cathedral of St. Patrick in Dublin—has performed one of the grandest acts of private munificence known in our time and country, after the example of the benevolent American citizen, the late Mr. George Peabody, who in 1862 bestowed the first of a series of endowments, amounting in all to half a million sterling, for a similar purpose. Sir Edward Guinness has placed in the hands of the following trustees—Lord Rowton, Mr. Ritchie, President of the Local Government Board, and Mr. Plunket, First Commissioner of Works—a sum of £250,000, to be held by them, in trust, for the erection of dwellings for the labouring poor. Of this amount £200,000 is to be expended in London and £50,000 in Dublin. The income derived from the rents of the houses is to be reinvested with a view to the further development of the scheme. In a communication he has made to the trustees Sir Edward Guinness has informed them that he has long felt the gravity of the evils which follow from the insanitary nature of the houses inhabited by large numbers of the poorest of the labouring classes; and that the object he has in view is to provide clean and healthy homes for people somewhat poorer than those who, as experience proves, at present avail themselves of the existing artisans' dwellings, and to show that this can be done on a sound financial basis. After much inquiry and consultation with the gentlemen who have consented to act as trustees, and with various authorities on the subject, Sir Edward Guinness has reason to believe that this object can be accomplished, and the tenements let at such rents as will place them within the reach of the poorest of the labouring population. Should the experiment that is about to be tried prove successful, it is hoped that it will lead to many other similar efforts in the same direction, with the result that great benefit will be conferred on a class probably more highly rented, and certainly more badly housed, than any other class in the community.

Sir Edward Cecil Guinness is third son of the late Sir Benjamin Lee Guinness, Bart., head of the great Dublin firm of brewers, which not long ago was transformed into a limited liability company. His mother was a daughter of Mr. Edward Guinness of Dublin. He was born on



SIR E. C. GUINNESS, BART.,

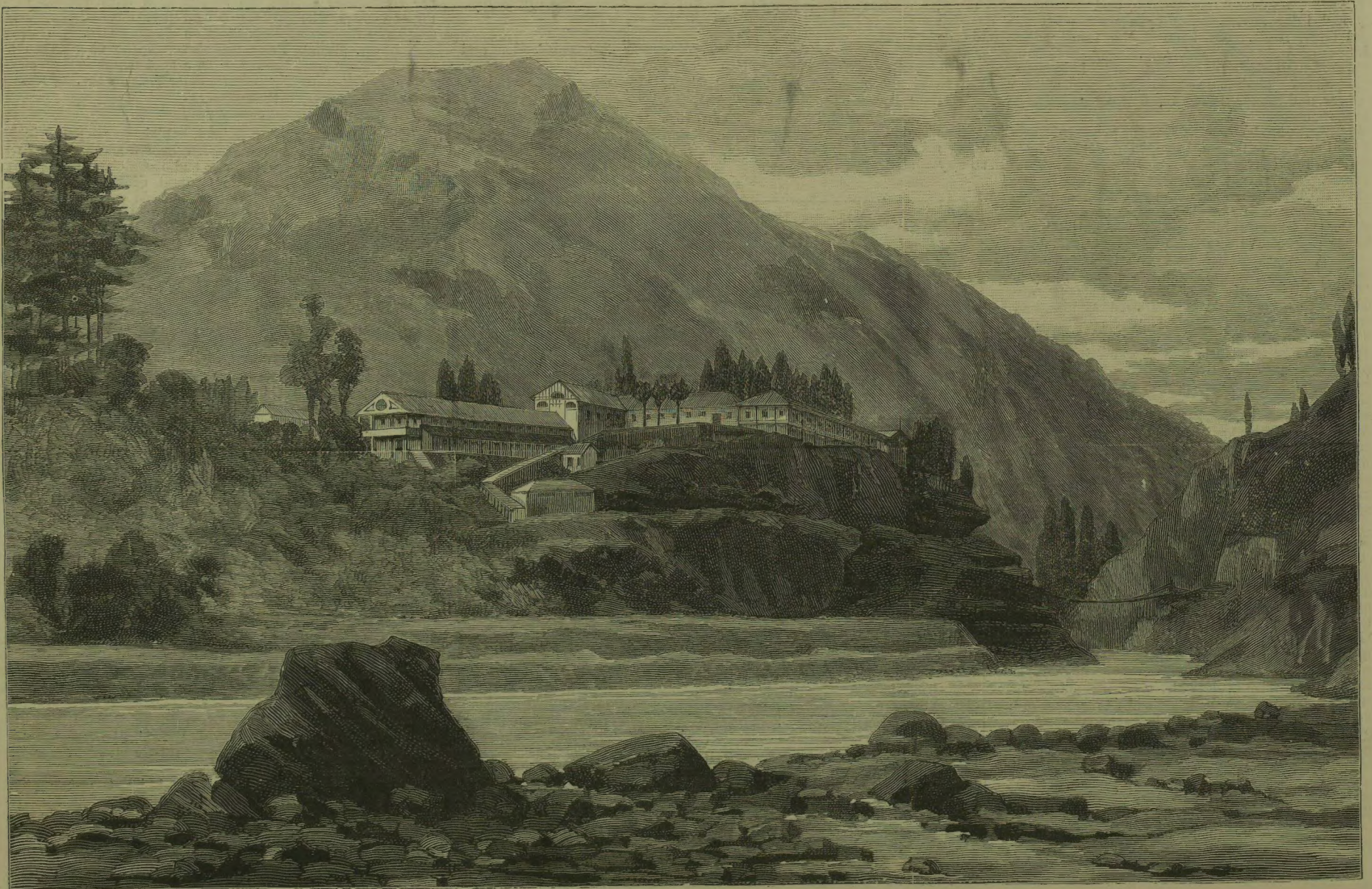
DONOR OF £250,000 TO IMPROVE THE DWELLINGS OF THE POOR.

Nov. 10, 1847. In 1873 he married a daughter of the late Mr. Richard Samuel Guinness, M.P. for Barnstaple, and he has three sons. His eldest brother, Arthur Edward Guinness, born in 1840, succeeded to his father's baronetcy in May 1868, was elected M.P. for Dublin in 1868 and 1874, and in 1880 was created Lord Ardilaun, of Ashford, Galway, in the Peerage of the United Kingdom; he is married to a daughter of the third Earl of Bantry, but has no children. A second brother is Captain Benjamin Lee Guinness, married to a daughter of the third Earl of Howth. Sir Edward Guinness held the office of High Sheriff of Dublin in 1876, and was an unsuccessful Conservative candidate, in 1885, for one of the parliamentary divisions of that city; he was raised to the rank of Baronet in the same year.

The Portrait is from a photograph by Mr. Lafayette, Westmoreland-street, Dublin.

Lady Clark on Nov. 23 cut the first turf of the International Exhibition of Electrical Engineering and General Industries which is to be held in Edinburgh next year, in commemoration of the opening of the Forth Bridge.—A meeting of the London committee formed in connection with this exhibition took place at the Mansion House on Nov. 25, and a resolution was passed commending the scheme to the support of the public.

Lady George Hamilton christened the most powerful cruiser in the British Navy, her Majesty's ship *Blake*, which was launched at Chatham on Nov. 23. This formidable vessel, with her displacement of 9000 tons, is larger than some of our first-class battle-ships, and will be able to overtake any ironclad afloat, as she is to carry engines of 20,000-horse power, which will send her through the water at the rate of twenty-two knots an hour. Her armament also is heavy enough to enable her to bring to action the thickest-skinned of those iron monsters, consisting, as it does, of two 9-in. 22-ton guns, one mounted forward and the other aft, each commanding a nearly complete all-round sweep, while on either broadside are to be placed five 6-in. 15-ton quick-firing cannon. Against an enemy's shot she opposes a steel armour deck, with a maximum thickness of 6 in., protecting the engines, boilers, and other vital parts sufficiently to enable her, if not to capture a full-powered battleship single-handed, at least to keep her engaged until the *Blake's* slower but more formidable consorts can come to her aid.



THE BATHS OF CANQUENES, NEAR SANTIAGO, CHILE.





"GONE AWAY!"

DRAWN BY R. CATON WOODVILLE.



## "GONE AWAY!"

If the equestrian triumphs of the foxhunter are more exhilarating than most other kinds of sport, there are few more disagreeable experiences than his occasional mortifications, to say nothing of his obvious dangers. To lose his horse, which may have parted company with the rider in a fall at some awkward fence or ditch, though neither was much hurt, the animal having "gone away" after the bounds with an empty saddle, must be a rather humiliating adventure. But it may happen even to a good horseman, and will therefore not expose him to derision among those with whom he has ridden fairly in the field. All the same, there is an end of the day's pleasure, and he has only to walk, or to get a lift if he can, to the place where it is most likely that a stray horse, when caught, will be led and kept for the owner to claim and pay a moderate fee. This will not, in such a case, be the common parish pound.

Mr. John Henderson Begg, Advocate, has been appointed Sheriff Substitute at Greenock, in the room of Sheriff Nicolson, resigned.

Mr. Justice Day has been elected treasurer of the Honourable Society of the Middle Temple for the ensuing year, in succession to Mr. S. Pope, Q.C.; and Lord Justice Lopes has been elected treasurer of the Society of the Inner Temple, in succession to Judge Lushington, Q.C.

High-class variety entertainments continue to be given at the Royal Victoria Hall and Coffee Tavern, Waterloo Bridge-road, S.E., on Saturdays and Mondays; science lectures on Tuesdays; and on Thursdays either a ballad or an operatic selection concert.

The Queen has been pleased to approve the appointment of Lord Harris to be Governor of Bombay, on the expiration of Lord Reay's term of office; and her Majesty has been pleased to approve of the appointment of Lord Brownlow to be Under-Secretary of State for War, in the room of Lord Harris.

At a recent meeting of the Cardiff Corporation it was decided to subscribe £500 to promote a Bill in Parliament for the deepening of the river Severn as far as Worcester, to make it navigable for ships of 600 tons register. It was also resolved to invest £5000 in the scheme, which will, in all probability, ultimately be carried through to Birmingham.

The Governors of the Sons of the Clergy Charity met on Nov. 23 last, for the first time after the vacation, at the Corporation House, Bloomsbury-place. The Clergy Distress Fund was drawn upon to the extent of £755, and grants to the amount of £1545 were made from the ordinary funds of the corporation, mainly in aid of the education of clergy children.

The Swiss Federal Assembly was opened at Berné on Nov. 25. In their inaugural addresses the Presidents, both of the National and State Councils, referred to the recent establishment of a Public Prosecutor's Department to assist the Swiss State Police. They also alluded to the approval by the popular vote of the Federal Law for the amendment of the system of the collection of debts and of the procedure in bankruptcy, a change by which the law on these matters has been made uniform for the whole country.

The inquiry by the Parnell Commission has at length been brought to a close. At the conclusion of Sir Henry James's speech, the President announced that the Court did not propose to call further evidence. After congratulating the learned counsel who were still before them on the untiring industry and conspicuous ability they had shown, his Lordship said the Commissioners, conscious that throughout they had sought only the truth, trusted they might be guided to find it, and to set it forth plainly in the sight of all men.

It is officially announced in Dublin that Lord Chief Justice Morris has been appointed successor to the late Lord Fitzgerald as Lord of Appeal. The vacancy in the Lord Chief Justiceship will be filled by the Attorney-General, Mr. Peter O'Brien, and the Solicitor-General, Mr. Madden, M.P., will become Attorney-General. Mr. John Atkinson, Q.C., Crown Prosecutor of Dublin, has been appointed to the Solicitor-Generalship, and Mr. John Gerrard, Q.C., will succeed Mr. Atkinson as Crown Prosecutor.

The Queen has been pleased, on the recommendation of the Secretary for Scotland, to make the following appointments: Mr. John Cheyne, advocate, Sheriff of Ross, Cromarty, and Sutherland, to be Sheriff of Renfrew and Bute, in the room of Sir Charles Pearson, appointed Sheriff of Perthshire; Mr. Alexander Low, advocate, to be Sheriff of Ross, Cromarty, and Sutherland, in succession to Sheriff Cheyne; Mr. Alexander Blair, advocate, Sheriff of Chancery, to be Sheriff of Stirling, Dumbarton, and Clackmannan, in the room of Sheriff Muirhead, deceased; and Mr. Dugald McKechnie, advocate, to be Sheriff of Chancery.

Sir Frederick Leighton, President of the Royal Academy, attended the inaugural meeting of the Royal Academy Students' Club, Denman-street, Piccadilly-circus, on Nov. 23. The club has been started for the purpose of facilitating social intercourse between past and present students of the Royal Academy Schools. The president is Sir Frederick Leighton. The club already numbers 200 members, including Sir John Millais, Sir John Gilbert, Mr. Alma Tadema, Mr. Marcus Stone, Mr. Luke Fildes, Mr. John Pettie, and many other Academicians and Associates. Sir Frederick Leighton, in formally declaring the club open, said that it had his warmest sympathy.

The Lady Mayoress distributed prizes to the London Rifle Brigade at the Crystal Palace on Nov. 23, this being the thirtieth annual gathering. Colonel Lord E. P. Clinton, the commandant of the brigade, reviewed the work of the past season. The chief prizeman was Private W. C. Luff, who, although only in his third year, had achieved the highest shooting distinction by winning the championship of the brigade. As the winner of the regimental gold medal, Sir Reginald Hanson's Challenge Cup, and the other valuable prizes joined therewith for the highest aggregate in two days' shooting, Private Luff was honoured by the band with the salute of "The Conquering Hero."

At the West London Synagogue, Upper Berkeley-street, on Nov. 26, was celebrated the marriage of Mr. Sidney Francis Hoffmann, Hawaiian Chargé d'Affaires, with Miss Violet Goldsmid; eldest daughter of Sir Julian Goldsmid, Bart., M.P. The bride wore a dress of faille splendide, draped with flounces of Brussels point; the long train and bodice were of white moiré, a shawl of the same lace being arranged on one side of the train, and the bodice being fully trimmed to match. She wore two narrow bands of orange-blossoms in the hair, Greek fashion, and a tulle veil fastened by diamond stars, the gift of the bridegroom. Her large bouquet was composed of rare orchids, stephanotis, tuberose, and jasmine. Her train was held by pages wearing picturesque Charles I. costumes of pale-blue satin, with puffed sleeves, cloaks lined with white, collars and cuffs of vandyked Irish crochet lace, and blue caps with white ostrich plumes. The service was fully choral. The bridal presents included handsome gifts from Sir Julian Goldsmid, Lord and Lady Rothschild, Mr. A. de Rothschild, and Lord and Lady Rosebery.

## OBITUARY.

LORD BLACHFORD.

The Right Hon. Sir Frederic Rogers, Baron Blachford, of



Blachford, in the county of Devon, and a Baronet, died on Nov. 21, at his residence, Cornwood. He was born on Jan. 31, 1811, the eldest son of Sir Frederic Leman Rogers, seventh Baronet, and was educated at Eton and Oxford. After a very brilliant University course, he graduated in 1832, and gained a Fellowship at Oriel College, besides other scholastic honours. In 1836 he was called to the Bar, in 1846 made a Commissioner of Lands and Emigration, and in 1860 appointed Permanent Under-Secretary of State for the Colonies. This important office he filled with much ability until 1871, when he retired, being then sworn of the Privy Council, and raised to the Peerage. He married on Sept. 29, 1847, Georgiana Mary, daughter of Mr. Andrew Colville of Ochiltree and Craigflower, but had no issue. The title of Baron Blachford consequently becomes extinct, but the baronetcy (created in 1699) devolves on his next brother, now Sir John Charles Rogers, ninth Baronet, born April 10, 1818.

SIR JOHN V. BRADSTREET, BART.

Sir John Valentine Bradstreet, fifth Baronet, died at his residence, Castilla, Clontarf, near Dublin, on Nov. 21. He was born Sept. 23, 1815, the elder son of Sir Simon Bradstreet, fourth Baronet, and succeeded to the title at the death of his father in 1853. He married, in 1836, Doña Josefa De Vinuesa, daughter of Don Vicente Xavier De Vinuesa of Burgos, but was left a widower without issue in 1879. The baronetcy devolves on his brother, now Sir Edmund Simon Bradstreet, sixth Baronet, who is married and has a son and daughters. The late Sir John was much esteemed for philanthropy.



THE HON. JOHN ALFRED WILSON-PATTEN.

John Alfred Wilson-Patten, Lieutenant 1st Life Guards, died at Hartham Park, Corsham, Wilts, on Nov. 20, of typhoid fever. He had only just completed his twenty-second year, and by his untimely death no heir remains to the barony of Winmarleigh. His father, the Hon. Eustace John Wilson-Patten (eldest son of Lord Winmarleigh, Chief Secretary for Ireland), predeceased him in 1873, and his mother married, for her second husband, the present Marquis of Headfort, K.P.

We have also to record the deaths of—

Professor William Grey Elmslie, D.D., of the Presbyterian College, Queen-square, W.C., at his residence, 31, Blomfield road, Maida-hill, on Nov. 23.

Miss Emma Williams, second daughter of Sir John Williams, first Baronet, of Bodewyddan, on Nov. 17, at Wasperton House, Warwickshire, in her ninety-second year.

Mary Catherine Sinclair, widow of Admiral Sir Baldwin Wake Walker, Bart., K.C.B. and only daughter of Captain John Worth, R.N., of Duren, in the county of Caithness, on Nov. 14, at Campsall Hall, Doncaster, aged seventy-eight.

The Hon. and Rev. Arnald De Grey, Rector of Copstock, second son of Thomas, fifth Lord Walsingham, by his second wife, the daughter of John, second Lord Rendlesham, on Nov. 15, at Hyères, aged thirty-three. He married, in 1882, Margaret, daughter of the Hon. Spencer Ponsonby Fane, K.C.B., and leaves issue.

Mr. Robert Marnock, deemed the most successful landscape gardener of our time, on Nov. 15, in his ninetieth year. Among his works were Prince Demidoff's garden at San Donato, near Florence, the Botanic Gardens in the Regent's Park, Possingworth in Sussex, Mr. W. H. Smith's garden at Henley, and Mr. M'Henry's at Kensington.

Dr. John Bramston, some time Dean of Winchester. He was the son of the late Mr. Thomas Gardiner Bramston of Skreens, M.P., and was educated at Oriel College, Oxford, where he took his degree in 1826, by which time he was already a Fellow of Exeter. From 1840 to 1872 he held the incumbency of Witham, and in the latter year was appointed to the deanery of Winchester, which he held till 1883.

Lieutenant-Colonel Henry P. Kirke, 12th Bengal Native Infantry, at Darjeeling, on Aug. 23. He received his commission when a mere boy in 1857, and served almost continuously in India. His gallantry and sufferings during the terrible period of the Mutiny are well remembered—full of heroic daring and romantic adventure. He was son of Colonel Henry Kirke, 12th Bengal Native Infantry, a victim to exposure to the intense heat of the period, and grandson of the late Colonel John Kirke of Markham, Notts.

A memorial to over a thousand men of the Guards Brigade, who lie buried in Brompton Cemetery, was on Nov. 26 unveiled by General Stephenson, in the presence of a large gathering of officers and men and of the general public.

The fifty-sixth session of the Royal Statistical Society was opened at the Royal School of Mines on Nov. 19, when the president of the society, Dr. T. Graham Balfour, gave the customary address.

The Christmas and New-Year's presentation cards of Mr. Harding of Piccadilly consist of sporting subjects in great variety, the exclusive work of his own artists. They are full of robust humour, yet never coarse.

What would Christmas be to the young folk without Tom Smith's crackers? An abundant supply of novelties in this line, many of entirely new and original design, has been prepared by Messrs. Tom Smith and Co., of Wilson-street, Finsbury-square.

The entertainment at Brompton Hospital on Nov. 19 was kindly given by Mr. George Alexander and consisted of "A Pair of Lunatics," exceedingly well acted by that gentleman and Miss Maude Millett with songs, recitations, &c., by Miss Marion Terry, Miss Amelia Grünh, Mrs. George Batten, Miss Kate James, Mrs. Fitzgerald, Mr. Read, Mr. J. L. Shine, Mr. F. Fayre, Mr. Herman Vezin, M. Marius, and Mr. S. Heilbut (conjuring). The whole performance gave great enjoyment to the large audience of patients, and caused an immense amount of laughter and applause.—On the 26th Mr. Heseltine Owen, an old friend of the hospital, brought a party of friends, including Mrs. Frith, Miss Evelyn Owen (violin), and Mr. and Mrs. Frederic Upton, who, in several "scenettes," earned hearty applause; and the efforts of Mr. Heseltine Owen and the other performers received due recognition, the patients showing their interest by frequent recalls.

## "THE RED HUSSAR."

This new comedy-opera, produced at the Lyric Theatre on Nov. 23, is the joint work of Mr. H. P. Stephens and Mr. E. Solomon; the former having written the book, the music being by the last-named gentleman. The plot of the piece turns chiefly on the disguise of Kitty Carroll, a charming ballad-singer, who is secretly in love with Ralph Rodney, a gallant young spendthrift, who seeks his fortune in the wars in Flanders, in Marlborough's time. Kitty follows Rodney, unknown to him, disguised as a Red Hussar, and saves Rodney from being shot (on a charge of deserting his post). She produces his previous discharge, which she has procured, and, having resumed her disguise, is again only recognised by Rodney as his brave comrade in arms. There are various involvements, including the engagement of Rodney to the fickle and capricious Barbara Bellasys, by whom he is jilted when she learns that he cannot prove his claim to an estate and is penniless. There is much that is amusing, although perhaps improbable, in the course of the piece, to which several characters besides those already specified contribute.

The music—like Mr. Solomon's previous productions—is bright and tuneful, and never coarse or vulgar. The three acts of the work comprise (as published) twenty-eight numbers—too many for specification—including solos and concerted pieces for the principal characters, and choruses, in which, and in the finales, are some highly effective contrasts. Much of the music will assuredly find favour in drawing-room circles. It is published by Messrs. Metzler and Co., in vocal score, with pianoforte accompaniment, and arranged for piano solo. Its representation was excellent throughout. Miss Marie Tempest as the ballad-singer acted and sang with special grace and refinement; Miss F. Dysart was thoroughly ladylike as Barbara; Mr. Ben Davies and Mr. Hayden Coffin sang well, respectively, as Rodney and Sir Harry Leighton; Mr. Arthur Williams displayed genuine and not exaggerated humour as Corporal Bundy; and subordinate characters were efficiently filled by Miss M. Holland, Mrs. W. Sidney, Messrs. A. Christian, F. M. Wood, S. King, A. Ferrand, and G. Willoughby. The costumes, and the scenery by Messrs. W. Perkins, W. Calcott, and E. G. Banks, are in excellent taste; and the stage management of Mr. C. Harris, and the musical direction of Mr. Ivan Caryll, leave nothing to be desired. The reception of the work was enthusiastic, many of the pieces having been encored. There can be little doubt of a long and successful run for "The Red Hussar."

## BIRDS IN "NATURE'S FITFUL MOMENTS."

The Artist, Mr. Louis Wain, whose comprehensive discernment of the most vivacious expressions of feeling in the gestures of animals, especially of cats, is a recognised specialty of his own, visited the National Poultry Show at the Crystal Palace, and that of the London Ornithological Society at the Agricultural Hall. Birds of almost every feather, being sensitive and often demonstrative living creatures, are liable to "Nature's Fitful Moments," exhibited by queer attitudes and movements, which the observant naturalist can readily interpret; and their moods of impatience are quite excusable in such active beings, when kept in a state of confinement. Strutting and stretching their legs and wings, swaying their well-balanced bodies to and fro, pecking the air in this or that direction, and cocking their heads aside to watch every strange object with a keen glance of one eye, their characteristic alertness is constantly displayed. Still more amusing is their social freedom in the poultry-yard, with the imperious dignity of My Lord the Cock, the humble diligence of attendant hens, and the wayward boldness of their chicken. Nature kindly provides us with a good deal of fun, which we too generally neglect to enjoy.

William Vincent Kane, B.A., Dublin, a member of the Irish Bar, has been called to the Bar by the Honourable Society of Lincoln's Inn.

Lord Basing has been re-elected Chairman to the Hants County Council. For many years his Lordship has taken a prominent part in all county business.

Major James Rose of Kilravock has been appointed Lord Lieutenant of the county of Nairn, in the room of the late Brodie of Brodie.

The fund for the restoration of St. Saviour's Church, Southwark, with the object of constituting it, when restored, as the cathedral church for South London, amounts to £16,500, and the committee have promises of further substantial support.

The Board of Trade have awarded a silver shipwreck medal to Mr. S. C. Rasmussen, master of the Norwegian schooner Consuelo, of Christiansund, in recognition of his humanity in saving the shipwrecked crews of the pilot-cutters Lead On and Gladys, off Morte Point, Bristol Channel.

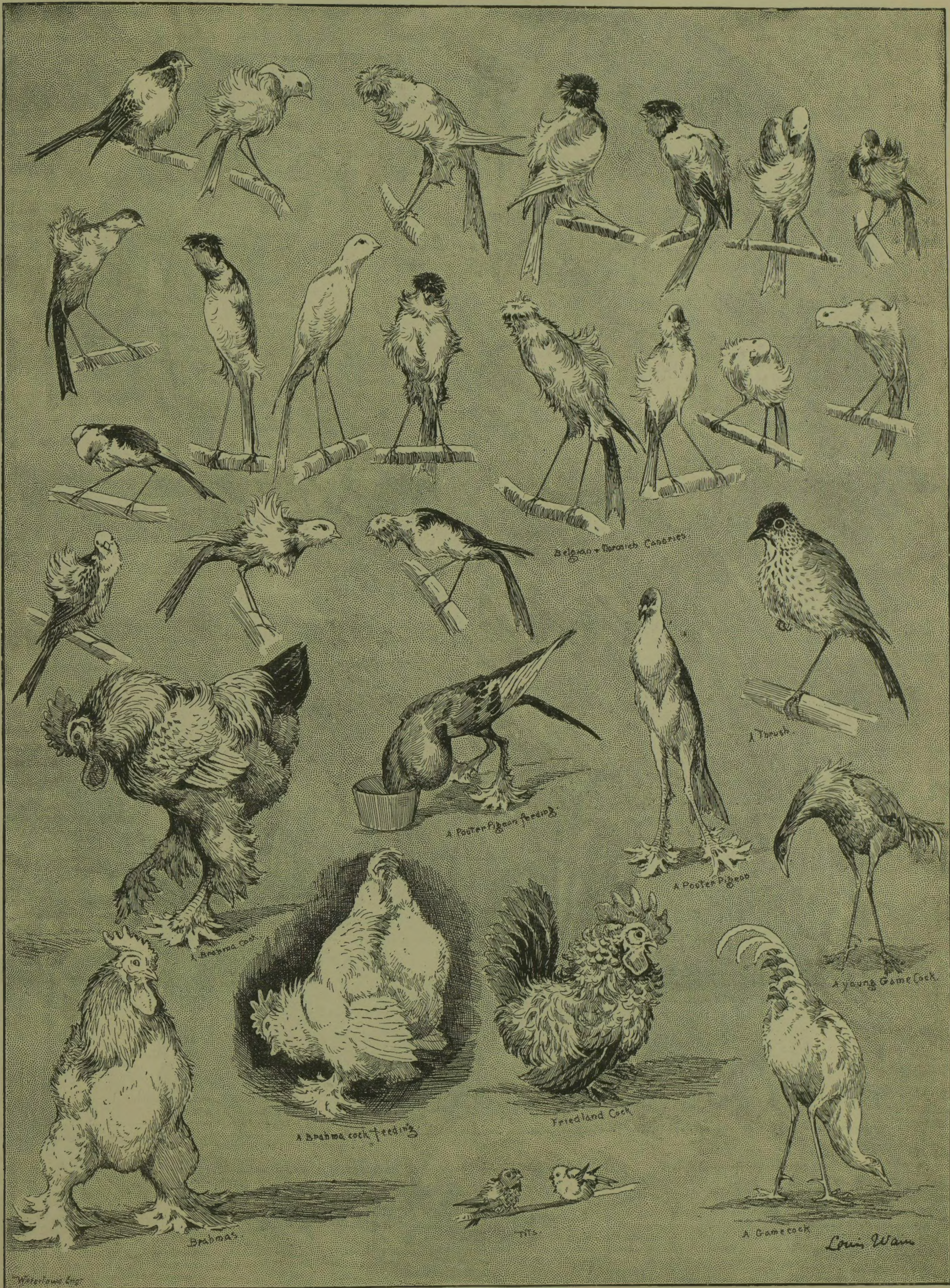
The Rev. Arthur Gerald Bowman, M.A., Vicar of St. Mark's, Kennington, and Mrs. Bowman have been presented with a handsome chiming clock and bracket, containing a glazed frame, by Benson, holding a book with an address and list of subscribers, and a framed mezzotint, by Appleton, as a "remembrance" of St. Andrew's, Ashley-place, Westminster, from parishioners and members of the congregation, "by whom they were much respected and esteemed during the five and a half years that he was Vicar."

Owing to continued ill-health, and consequent discontinuance of professional avocations, the eminent pianist Madame Arabella Goddard's circumstances render acceptable such assistance as may be forthcoming from the public. A subscription is now being promoted, under the auspices of Mr. S. Arthur Chappell of New Bond-street. It is to be hoped that a large result may follow, Madame Goddard having for many years occupied a prominent position as a pianist, especially at the Monday Popular Concerts.

Lady Wolsley has shown her interest in popular education by distributing the prizes gained by scholars in Board schools of the metropolis for proficiency in needlework. Many of the recipients of rewards from the hands of her Ladyship in the Memorial Hall, Farringdon-street, were tiny children, whose beaming faces showed the pleasure they felt at the distinctions they had gained. Mr. H. G. Herkomer performed the same duty towards the teachers and pupils who had won prizes for drawings, and complimented them on the high standard of work attained.

Lord Salisbury has addressed to the Portuguese Government an energetic protest, against a Royal decree published at Lisbon, in which claims are put forth to an extensive territory in the interior of Africa. By that decree the Portuguese Government pretends to create a new province including a great part of Mashonaland, together with an immense region north of the Zambesi, reaching almost to the frontiers of the Congo Free State and the watershed of Lake Nyassa. The object of the Portuguese Government is plainly to join its possessions on the East Coast of Africa to those on the West, and thus to put an end to the northerly extension of the great communities springing up under the protection of the British flag.

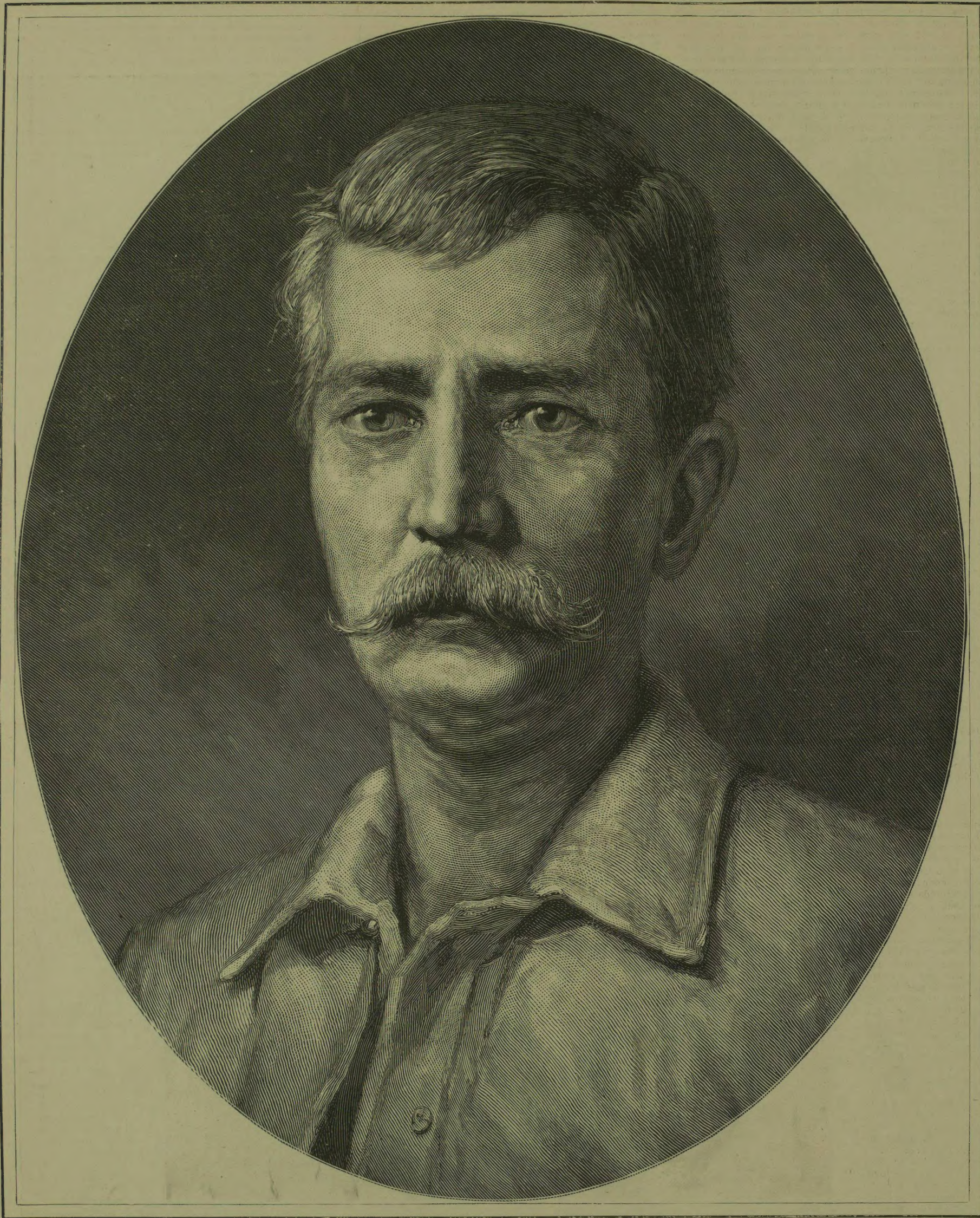




NATURE'S PITFUL MOMENTS.

SKETCHES AT THE NATIONAL POULTRY SHOW, CRYSTAL PALACE, AND AT THE LONDON ORNITHOLOGICAL SOCIETY'S SHOW, AGRICULTURAL HALL.





MR. H. M. STANLEY, THE EXPLORER OF CENTRAL AFRICA, AND FOUNDER OF THE CONGO FREE STATE.

FROM THE PORTRAIT BY F. MOSCHELES.

The Emin Pasha Relief Expedition, concerning which Mr. Joseph Hatton, from his peculiar sources of information, has furnished to this Journal occasional notes and comments, the latest contribution from him being given this week, has at length been conducted to the accomplishment of its proper task. Emin Pasha, who is Dr. Eduard Schnitzer, a native of the Prussian province of Silesia, born at Oppeln in 1840, educated at Berlin for the medical profession, which he practised in Turkey, and, from 1876, serving the Egyptian Government, attached to the staff of General Gordon in the Soudan, finally, after Gordon's death at Khartoum, left in command of the remaining garrison at Wadelai, on the White Nile, near Lake Albert Nyanza, has been rescued from his embarrassing position, and escorted by Mr. H. M. Stanley's expedition to within a safe and easy

journey to the East African sea-coast. Wadelai, with the whole region of the Upper Nile and all the populous territories north of the Lakes, is now abandoned to the fanatical Mohammedan leaders following the Mahdi's standard, as the garrison refused any longer to obey Emin Pasha; and it was with difficulty that Mr. Mounteney Jephson, whom Mr. Stanley had deputed to arrange for Emin Pasha's departure, after their meeting, in April 1888, on the shores of Lake Albert Nyanza, was able to get him away. The Expedition, which ascended the river Congo in steam-boats, had from Yambuya, on the Aruwimi, north of the Stanley Falls, marched westward through an utterly unknown forest region, enduring severe privations and fatigues, to the shores of Lake Albert Nyanza. Geographical discoveries of great interest have been made by Mr. Stanley to the south-west of that lake,

including those of a lofty range of snowy mountains, called the Ruwenzori, and an important river, the Semliki, which is probably the true source of the White Nile; besides which, he has ascertained that the other great Equatorial lake, the Victoria Nyanza, is very much larger than was supposed. Mr. Stanley, with Emin Pasha and the other people from Wadelai, under his protection, set forth on April 10 from Kavallis, Lake Albert Nyanza, traversed the Unyoro country to Lake Victoria Nyanza, round that lake, and in the first week of August was at Karagwé, a well-known Missionary Station, on its southern shore, whence he has travelled south-east through the Usukuma and Unyamwezi countries on his way to the coast. It is expected that he will soon be at Zanzibar, and he will probably visit Mombasa, the headquarters of the British East African Company's territory, before his return to England.



## THE SENSE OF BEAUTY.

It is perhaps a commonplace to say that while the perception of beauty in its many outward and visible forms inspires the poet's song and the artist's pencil, it is the source also of much that is noblest in character. Every act of self-sacrifice—the hope that looks heavenward, the love that casts out fear, the sympathy that leads to the self-consecration of men like Gordon and Damien, like Howard and Livingstone—points to the Supreme Beauty whence these noble men, and many others like them, gained their steadfastness of purpose and serenity of spirit. We cannot dissociate the highest virtue from beauty, because the goodness that gives a divine purpose to life makes life harmonious, suggesting to us the harmony which, as Shakspeare says, “is in immortal souls.” And, before leaving the moral aspect of beauty, it may be remarked that even pain and sorrow and death can be so glorified by submission and faith as to recall the beauty of which, according to the Apocrypha, God is the “first author.”

These are high matters, but they have an interest for all of us, since there is no person, whether his position be that of a millionaire or of a dock labourer, who may not live a life in accordance with the highest law, and, therefore, one that will be in its measure beautiful. If order be, as Pope tells us, Heaven's first law, it is evident that in morality as well as in art it is demanded by our sense of beauty.

And it is this sense which inspires whatever is of highest worth in art or literature. In poetry, although other qualities may be required for building up a great work such as “The Tempest” or “Paradise Lost,” the perception of beauty is not only essential but predominant. A great poet's imagination craves above all things for this sense, which guides him unerringly. Instead of feasting perpetually on nectared sweets, which would take the manhood out of his verse, he knows how to enhance the sense of beauty in his readers by the use of contrast. There is no poet in the language who has more wealth of music or more command of imagery than Spenser. He is emphatically the poet of the beautiful; yet so well does he understand the need of contrast in Art that he does not scruple occasionally to use language which the taste of our day, that likes its medicine sugared, may term disgusting. Note, too, how well Shakspeare understood this art of contrast. The play that exhibits Iachimo, one of his greatest villains, gives us also Imogen, the sweetest woman that lives in verse; Mirandais brought into opposition with Caliban; if there had not been a Iago we should not have had a Desdemona; and for Milton's Eve we have to thank the arch-fiend, who was found by Ithuriel “squat like a toad” close at her ear, “assaying by his devilish art to reach the organs of her fancy.” I do not doubt that the heavy clay land through which a reader has to drudge in “The Excursion” makes the exquisite oases in that weighty but rather weedy poem more surprisingly delightful. Wordsworth's sense of beauty was keen enough at times, or he would not be a great poet; but it came to him by fits, and therefore all his loveliest verse has the brevity and spontaneity of the lyric.

To the poet the capacity for seeing and feeling the loveliness that lies around him brings untold delights. What most men pass by with indifference is to him a joy for ever. In the woods and in the fields, in crowded streets and in mountain solitudes, in the dewy freshness of the morning, in the solemn stillness of night “clad in the beauty of a thousand stars,” in the innocent mirth of childhood, in the dawning love of the maiden, in the young mother leaning over her babe, in the song of an untroubled heart, in the tranquil patience of a sad one—the poet finds food for imagination, and an ever-deepening love of beauty gives inspiration to his song.

And the delight of the poet is shared in a lower degree by everyone who is sensitive to beauty. We men of prose may not have the rapturous delight in Nature and Art of spirits more finely touched, but we can see enough and feel enough ourselves to conceive what that delight must be. And we escape the pains of genius which are acute in proportion to its pleasures. A small glass may be as full of rare wine as a large goblet; and it is as well, perhaps, considering our weakness, that we can only drink the smaller quantity, since the divine intoxication of the poet is apt to be followed by depression.

By frequent collision with the coarser and more painful

features of life this sense may be injured, if not destroyed. A poet may be a man of affairs—Chaucer and Spenser were, and Shakspeare's business faculty must have been considerable—but would not the affluent imagination of a Coleridge or a Shelley forsake him in the police-court or at the treadmill? There are, I think, positions and occupations in which a man's perception of beauty is in danger of being wholly obliterated. This, too, I hold for certain, that a man, however gifted with imagination, loses the sense of beauty in proportion as he goes astray from right. It is not the sensual poet or the coarse novelist who is best able to appreciate the loveliness of woman. To him she is not divine as well as human, for the interior beauty which illuminates the bodily form needs eyes “purged with euphrasy and rue” to perceive.

In nature as well as in poetry the sense of beauty is stimulated by contrast. If all women were pretty, how

touched by beauty. The sense of beauty is one thing, æsthetic culture is another. Many efforts have been made of late years to give some of this culture to the poorer classes. So far as these efforts tend to make their homes brighter and more comfortable, and thus to raise them to a higher level, they are worthy of all honour; but the philanthropist who imagines that the cultivation of taste through pictures and music must needs make them better morally is, I believe, living under an amiable delusion. Men are not to be cured of their vices or their follies by beautiful colour and form, or by sweet strains of music. Taste is not a moral quality, but the sense of beauty in which taste is included is of far larger significance and covers a wider range.

J. D.

Lord Edmond Fitzmaurice, formerly Under-Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, and only brother of the Marquis of Lansdowne, was married to Miss Caroline FitzGerald, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. FitzGerald of Litchfield, Connecticut, and New York, in St. Peter's Church, Eaton-square, on Nov. 23. Mr. Thomas Hamond acted as best man; and the bridesmaids were the Hon. Mabel Waldegrave, the Misses Magdalen and Margaret Herbert, Miss Etta Dunham, Miss Gertrude Rutherford, and Miss Evelyn Gore. The bride, who was led to the altar by her father, wore a dress of rich white satin, the front of which was trimmed with trails of orange-blossoms and soft puffs of *mousseline de chiffon*, the bodice being finished with a Medici collar of *point d'Angleterre*. The tulle veil, which reached almost to the hem of the train, was edged with the same exquisite lace, the effect being novel and graceful; while, intermixed with sprays of orange-blossoms, in the hair was worn a diamond aigrette, the bridegroom's gift. The bridesmaids' costumes were of white bengaline, with crossed full vests of *mousseline de soie*, and *moiré* sashes. Their broad-brimmed hats were of white leaver, ornamented with ostrich-feathers and bows of watered ribbon. They carried posies of pink and white rosebuds, which, with their moonstone and diamond brooches, were the presents of the bridegroom.

At St. Mary Abbott's Church, on Nov. 21, the marriage took place of Mr. J. W. Fogg-Elliott of Elvet-hill, Durham, and Wharton House, Morpeth, and Miss Sylvia Hunt, daughter of Mr. Alfred W. Hunt, Vice-President of the Royal Society of Painters in Water Colours, of Town-villas, Campden-hill. The bride's father gave her away. Mr. Middleton-Hutchinson was best man. The bride wore a rich white silk “Empire” dress, trimmed in accordeon-pleated *crêpe*, with long Court train. Her tulle veil covered a lovely wreath of orange-blossoms, with which also her dress was ornamented. She wore no jewellery. There were six bridesmaids.

The marriage of Mr. Julian Gaisford, eldest son of Mr. Gaisford of Offington, Sussex, and the late Lady Emily Gaisford, and Miss Bertha Riddell, eldest daughter of Mr. Riddell of Cheeseburn Grange, Northumberland, took place in the private chapel at Cheeseburn Grange on Nov. 20. The ceremony was performed by the Right Rev. Dr. Riddell, Bishop of Northampton, assisted by the Rev. W. E. Baron and Father Gavin, S.J. The four bridesmaids were Miss Mabel Riddell, sister of the bride; Miss Gaisford

and Miss May Gaisford, sisters to the bridegroom; and Miss Egerton. Mr. Philip Gaisford, brother to the bridegroom, acted as best man.

Mr. A. Gilbert, A.R.A., has been commissioned to design the Holl Memorial, which, when completed, will be placed in the crypt of St. Paul's.

The wing of the Dover Hospital, which was built as a Jubilee memorial, at a cost of £3000, was opened on Nov. 21. The original hospital was built as a thanksgiving memorial after the cholera epidemic of 1851.

The Rev. Dr. Bailey, late Warden of St. Augustine's College, Canterbury, and now Vicar of West Tarring, Sussex, has given the sum of £236 towards the endowment of a Canonry in Canterbury Cathedral, to be called the Canonry of St. Augustine. Dr. Bailey will be the first holder of the Canonry.

The Empress Frederick has given to the Hospital for Diseases of the Throat, Golden-square, £400, realised by the sale of the book entitled “Frederick, Crown Prince and Emperor,” written for the Empress by Mr. Rennell Rodd, of the Berlin Embassy, to which the Empress herself wrote an introduction.



MURIEL.—BY HERBERT SCHMALZ.

soon we should cease to admire lovely eyes and fair complexions, and the thousand charms which make women in their weakness stronger than men are in their strength; if all men were handsome, fine features would be disregarded. In climates which have months of perpetual drought and heat, the blue sky becomes hateful, and the sun, instead of being the best of friends, as in temperate lands, is regarded as an enemy. An Englishman finds cloudy days depressing because they are so frequent in this island; his brothers in tropical lands welcome them because they are so few. In animal life, too, the same rule holds good, and I question if we should admire the exquisite shape of a gazelle or of a well-bred horse, and the superb plumage of the peacock and the secretary bird, were it not for the contrast afforded by the rhinoceros, the hippopotamus, and the vulture.

And here, before ending my brief paper, I may observe that the mere cultivation of taste is not commensurate with the sense of Beauty, which gives life to morality and immortality to Art. The man of taste may have nothing but his taste to live upon: he may have an exquisite regard for old china, Venetian glass, illuminated MSS., or Caxtons, and yet possess a heart and an intellect that have never been



## NOVELS.

*The Pariah.* By F. Anstey, Author of "Vice Versa," &c. Three vols. (Smith, Elder, and Co.)—In this well-constructed and seriously affecting story of English domestic life, a writer to whom we owe the most laughable of literary extravaganzas proves his faculty of conceiving and bringing to a practical solution problems of character and conduct which have a deep moral interest, and which are so earnestly treated as to imbue the whole story with a certain tone of tempered sadness. The title does not seem happily chosen, for the "Pariah" should be one of a despised race or class, and poor Allen Chadwick is despised only for his natural and educational defects as an individual, his stupidity, awkwardness, and ungainliness, his utter failure to assume the position of a gentleman, or to hold his own among people of social tact and outward refinement. This unhappy youth, brought up obscurely in a rather low and narrow sphere among junior clerks and shopmen, ignorant and ill-bred, yet by no means vicious, has been suddenly removed to the house of a rich father, an indigo-planter returned from Bengal, who has married a widow lady of fashionable and aristocratic pretensions, having three daughters and a son of her own. The father—shrewd, coarse, headstrong, and violent—is soon disgusted with Allen's painful inability to learn the manners and accomplishments befitting the station of the family and their ambition to rank among wealthy country gentry. The stepmother and her eldest daughter, Margot Chevening, a haughty, wilful, high-spirited, beautiful girl, display towards this young man a severe contempt and harsh repugnance which passes into active enmity; but in Miss Chevening this hatred was first engendered by her resentment of an earlier design to marry her to Allen, while her mother is a person of sordid and mercenary views. It is, however, in the workings of this unnamable passion in the breast of an otherwise engaging young woman, in the acts of deceit, treachery, and cruelty to which she is led by a fierce desire to get rid of Allen, and in her condemnation by Nugent Orme, her accepted lover, that the interest of the story mainly resides. As the narrative is very skilfully managed, so as to keep in reserve two or three minute but important circumstances in the transaction concerning her jewel, which Allen was supposed to have stolen, the reader's estimate of the amount of Margot's guilt has to undergo more than one modification. But she is undoubtedly convicted of telling many falsehoods, and of behaving perfidiously and unjustly to her unfortunate stepbrother, who was the more obnoxious in her sight because he worshipped her with an abject and servile devotion. In spite of her commanding style of dignified grace and beauty, there is no excuse for such base misconduct; and the manly firmness and strict integrity of Mr. Orme, in demanding a truthful explanation, in rebuking her wickedness, and breaking off their engagement, while insisting on Allen's restoration to his father's favour, savours more of true heroism than what is usually displayed by an enthusiastic lover. Few novelists would have dared, in this uncompromising manner, to set considerations of stern justice, honour, and veracity, with the claims of a weak, fallen, and helpless victim, a disagreeable outcast "Pariah," above those of a declared mutual affection between the leading couple. The originality of the situation must at once be apparent, and its full development lies in the strenuous conflicts of will between Orme and Margot, with her insincere replies and evasions, his resolute persistence in the inquiry, though it tortures his own heart more than hers, and the ultimate discovery of mitigating circumstances which she had concealed for other reasons. Allen Chadwick, in fact, when he was detected in taking the locket for the purpose of selling it, had done so at the request conveyed in a letter signed with Margot's name, and binding him to secrecy; but this letter was actually written by her younger sister Ida, who wanted the money for a clandestine lover at Bournemouth, and who meant to replace Margot's locket with a precisely similar one of her own. Margot was not, therefore, guilty of the atrocious crime of laying a trap to draw Allen into an action that involved him in the disgrace of theft; but she cruelly allowed him to be driven from his home, and she practised shameless duplicity to cover her misdeeds. The scenes of retribution and unavailing remorse are sufficiently powerful, without being at all wrought up to vehement intensity: her flight to London, where she finds Allen dying in the hospital, unconscious of her presence, her wild vow to marry him, if he recovers, and to make amends by caring for his welfare; and the settlement of his case by death. Indeed, all is over between her and Nugent Orme; for, although the time comes when he would take her back again, Margot, who was never worthy of him, is then married to a commonplace man.

*Fettered for Life.* By Frank Barrett. Three vols. (Chatto and Windus.)—The author of "Lady Biddy Fane," a genuine specimen of adventurous romance in the vein of "Westward Ho," and of several interesting stories of modern domestic life, does not please us so well in this extravagant and unnatural fantasy, which outrages all probabilities of character and situation. He has chosen the worst method of conciliating the reader's sympathy for the trials endured by his imaginary personages, the narrative being the supposed autobiography of a hardened ruffian, who cherishes for many long years the design of taking murderous vengeance on a sweet young lady unhappily bound to him by legal marriage. This Kit or Christopher Wyndham, gifted with some skill in artistic wood-carving and some genius for mechanical inventions, having secretly wedded Miss Hebe Thane, daughter of a rich merchant from India, and not daring to claim her as his wife, lurks about her father's villa at Richmond, visits her clandestinely in her own room at night, gets food and drink and money, behaving like a sullen brute in spite of her devoted affection. It happens that, on the same night, the house is attacked by burglars; the alarm is given; a policeman is shot, and Kit Wyndham, trying to leave the premises, is caught and charged with the crime. The only persons aware of his innocence are Hebe and a guest in the house, the gallant but elderly Major Cleveden; they refrain, as the prisoner himself does, out of regard for Hebe's position, from disclosing the manner in which he entered, and he is presently convicted of the murder, though no evidence connecting him with the burglary can be adduced. Penal servitude for life is his sentence, and he goes to the well-known gloomy place of punishment on Dartmoor, where he lingers eleven years, refusing to communicate with any of his friends. But from one of his fellow-prisoners, a fraudulent solicitor condemned for a forgery, Kit learns that Major Cleveden and Hebe are married. Thenceforth he craves liberty only for the sake of revenge, and gloats over the most savage designs of torturing and destroying that amiable young woman. To be sure, it was not right or lawful for her to take another husband. Then Kit, after futile attempts to escape, unexpectedly gets his release by a confession of one of the burglars; comes to London, obtains a good sum of money from the profits of his scientific inventions, and deliberately proceeds to carry out his fiendish intentions. The Clevedens, with two young children, are living happily at Torquay. Their enemy takes a

lonely cottage on the moor, somewhere near Hey Tor, prowls about the Torquay villa, sneaks in and hides under a bed, starts up and seizes Hebe, threatening to slay her child if she screams, and thus easily carries her off to his miserable den, which must be at least twelve miles distant. There he keeps her several months, while he calls himself Gregory, and believes that she does not recognise him after the changes made in his appearance. She never tries to run away, but submits to the harshest treatment, patiently drudges in his service, and finally softens his heart by her feminine grace and gentleness; so that, instead of killing, beating, tormenting, or insulting her, this murderous madman is led to treat her with flowers and music, nice dresses and jewels, readings of poetry, sentimental conversations, and the exhibition of his ideas of art. All the while, Hebe knows very well it is her husband Kit, and it is quite a mistake to suppose that she has ever lived with Major Cleveden as her husband, though she has allowed the world to believe so, Cleveden being really the husband of her deceased sister, with one child, and Hebe being the mother of another child, which is Kit's. The grotesque absurdity of the whole story can scarcely be surpassed; but if one did not get a laugh at these impossible incidents, it would be dismal reading.

*The Bell of St. Paul's.* By Walter Besant. Three vols. (Chatto and Windus.)—Popular acceptance, not that of a vulgar or puerile taste, but of refined and thoughtfully sympathetic minds, which are more numerous among the host of novel-readers than some fastidious persons may suppose, has outrun the critical analysis of those peculiar qualities to which Mr. Walter Besant owes his unique position as a writer of modern fiction. He is always entertaining, fertile in original invention, genial in spirit, and master of a captivating rhetorical style which suits the tone of playful irony that characterises his views of social life. If he possesses rather the gifts of contemplative and humorous observation, and a brilliant, lively fancy, than that of a powerful dramatic imagination evoking substantial conceptions of human individuality from the depths of moral consciousness, he is not the less an author whose works have a distinct ethical value, producing a wholesome and agreeable effect on public opinion. Benevolent and compassionate tenderness for mankind, with an acute perception of all that is ridiculous and even odious in conduct or manners, but with the humourist's cheerful tolerance of harmless incongruities and odd inconsistencies that do not offend the sense of justice or the mood of charity, is not a bad moral outfit for the contemporary English novelist. It was the spirit that pervaded the earlier, but not the later, works of Charles Dickens, and that underlay, to some extent, the worldly shrewdness and depreciatory sarcastic habit of Thackeray, who is now acknowledged to have been anything but a cynic at heart. Mr. Besant is an active philanthropist, especially desirous of plans for reconciling to each other, in mutual goodwill, the richer and the poorer classes of our townspeople, as well by sharing with the latter opportunities of harmless recreation and improving studies, as by relieving the deplorable conditions of precarious employment. He has thrown himself into the exploration of those parts of the diverse world of London folk—not only at the East-End—which are unknown to fashionable gentility at the West-End. Whatever schemes may be practicable to lighten the gloom of distressed poverty, or to improve the prospects of honest labour, Mr. Besant has gathered a considerable acquaintance with scenes and groups of Londoners that have a quaintly picturesque aspect, though evidently much less so than fifty years ago, in the time of the "Sketches by Boz" and "Oliver Twist." His artistic talent for romance, however, is chiefly exercised in representing curious imaginary groups of isolated middle-class people, surrounded by the mean and squalid neighbourhood of a decayed quarter in this big city, and preserving their domestic and personal refinement, as it were on a raft that still floats in the sea of the uncultured population. This situation, which has a piquant effect, is that of two or three sequestered respectable families, the Cottles and the Indagines, with their visitor, young Mr. Laurence Waller, living on Bankside, above Southwark Bridge, nearly opposite St. Paul's. We know Bankside well enough to assure our readers that it has not at present any outward features of interest, or any visible trace of the Elizabethan age, when Shakspeare's Globe Theatre and the Swan, Paris Gardens with the bear-baiting and bull-baiting, and the taverns frequented by poets, players, and gay men of fashion, attracted crowds from the City side of the Thames. Along with the breweries, factories, and warehouses, the wharves littered with unsightly wares, and the poor little houses and inferior shops of the back streets, there are a few better dwellings; one of which might be inhabited by "Dr. Luttrell," a surgeon in local practice, another by Mr. Lucius Cottle, a barrister's clerk, son of an old schoolmaster of the preceding generation, and owner by inheritance of the house. Granted these possible residents on Bankside, it must further be understood that Mr. Cottle, a widower, has daughters, Cassandra and Flavia—all the schoolmaster's descendants bear classical names—and his sisters, one of whom, Aunt Cornelia, holds the dignified office of pew-opener and care-taker of an ancient City church; the other, Aunt Claudia, is the inspired preacher or prophetess of a small religious conventicle with a mystic spiritual doctrine. Dr. Luttrell is unmarried, but has an adopted son, named Oliver, who was the child of vicious and depraved gipsy parents, and whom he took from a den of beggars and thieves in Spitalfields, twenty years ago, to make him the subject of an educational experiment on the basis of scientific Agnosticism—but this development is a blot on the story. Mr. Besant has surely never met any Comtist, Agnostic, or professed Atheist, leading a life of strict integrity and self-denying beneficence, as this medical man has constantly done, who would bring up a child to ignore the principles of morality, or the "altruistic" rule of virtue, and the supreme duty to mankind, which is their substitute for religion. The character of this Oliver Luttrell is gratuitously corrupt; for, unless it could be ascribed to heredity, from his wretched birth alone, we may positively deny that it could be produced by domestic training in a home with two such good men as his guardian and Clement Indagine, and with so good a girl as Althea Indagine for his companion. Mr. Indagine, brother-in-law to Dr. Luttrell, having lost his wife, and being poor, unworldly, studious, and retiring in disposition, lives with his only daughter, the heroine of the story, in the doctor's house. He is a poet, consumed by sorrow for the public neglect of his genius, but cherishing the most exalted and refined sentiments of honour and purity, which in Althea, a noble young woman, are happily accompanied with strong good sense and vigorous resolution. Adding to these explanations the important fact that the Indagines—who do not know it—are entitled to a large fortune amassed by an old usurer named Norbery, who has been dead five years, and some hint of this reaches the wicked Oliver, who then seeks to get Althea for his wife, being a rising man in the profession of physical science—we have made the foundation of the plot tolerably clear. But who is Laurence Waller, the manly and intelligent stranger from Australia, coming to London for the first time in his life, entering the Cottles'

house as a lodger, and quickly making himself familiarly acquainted with all these old residents at Bankside? Well, seeing that he is a brave, good, clever, and handsome young gentleman, with money in his pocket too, we are glad to see him instantly falling in love with Althea, rowing up and down the Thames with her, inspecting the local antiquities under her learned guidance, listening to her delightful talk about old English literature and history, and making himself useful and agreeable to all her friends. Oliver Luttrell, who has cruelly jilted Cassie Cottle, and who is a hypocrite, a secret profligate and gambler, though a distinguished Fellow of the Royal Society, has no chance of winning the affections of the wise Althea. The further development of the plot shall not here be revealed; let Mr. Besant's readers find out, in the course of his interesting narrative, why Laurence Waller has sought these survivors of old families in the obscure neighbourhood of Bankside; what he is able to do for their welfare; and what becomes of the large fortune to which somebody has a legal right. Many of the scenes are excellent comedy; and there is touching pathos in the humiliation and restoration of poor Aunt Florry. We can promise every reader a good deal of pleasure before the "Bell of St. Paul's" is heard for the last time across great London's famous river.

## IQUIQUE AND PISAGUA, CHILE.

These two seaports, on the Pacific Ocean coast of South America, are the chief places of export trade from the Province of Tarapaca, which formerly belonged to Peru, but which was conquered by the Republic of Chile, after a fierce struggle with the allied Peruvian and Bolivian armies, and naval conflicts along the coast, in the desperate war that broke out in February 1879, and that lasted two or three years. Geographically, it would appear, this province might have been likely to afford a seaboard to Bolivia, which actually held the more southerly port of Copiapo; but, some years before the quarrel, Chilean immigrants began working the rich guano and nitrate deposits of Tarapaca and the silver mines of Atacama. Negotiations then took place with regard to the division of taxes imposed on them, and the result was unsatisfactory. Then Bolivia, at the instigation of Peru, which was bitterly hostile to Chile, rashly went to war. The Chileans, fighting with great skill and valour, completely defeated their northern neighbours; who seem, perhaps from the effect of a tropical climate and more mixture of races, to be less energetic people. Lima, the capital of Peru, was captured, and its Government was overthrown; finally, the valuable coast provinces, formerly between their respective territories, became the prize of Chile. Iquique is the port in which one of the first naval actions of the war had been fought, when the officers and crew of the feeble Chilean corvette Esmeralda, under command of Don Arturo Pratt, attacked by a very powerful ironclad, the Huascar, with 300-pounder guns and a ram, showed the utmost courage, sinking rather than they would consent to surrender. But the Huascar, commanded by Admiral Michel Grau, was soon afterwards captured off Mejillones by two Chilean war-ships, after a fight which proved equal bravery on the Peruvian side, the Admiral being killed. Pisagua also witnessed one of the memorable actions of the war. The steep hills, 1125 ft. above sea-level, commanding the little town, were occupied by Peruvian and Bolivian troops in great force; but the Chileans, landing under cover of the guns of the fleet, stormed those formidable heights and dislodged the entrenched army with such gallantry and intrepid daring as no soldiers have surpassed. Whatever may have been the justice of annexing this province to Chile, it was fairly won by hard fighting, in a war that Peru had wilfully provoked; and Chile knows how to make use of it to good profit. A railway has been constructed between Pisagua and Iquique, bending inland to the nitrate grounds, which furnish the trade of both ports; and those towns are now thriving, in spite of their unattractive sites and other disadvantages. Iquique, built on the sand, had no fresh water naturally, but was fain to fetch it from Pisagua; excellent waterworks are now being constructed.

The Nitrate Railway is a remarkable example of engineering skill. Starting from Iquique, it is carried along the face of a precipitous cliff, overlooking the town, to a station called Mollé, eight miles from Iquique, situate 1600 ft. above the sea level. The gradients are extremely steep, and some of the curves have a radius of only 450 ft. The engines used on this line have been specially constructed with the view of overcoming these obstacles. They are built with a double set of boilers, over a central firebox, with a funnel at each end, presenting an aspect wholly unknown on any other line. Their weight ranges up to ninety tons.

The Views are from sketches by our Special Artist, Mr. Melton Prior.

## CHURCH BUILDING.

The Incorporated Society for promoting the enlargement, building, and repairing of churches and chapels held its usual monthly meeting (the first for the present session) on Nov. 21, at the offices, 7, Dean's yard, Westminster Abbey. Grants of money were made in aid of the following objects—viz.: Building new churches at the Eton mission district in the parish of St. Augustin's, South Hackney, Middlesex, £250; Hampstead St. Paul's, in the parish of Handsworth, Birmingham, £150; Harringay St. Paul's, in the parish of St. Mary's, Hornsey, Middlesex, £125; and Highcliffe All Saints', in the parish of Chilcomb, near Winchester, £150. Rebuilding the churches at Fenton Christ Church, near Stoke-on-Trent, £225; and Harlow St. Mary Magdalene, Essex, £45; and towards enlarging or otherwise improving the accommodation in the churches at Bradford Abbas St. Mary, near Sherborne, Dorset, £20; Colton Holy Trinity, near Ulverston, £20; Corsley St. Margaret's, near Warminster, £15; Farnborough St. Mark's, Hants, £45; Hurstbourne Tarrant St. Peter, near Andover, Hants, £15; Kettering St. Peter and St. Paul, Northants, £50; Kingstone St. Michael's, near Tram Inn, Hereford, £40; Lamyat St. Mary and St. John, Somerset, £10; Llanybri Holy Trinity, near Llanstephan, Carmarthen, £15; and Rickmansworth St. Mary Magdalene, Herts, £50. Grants were also made from the Special Mission Buildings Fund towards building mission churches at Lower-place the Good Shepherd, in the parish of All Souls, Harlesden, Middlesex, £25; and a chapel of ease in the parish of St. Mary's, Eling, near Southampton, £30. The following grants were also paid for works completed: Morningthorpe St. John's, near Long Stratton, £25; Accrington St. Peter's, £100; Truro St. Paul's, £100; South Petherwin, near Launceston, £60; Crowthorne, Berks, £100; Birmingham St. Chrysostom, £125; Westbury Leigh, Wilts, £40; Guist, Norfolk, £25; Nymet Rowland, Devon, £20; Little Horwood, Bucks, £25; Portsea St. Mary's, £250; Cymmer St. John's, near Llantrisant, £200; Marlton St. John's, South Devon, £80; Kenfig Hill, near Bridgend, £50; Aspley St. Paul, Huddersfield, £10; Upton Park, St. Albans, Essex, £20; and Bridgehampton, near Ilchester, £10. The society likewise accepted the trust of a sum of money as a repair fund for St. Mark's, Noel-park, Wood Green, Middlesex.





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1. IQUIQUE.

2. PISAGUA.

THE NITRATE SHIPPING PORTS OF CHILE.—SKETCHED BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, MR. MELTON PRIOR.



## BLIND LOVE.

By WILKIE COLLINS.

[The Right of Translation is Reserved.]

## CHAPTER LV.

THE ADVENTURES OF A FAITHFUL MAID.



It was about five o'clock on Saturday afternoon. The funeral was over. The unfortunate young Irish gentleman was now lying in the cemetery of Autenil in a grave purchased in perpetuity. His name, age, and rank were duly inscribed in the registers, and the cause of his death was vouched for by the English physician who had attended him at the request of his family. He was accompanied, in going through the formalities, by the respectable

woman who had nursed the sick man during his last seizure. Everything was perfectly in order. The physician was the only mourner at the funeral. No one was curious about the little procession. A funeral, more or less, excites no attention.

The funeral completed, the doctor gave orders for a simple monument to be put in memory of Lord Harry Norland, thus prematurely cut off. He then returned to the cottage, paid and dismissed the nurse, taking her address in case he should find an opportunity, as he hoped, to recommend her among his numerous and distinguished *clients*, and proceeded to occupy himself in setting everything in order before giving over the key to the landlord. First of all he removed the medicine bottles from the cupboard with great care, leaving nothing. Most of the bottles he threw outside into the dust-hole; one or two he placed in a fire which he made for the purpose in the kitchen: they were very shortly reduced to two or three lumps of molten glass. These contained, no doubt, the mysteries and secrets of science. Then he went into every room and searched in every possible place for any letters or papers which might have been left about. Letters left about are always indiscreet, and the consequences of an indiscretion may be far-reaching and incalculable. Satisfied at last that the place was perfectly cleared, he sat down in the salon and continued his business correspondence with the noble family and the solicitors. Thus engaged, he heard footsteps outside, footsteps on the gravel, footsteps on the doorstep. He got up, not without the slightest show of nervousness, and opened the door. Lord Harry was right. There stood the woman who had been his first nurse—the woman who overheard and watched—the woman who suspected. The suspicion and the intention of watching were legible in her eyes still. She had come back to renew her watch.

In her hand she carried her box, which she had lugged along from the place where the omnibus had deposited her. She made as if she was stepping in, but the big form of the doctor barred the way.

"Oh!" he said carelessly, "it is you. Who told you to come back?"

"Is my mistress at home?"

"No; she is not." He made no movement to let her pass.

"I will come in, please, and wait for her."

He still stood in the way.

"What time will she return?"

"Have you heard from her?"

"No."

"Did she leave orders that you were to follow her?"

"No; none that I received. I thought"—

"Servants should never think. They should obey."

"I know my duty, Dr. Vimpany, without learning it from you. Will you let me pass?"

He withdrew, and she entered.

"Come in, by all means," he said, "if you desire my society for a short time. But you will not find your mistress here."

"Not here! Where is she, then?"

"Had you waited in London for a day or two you would, I dare say, have been informed. As it is, you have had your journey for nothing."

"Has she not been here?"

"She has not been here."

"Dr. Vimpany," said the woman, driven to desperation, "I don't believe you! I am certain she has been here. What have you done with her?"

"Don't you believe me? That is sad, indeed. But one cannot always help these wanderings. You do not believe me? Melancholy, truly!"

"You may mock as much as you like. Where is she?"

"Where, indeed?"

"She left London to join his lordship. Where is he?"

"I do not know. He who would answer that question would be a wise man indeed."

"Can I see him?"

"Certainly not. He has gone away. On a long journey. By himself."

"Then I shall wait for him. Here!" she added with decision. "In this house!"

"By all means."

She hesitated. There was an easy look about the doctor which she did not like.

"I believe," she said, "that my mistress is in the house. She must be in the house. What are you going to do with her? I believe you have put her somewhere."

"Indeed!"

"You would do anything! I will go to the police."

"If you please."

"Oh! doctor, tell me where she is!"

"You are a faithful servant: it is good, in these days, to

find a woman so zealous on account of her mistress. Come in, good and faithful. Search the house all over. Come in—what are you afraid of? Put down your box, and go look for your mistress." Fanny obeyed. She ran into the house, opened the doors of the salon and the dining-room one after the other: no one was there. She ran up the stairs and looked into her mistress's room: nothing was there, not even a ribbon or a hair-pin, to show the recent presence of a woman. She looked into Lord Harry's room. Nothing was there. If a woman leaves hair-pins about, a man leaves his tooth-brush: nothing at all was there. Then she threw open the armoire in each room: nothing behind the doors. She came down-stairs slowly, wondering what it all meant.

"May I look in the spare room?" she asked, expecting to be roughly refused.

"By all means—by all means," said the doctor, blandly.

"You know your way about. If there is anything left belonging to your mistress or to you, pray take it."

She tried one more question.

"How is my patient? How is Mr. Oxbye?"

"He is gone."

"Gone? Where has he gone to? Gone?"

"He went away yesterday—Friday. He was a grateful creature. I wish we had more such grateful creatures as well as more such faithful servants. He said something about finding his way to London in order to thank you properly. A good soul, indeed!"

"Gone?" she repeated. "Why, on Thursday morning I saw him!" She checked herself in time.

"It was on Wednesday morning that you saw him, and he was then recovering rapidly."

"But he was far too weak to travel."

"You may be quite certain that I should not have allowed him to go away unless he was strong enough."

Fanny made no reply. She had seen with her own eyes the man lying still and white, as if in death: she had seen the new nurse rushing off, crying that he was dead. Now she was told that he was quite well, and that he had gone away! But it was no time for thought.

She was on the point of asking where the new nurse was, but she remembered in time that it was best for her to know nothing, and to awaken no suspicions. She opened the door of the spare room and looked in. Yes; the man was gone—dead

or alive—and there were no traces left of his presence. The place was cleared up; the cupboard stood with open doors, empty; the bed was made; the curtain pushed back; the sofa was in its place against the wall; the window stood open. Nothing in the room at all to show that there had been an occupant only two days before. She stared blankly. The dead man was gone, then. Had her senses altogether deceived her? Was he not dead, but only sleeping? Was her horror only a thing of imagination? Behind her, in the hall, stood the doctor, smiling, cheerful.

She remembered that her first business was to find her mistress. She was not connected with the Dane. She closed the door and returned to the hall.

"Well," asked the doctor, "have you made any discoveries? You see that the house is deserted. You will perhaps learn before long why. Now what will you do? Will you go back to London?"

"I must find her ladyship."

The doctor smiled.

"Had you come here in a different spirit," he said, "I would have spared you all this trouble. You come, however, with suspicion written on your face. You have always been suspecting and watching. It may be in a spirit of fidelity to your mistress; but such a spirit is not pleasing to other people, especially when there is not a single person who bears any resentment towards that mistress. Therefore, I have allowed you to run over the empty house, and to satisfy your suspicious soul. Lady Harry is not hidden here. As for Lord Harry—but you will hear in due time, no doubt. And now I don't mind telling you that I have her ladyship's present address."

"Oh! What is it?"

"She appears to have passed through Paris on her way to Switzerland two days ago, and has sent here her address for the next fortnight. She has now, I suppose, arrived there. The place is Berne; the Hôtel — But how do I know that she wants you?"

"Of course she wants me."

"Or of course you want her? Very good. Yours is the responsibility, not mine. Her address is the Hôtel d'Angleterre. Shall I write it down for you? There it is. 'Hôtel d'Angleterre, Berne.' Now you will not forget. She will remain there for one fortnight only. After that, I cannot say



FORESTIER

KAUMANN

She made as if she was stepping in; but the big form of the doctor barred the way.



whither she may go. And, as all her things have been sent away, and I am going away, I am not likely to hear."

"Oh! I must go to her. I must find her!" cried the woman, earnestly; "if it is only to make sure that no evil is intended for her."

"That is your business. For my own part, I know of no one who can wish her ladyship any evil."

"Is my lord with her?"

"I don't know whether that is your business. I have already told you that he is gone. If you join your mistress in Berne, you will very soon find out if he is there as well." Something in his tone made Fanny look up quickly. But his face revealed nothing. "What shall you do then?" asked the doctor. "You must make up your mind quickly whether you will go back to England or whether you will go on to Switzerland. You cannot stay here, because I am putting together the last things, and I shall give the landlord the key of the house this evening. All the bills are paid, and I am going to leave the place."

"I do not understand. There is the patient," she murmured vaguely. "What does it mean? I cannot understand."

"My good creature," he replied roughly, "what the devil does it matter to me whether you understand or whether you do not understand? Her ladyship is, as I have told you, at Berne. If you please to follow her there, do so. It is your own affair, not mine. If you prefer to go back to London, do so. Still, your own affair. Is there anything else to say?"

Nothing. Fanny took up her box—this time the doctor did not offer to carry it for her.

"Where are you going?" he asked. "What have you decided?"

"I can get round by the Chemin de Fer de Ceinture to the Lyons station. I shall take the first cheap train which will take me to Berne."

"Bon voyage!" said the doctor, cheerfully, and shut the door.

It is a long journey from Paris to Berne even for those who can travel first class and express—that is, if sixteen hours can be called a long journey. For those who have to jog along by third class, stopping at all the little country stations, it is a long and a tedious journey indeed. The longest journey ends at last. The train rolled slowly into the station of Berne, and Fanny descended with her box. Her wanderings were over for the present. She would find her mistress and be at rest.

She asked to be directed to the Hôtel d'Angleterre. The Swiss guardian of the peace with the cocked hat stared at her. She repeated the question.

"Hôtel d'Angleterre?" he echoed. "There is no Hôtel d'Angleterre in Berne."

"Yes, yes; there is. I am the maid of a lady who is staying at that hotel."

"No; there is no Hôtel d'Angleterre," he repeated. "There is the Hôtel Bernerhof."

"No." She took out the paper and showed it to him—"Lady Harry Norland, Hôtel d'Angleterre, Berne."

"There is the Hôtel de Belle Vue, the Hôtel du Faucon, the Hôtel Victoria, the Hôtel Schweizerhof. There are the Hôtel Schrödel, the Hôtel Schneider, the Pension Simkin."

Fanny as yet had no other suspicion than that the doctor had accidentally written a wrong name. Her mistress was at Berne: she would be in one of the hotels. Berne is not a large place. Very good; she would go round to the hotels and inquire. She did so. There are not, in fact, more than half a dozen hotels in Berne where an English lady could possibly stay. Fanny went to every one of these. No one had heard of any such lady: they showed her the lists of their visitors. She inquired at the post-office. No lady of that name had asked for letters. She asked if there were any pensions, and went round them all—uselessly.

No other conclusion was possible. The doctor had deceived her wilfully. To get her out of the way he sent her to Berne. He would have sent her to Jericho if her purse had been long enough to pay the fare. She was tricked.

She counted her money. There was exactly twenty-eight shillings and tenpence in her purse.

She went back to the cheapest (and dirtiest) of the pensions she had visited. She stated her case—she had missed milady her mistress—she must stay until she should receive orders to go on, and money—would they take her in until one or the other arrived? Certainly. They would take her in, at five francs a day, payable every morning in advance.

She made a little calculation—she had twenty-eight and tenpence; exactly thirty-five francs—enough for seven days. If she wrote to Mrs. Vimpany at once she could get an answer in five days.

She accepted the offer, paid her five shillings, was shown into a room, and was informed that the dinner was served at six o'clock.

Very good. Here she could rest, at any rate, and think what was to be done. And first she wrote two letters—one to Mrs. Vimpany and one to Mr. Mountjoy.

In both of these letters she told exactly what she had found: neither Lord Harry nor his wife at the cottage, the place vacated, and the doctor on the point of going away. In both letters she told how she had been sent all the way into Switzerland on a fool's errand, and now found herself planted there without the means of getting home. In the letter to Mrs. Vimpany she added the remarkable detail that the man whom she had seen on the Thursday morning apparently dead, whose actual poisoning she thought she had witnessed, was reported on the Saturday to have walked out of the cottage, carrying his things, if he had any, and proposing to make his way to London in order to find out his old nurse. "Make what you can out of that," she said. "For my own part, I understand nothing."

In the letter which she wrote to Mr. Mountjoy she added a petition that he would send her money to bring her home. This, she said, her mistress she knew would willingly defray.

She posted these letters on Tuesday, and waited for the answers.

Mrs. Vimpany wrote back by return post.

"My dear Fanny," she said, "I have read your letter with the greatest interest. I am not only afraid that some villany is afoot, but I am perfectly sure of it. One can only hope and pray that her ladyship may be kept out of its influence. You will be pleased to hear that Mr. Mountjoy is better. As soon as he was sufficiently recovered to stand the shock of violent emotion, I put Lady Harry's letter into his hands. It was well that I had kept it from him, for he fell into such a violence of grief and indignation that I thought he would have had a serious relapse. 'Can any woman,' he cried, 'be justified in going back to an utterly unworthy husband until he has proved a complete change? What if she has received a thousand letters of penitence? Penitence should be shown by acts, not words: she should have waited.' He wrote her a letter, which he showed me. 'Is there,' he asked, 'anything in the letter which could justly offend her?' I could find nothing. He told her, but I fear too late, that she risks degradation—perhaps worse, if there is anything worse—if she persists in returning to her unworthy husband. If she refuses to be

guided by his advice, on the last occasion on which he would presume to offer any advice, he begged that she would not answer. Let her silence say—No. That was the substance of his letter. Up to the present moment no answer has been received from Lady Harry. Nor has he received so much as an acknowledgment of the letter. What can be understood by this silence? Clearly, refusal.

"You must return by way of Paris, though it is longer than by Basel and Laon. Mr. Mountjoy, I know, will send you the money you want. He has told me as much. 'I have done with Lady Harry,' he said. 'Her movements no longer concern me, though I can never want interest in what she does. But since the girl is right to stick to her mistress, I will send her the money—not as a loan to be paid back by Iris, but as a gift from myself.'

"Therefore, my dear Fanny, stop in Paris for one night at least, and learn what has been done if you can. Find out the nurse, and ask her what really happened. With the knowledge

francs, which he hoped would be sufficient for her immediate wants.

She started on her return-journey on the same day—namely, Saturday. On Sunday evening she was in a pension at Passy, ready to make those inquiries. The first person whom she sought out was the *rentier*—the landlord of the cottage. He was a retired tradesman—one who had made his modest fortune in a *charrerie*, and had invested it in house property. Fanny told him that she had been lady's-maid to Lady Harry Norland, in the recent occupancy of the cottage, and that she was anxious to know her present address.

"Merci, mon Dieu! que sçais-je? What do I know about it?" he replied. "The wife of the English milord is so much attached to her husband that she leaves him in his long illness."

"His long illness?"

"Certainly—Mademoiselle is not, perhaps, acquainted with the circumstances—his long illness; and does not come even



She counted her money. There was exactly twenty-eight shillings and tenpence in her purse.

that you already possess it will be hard, indeed, if we cannot arrive at the truth. There must be people who supplied things to the cottage—the restaurant, the *pharmacie*, the laundress. See them all—you know them already, and we will put the facts together. As for finding her ladyship, that will depend entirely upon herself. I shall expect you back in about a week. If anything happens here I shall be able to tell you when you arrive. "Yours affectionately, L. VIMPANY."

This letter exactly coincided with Fanny's own views. The doctor was now gone. She was pretty certain that he was not going to remain alone in the cottage; and the suburb of Passy, though charming in many ways, is not exactly the place for a man of Dr. Vimpany's temperament. She would stay a day, or even two days, or more, if necessary, at Passy. She would make those inquiries.

The second letter, which reached her the same day, was from Mr. Mountjoy. He told her what he had told Mrs. Vimpany: he would give her the money, because he recognised the spirit of fidelity which caused Fanny to go first to Paris and then to Berne. But he could not pretend to any right to interference in the affairs of Lord and Lady Harry Norland. He inclosed a *mandat postal* for a hundred and twenty-five

to see his dead body after he is dead. There is a wife for you—a wife of the English fashion!"

Fanny gasped.

"After he is dead! Is Lord Harry dead? When did he die?"

"But, assuredly, Mademoiselle has not heard? The English milord died on Thursday morning, a week and more ago, of consumption, and was buried in the cemetery of Auteuil last Saturday. Mademoiselle appears astonished."

"En effet, Monsieur, I am astonished."

"Already the tombstone is erected to the memory of the unhappy young man, who is said to belong to a most distinguished family of Ireland. Mademoiselle can see it with her own eyes in the cemetery."

"One word more, Monsieur. If Monsieur would have the kindness to tell her who was the nurse of milord in his last seizure."

"But certainly. All the world knows the widow La Chaise. It was the widow La Chaise who was called in by the doctor. Ah! there is a man—what a man! What a miracle of science! What devotion to his friend! What admirable sentiments! Truly, the English are great in sentiments when their insular coldness allows them to speak. This widow can be found—easily found."





*They would take her in, at five francs a day, payable every morning in advance.*

He gave Fanny, in fact, the nurse's address. Armed with this, and having got out of the landlord the cardinal fact of Lord Harry's alleged death, the lady's-maid went in search of this respectable widow.

She found her, in her own apartments, a respectable woman indeed, perfectly ready to tell everything that she knew, and evidently quite unsuspecting of anything wrong. She was invited to take charge of a sick man on the morning of Thursday: she was told that he was a young Irish lord, dangerously ill of a pulmonary disorder; the doctor, in fact, informed her that his life hung by a thread, and might drop at any moment, though on the other hand he had known such cases linger on for many months. She arrived as she had been ordered, at midday: she was taken into the sick-room by the doctor, who showed her the patient placidly sleeping on a sofa: the bed had been slept in, and was not yet made. After explaining the medicines which she was to administer, and the times when they were to be given, and telling her something about his diet, the doctor left her alone with the patient.

"He was still sleeping profoundly," said the nurse.

"You are sure that he was sleeping, and not dead?" asked Fanny, sharply.

"Mademoiselle, I have been a nurse for many years. I know my duties. The moment the doctor left me I verified his statements. I proved that the patient was sleeping by feeling his pulse and observing his breath."

Fanny made no reply. She could hardly remind this respectable person that after the doctor left her she employed herself first to examining the cupboards, drawers, *armoire*, and other things; that she then found a book with pictures, in which she read for a quarter of an hour or so; that she then grew sleepy and dropped the book—

"I then," continued the widow, "made arrangements against his waking—that is to say, I drew back the curtains and turned over the sheet to air the bed"—O Madame! Madame! Surely this was needless!—"shook up the pillows, and occupied myself in the cares of a conscientious nurse until the time came to administer the first dose of medicine. Then I proceeded to awaken my patient. Figure yourself! He whom I had left tranquilly breathing, with the regularity of a convalescent rather than a dying man, was dead! He was dead!"

"You are sure he was dead?"

"As if I had never seen a dead body before! I called the doctor, but it was for duty only, for I knew that he was dead."

"And then?"

"Then the doctor—who must also have known that he was dead—felt his pulse and his heart, and looked at his eyes, and declared that he was dead."

"And then?"

"What then? If a man is dead he is dead. You cannot restore him to life. Yet one thing the doctor did. He brought a camera and took a photograph of the dead man for the sake of his friends."

"Oh! he took a photograph of—of Lord Harry Norland. What did he do that for?"

"I tell you: for the sake of his friends."

Fanny was more bewildered than ever. What on earth should the doctor want a photograph of the Dane Oxbye to show the friends of Lord Harry? Could he have made a blunder as stupid as it was uncalled for? No one could possibly mistake the dead face of that poor Dane for the dead face of Lord Harry.

She had got all the information she wanted—all, in fact, that was of any use to her. One thing remained. She would see the grave.

The cemetery of Auteuil is not so large as Père la Chaise,

nor does it contain so many celebrated persons as the latter—perhaps the greatest cemetery, as regards its illustrious dead, in the whole world. It is the cemetery of the better class. The tombs are not those of Immortals but of Respectables.

Among them Fanny easily found, following the directions given to her, the tomb she was searching after.

On it was written in English, "Sacred to the Memory of Lord Harry Norland, second son of the Marquis of Malven." Then followed the date and the age, and nothing more.

Fanny sat down on a bench and contemplated this mendacious stone.

"The Dane Oxbye," she said, "was growing better fast when I went away. That was the reason why I was sent away. The very next day the doctor, thinking me far away, poisoned him. I saw him do it. The nurse was told that he was asleep, and being left alone presently discovered that he was dead. She has been told that the sick man is a young Irish gentleman. He is buried under the name of Lord Harry. That is the reason I found the doctor alone. And my lady? Where is she?"

*(To be continued.)*

### THE NITRATE GROUNDS OF CHILE.

The nitrate grounds of the northern provinces of Chile present a unique geological problem, the solution of which has been tentatively essayed by more than one scientific inquirer. In no other part of the world are kindred deposits known to exist. Hence, in the absence of all standards of comparison, there are different theories to account for the presence of nitrate of soda on the Chilean pampas. The one most commonly received is that the deposits are due to the gradual drying up of an inland sea or salt lake; the chloride of sodium left on its subsidence being in part transformed by contact with the remains of the animal and vegetable substances—fish, sponges, or seaweed—existing in its waters. Sieveking thinks that salts such as nitrate of ammonia, sulphate of soda, and others, were formed by the decomposition of animal and vegetable matters in the waters while the adjacent rocks were simultaneously yielding carbonates of lime, soda, and potash. Mutual reaction formed nitrate of soda, sulphate of lime, &c., and, as the lake dried up by solar evaporation, precipitation took place. Ochsensien holds that a volcanic upheaval exhaled immense quantities of carbonic acid gas, by the action of which a portion of the sodium chloride in solution was converted into sodium carbonate, and this, being gradually acted upon by the ammonia-laden breezes blowing from the guano islands lying off the coast, became sodium nitrate. A report issued by a Commission appointed by the Chilean Government some years back favours the notion of felspathic rocks gradually decomposing and having the soda they contain converted first into carbonate, and then, owing to the property possessed by alkaline carbonates of transforming atmospheric nitrogen into nitric acid in the presence of other oxidisable matter, into nitrate. Another view is that the whole of the saline matters abounding in this region have been formed in the Andes and thence washed down by flood-waters or slow percolations, and, furthermore, that the conversion of the chloride of sodium into nitrate is still progressing under the pressure of nitric acid engendered either by the frequent electrical commotions occurring in the atmosphere of these regions or by the presence of ammonia in the curious mists, locally known as *camanchacas*, that from time to time wrap the whole of the pampas in a dense and fleecy cloud.

The outward aspect of the nitrate-bearing regions is

neither pleasant nor picturesque. As regards form and colouring there are few worse-endowed spots upon the earth's surface, while it further remains a paradoxical mockery that a tract yielding an inexhaustible supply of fertilising material to other parts of the globe should not be able to boast the presence of a single green thing on its surface. Low mound-like hills slope, in many places almost imperceptibly, into shallow flattened valleys—hill, valley, and slope exhibiting the same monotonous colouring of brownish drab. The caliche, as the raw material of the nitrate of soda of commerce is styled, is mainly found on the slopes, being usually lacking either near the summit of the hills or the bottom of the valleys. This is held to be one of the main arguments in favour of the dried-up lake theory, already touched upon; the contention being that the greatest evaporation and consequently thickest deposit took place on the shelving shores. Caliche is found in a layer of varying thickness and purity, at a greater or lesser depth below the surface. An untouched bed mostly presents the appearance of a gentle slope of dull-brown powdery soil, frequently strewn with angular fragments of reddish-black porphyritic rock, and sometimes broken by small pit-like depressions lined with saline incrustations. This light surface soil is locally known as *chuca*, and may vary in depth from a few inches to several feet, in which latter case it usually assumes a clayey character. Occasionally, as in the exceptionally rich district of Lagnas, caliche is found immediately beneath the *chuca*; but generally an intervening stratum of what is called *costra* is encountered. This *costra*, or crust, also varies in thickness and composition. Salt is, as a rule, one of its main constituents, in company with lime, magnesia, earthy matters, and fragments of stone. Sometimes it takes the form of conglomerate or other rock. Below it in turn comes the caliche, which also offers a wide divergence in quality, substance, and appearance. Indeed, a novice who has had good caliche shown to him on one ground may fail even to identify that of equal, if not superior, merit found on another. Caliche may be broadly divided into *poroso*, or soft, and *macizo*, or hard. The former is generally whitish or dust-coloured, and at times granulated very much like salt. The latter is more varied in aspect. Sometimes it takes the form of almost pure masses of nitrate suggestive to make a rough comparison of solidified washing soda. In this condition it may be milky white, yellow, or blue, the two last-mentioned tints being derived respectively from chrome and from sulphate of copper. A more common variety, with a dark-brown tinge and granular surface, is styled *achanchacado*. Then there is a red variety, deriving its distinctive hue from the presence of iron; and one known as *negro*, from its dark colour and close texture. White caliche, with streaks of lime running through it, is classed as *jaboncillo*, or soapy; or, when mixed with hard masses of the same substance—that remain undissolved after boiling, like bones—as *huesudo*. All these chameleon-like variations are enhanced by the caliche being made up to a greater or lesser degree of salts, sulphates, and insoluble earthy substances blended with the nitrate. Average caliche may be taken to contain about 35 per cent of nitrate, and the best-considered in bulk as much as 75 per cent. The thickness of the stratum of caliche presents a similar divergence. It ranges from a few inches to, in some exceptional cases and over a limited area, as much as 20 ft. In the province of Tarapaca 5 ft. may be taken as a good working average, though deposits 8 and 10 ft. thick are not uncommon. Below the caliche is found a stratum of loose sandy or gravelly soil termed *cova*, the presence of which greatly facilitates the extraction of the caliche.



A TOWN IN YORKSHIRE.

A nearly straight stretch of road leads up from the railway station to the grey old town. At first it is skirted by pleasant meadows, whose sweet, green fog—that is, in northern dialect, the after-crop of grass when the hay has been mown—tells us that the mountain limestone is beneath our feet. Right and left roll away swelling masses of moorland, with the characteristic outline of the north-western Yorkshire hills—square-cut, girdled with scars of gleaming limestone, crowned, on their higher summits, with cappings of rugged grit. Presently we cross a beck, coming down from a wooded glen and lofty waterfall on the fell-side, whose bed is strewn with big boulders, between which the water sleeps in silent pools, for the current is here diverted through a race to turn a corn, or timber, or some other kind of mill. Then, as soon as we have passed the church and the market cross, and a few straggling cottages, we are fairly in the single cobbled street, which practically constitutes by itself this quaintest of little towns in the Yorkshire dales.

The prevailing colour is a cold grey—grey houses with grey roofs, and a grey road under foot. Not a single red brick is visible here; indeed, there is no need for brick at all in a country where you have only to remove the thin sods from the hill slopes and lay open a quarry. Very few of the houses are modern, and most of them exhibit, in a more or less degree of picturesque roughness, the old Yorkshire fashion of building with projecting “throughs.” The “through” is a layer of masonry running *through* and projecting beyond the thickness of the wall, and so giving a binding unity to the whole. A few centuries ago most districts in England had their own peculiar type of cottage architecture, unconsciously influenced, perhaps, by the character of the surrounding scenery or the nature of the building material at hand. The great wealds of Surrey and Sussex still show us a number of red-brick home-steads, with numerous string-courses, elaborate porches, and a well-marked form of chimney-stack. The western towns have their black and white half-timbered cottages, which, though, of course, more or less common all over the country, are certainly found most frequently in places like Worcester or Chester, or, above all, Shrewsbury. In North Wales the type varies in different counties, the whitewashed cottages of Bangor or Beaumaris being markedly inferior to those about Dolgelly or Arthog. In the Lakes, again, we have a peculiar round chimney, which may be well studied at Wordsworth’s house at Rydal, and a rough style of masonry almost peculiar to the district. And so in Yorkshire we have, or had, the system of building with projecting “throughs.” But all over England there now begins to prevail a hideous uniformity: everywhere the speculative builder runs up his unlovely square boxes, and, even in the case of more ambitious houses, boldness is too often a substitute for restfulness and taste. Thus it is that even in these remote valleys of the Pennine hills the tendency is to lop off the ragged ends of the projecting “throughs,” and to substitute cold blue slates for the old black flags, which soon began to crumble, and, after a few winter storms, produced crops of moss, and golden stone-crop, and many-coloured lichens. But then, the slate will not crumble, and affords no root-hold for vegetable life, and is, no doubt, from a utilitarian point, an altogether superior material.

Here, however, in this little world’s-end retreat, the wheels of progress move but slowly, and, while new houses are scarce, the old northern cottages are everywhere, with their broken sky-line, and rugged surface, and picturesque grouping of pig-stye and ash-bin. They are not generally whitewashed, but a broad band is often painted round the windows, and it is the pride of a careful housewife that some kind of interlacing pattern should be done in whitening on the flag before the door. A few of the more advanced shops show windows of plate-glass, and here and there, perhaps, the more ambitious have of late years put out a bow window. But the town is still in the main old-fashioned and irregular, though not for that reason insecure or an unhealthy spot to live in.

Grass grows among the cobbles in the little open space round the market cross. There is no traffic to kill it except the few farmers’ carts driving in from the wild upland farms, or a few children clattering to school in the morning in their wooden clogs. Everyone wears clogs here, or has the tips of their boots bound with strips of brass—the clogmaker is an institution of the town. Sometimes the clogs are found useful for another purpose, and are tied by a piece of cord to the neck of a foxhound pup, to keep him from wandering far afield. The grass grows in the streets, because the little town has long since fallen asleep, and because even the coming of the railway has failed to arouse it from that long slumber. When the railway was opened, it is true, the citizens banded themselves together, and made a gallant effort: they resuscitated the weekly market, and thought to revive once for all the faded splendours of the place—for this was once the capital of the upper dale. But the struggle came too late: the trade had flowed away to other and more important towns, and nothing would bring it back. Only the old market cross is still there, speaking in its desolation and decay of those earlier days, before the commercial life of England had drifted hopelessly away from such small centres as this, into the vastness, and sound, and misery of our huge modern cities.

A place of a thousand inhabitants, more or less, has, of course, a pteous choice of inns; but the wise tourist will make his way only to the old King’s Head. Here we have, indeed, an ideal country hostelry—a house which the true inn-lover will at once mark with a white line. There is no false show of grandeur—no elaborate table d’hôte at which the dust-soiled tramp over the hills is ashamed to sit down—no men-waiters, or, for the matter of that, no regular waiters at all. Your fare will, perhaps, be the standing dish of eggs and bacon, or an occasional grouse, if the shooting season is on. Your landlady probably will not be too grand a person to come and remonstrate loudly at your bed-room door if you are late for breakfast in the morning. From the entrance we pass at once down a short passage into the great kitchen, with its huge open fire and smoke-blackened beams, from which hang long rows of famous Yorkshire hams. Here the dalesmen gather at night to discuss over their mug of beer the weather and the hay-crop and the progress of the lambing season. A noble race of men is this—their manners instinct with the natural feelings of a gentleman, their speech rich in all the musical breadth of the northern accent. In most hill districts—in Wales or in Switzerland—the mountaineers are short, thick-set men; here, while sturdy and thick-set, they are also noticeably tall, or, at least, the true old dale type was so. Everyone is a Metcalfe, or an Alderson, or an Iveson, and the necessity which thus arises for some kind of distinction gives cause to such strange-sounding nicknames as “Bell Taylor Johnny” and “Matty John Nod.” The old tie between landlord and tenant in these dales was once very strong: from one little Swaledale farm the holder tramped almost every day some dozen miles over moor and mountain to ask after the master’s health when the latter lay ill. But now the railway has come, and the telegraph-wire, and voices from the outer world have penetrated the fastnesses of the hills, and

the old hospitality and friendly relations and sense of fellowship—the old superstitions and the old narrowness of life must inevitably slowly die away—much, no doubt, that was bad, but surely something also that was very good.

Yet here and there certain old customs still linger on. The hay is “led” not, as in the south, in carts, but in rough wooden sledges drawn by horses: in many of the upland farms the cheeses are still pressed, in primitive fashion, by the weight of huge blocks of stone. At funerals throughout the dale funeral-cake is distributed among friends and relatives: at one little hamlet, not very far away, they ring a hand-bell through the village street when an inhabitant dies; at another they blow at night the old forest-horn. And the dialect still retains most of its peculiarities. A blackberry is still a “bumblekite”; a colt, a “coddifyold”; a mole, a “mould-warp”; a horse, a “yode”; to play at marbles is “to lake at taws.” Many of these, no doubt, like the so-called Americanisms, are good old English words, but they have long since been obsolete in ordinary speech. It has been pointed out that the dialect in Chaucer’s “Reeve’s Story”—a dialect different from the language of the rest of the Canterbury Tales—is practically the same as is still spoken in remote Langstrothdale. Let us hope it will be long before the advance of an iron and somewhat material civilisation crushes out the last local peculiarities of the White Rose of York.

ASTRONOMICAL OCCURRENCES IN DECEMBER.

(From the Illustrated London Almanack.)

The Moon will be very near Saturn during the night common to the 13th and 14th. She will be to the right of the planet in the early evening hours of the 13th: the nearest approach will be about 10 p.m., when the planet will be a little south of the Moon, and after this she will be to the left of Saturn, the interval between them increasing as the night advances. She will be near Mars on the mornings of the 17th and 18th, being to his right on the former and to his left on the latter. She is near Venus on the 21st, and near Mercury and Jupiter on the 23rd. Her phases or times of change are:—

Full Moon	on the	7th	at 52 minutes after 9h	in the morning.
Last Quarter	"	15th	" 58	" 2 " afternoon.
New Moon	"	22nd	" 52	" noon
First Quarter	"	29th	" 17	" 5 " morning.

She is most distant from the Earth on the morning of the 10th, and nearest to it on the morning of the 23rd.

Mercury rises on the 3rd at 7h 40m a.m., or 8 minutes before sunrise: on the 5th at 7h 49m a.m., or 2 minutes before sunrise. He sets on the 13th at 3h 49m p.m., or about the same time as the Sun; on the 14th at 3h 52m p.m., or 3 minutes after sunset; on the 18th at 4h 2m p.m., or 12 minutes after sunset; on the 23rd at 4h 19m p.m., or 27 minutes after the Sun; on the 28th at 4h 41m p.m., or 45 minutes after the Sun; and on the 31st at 4h 56m p.m., or 58 minutes after sunset. He is in aphelion on the 7th, in superior conjunction with the Sun on the 8th, near the Moon on the 23rd, and near Jupiter on the 27th.

Venus is a morning star, rising on the 1st at 5h 57m a.m., or 1h 49m before the Sun: on the 8th at 6h 18m a.m., or 1h 37m before sunrise; on the 18th at 6h 48m a.m., or 1h 16m before sunrise; on the 28th at 7h 13m a.m., or 55 minutes before sunrise; and on the last day at 7h 18m a.m., or 51 minutes before the Sun. She is near the Moon on the 21st.

Mars is a morning star, rising on the 1st at 2h 21m a.m., on the 7th at 2h 17m a.m., on the 17th at 2h 10m a.m., on the 27th at 2h 3m a.m., and on the 31st at 2h 0m a.m. He is near the Moon on the 17th.

Jupiter is an evening star, setting on the 1st at 6h 0m p.m., or 2h 8m after sunset; on the 7th at 5h 43m p.m., or 1h 53m after sunset; on the 17th at 5h 15m p.m., or 1h 25m after sunset; and on the 27th at 4h 47m p.m., or 52 minutes after sunset. He is near the Moon on the 23rd.

Saturn rises on the 1st at 10h 33m p.m., on the 7th at 10h 14m p.m., on the 17th at 9h 35m p.m., on the 27th at 8h 55m p.m., and on the 30th at 1h 42m p.m. He is due south on the 1st day at 5h 41m a.m., on the 15th at 4h 49m a.m., and on the last day at 3h 46m a.m. He is near the Moon on the 13th.

Ready December 2,

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SCIENCE JOTTINGS.

THE FERTILITY OF NATURE.

There is no feature in the character of Dame Nature more plainly marked than her liberality and profuseness where the development of new beings is concerned. Witness, in proof of this assertion, the tons upon tons of yellow pollen or fertilising dust which are shed from the pine forests in the early months of the year, to be caught up by the winds and to be blown among the cones, to inaugurate therein the changes which result in the production of seeds. Much of this pollen is lost and squandered. Travellers tell us of this dust lying a foot deep or more on the borders of the great American lakes. Driven out of its course by contrary winds, it has perished, useless and forgotten. The liberality of Nature, then, in this matter of pollen alone, would require to be of very great extent. Wherever wind-fertilisation takes place, it would seem as though, in aiming at that act through the medium of the air-currents, Madre Natura rained her bullets at the target from her machine-gun or Maxim, in place of aiming directly at the bull’s-eye with a rifle. In other words, she showers her loads of pollen not in the hope that all will be utilised, but that some particles here and there will fulfil their destiny. Now, this is a serious and wasteful business at the best. Only a person of huge and, indeed, illimitable resources, like Dame Nature herself, could carry on such a precarious and thoroughly spendthrift policy. Yet, it is a policy of fact, and every summer that comes and every spring that dawns upon us testify to the fertility—I would say the over-fertility—of the powers and conditions that rule the living worlds.

Do you remember those lines in “In Memoriam,” wherein Tennyson remarks of Nature’s carefulness over the type, and her carelessness in the matter of the single life?—

That I considering everywhere  
Her secret meaning in her deeds,  
And finding that of fifty seeds  
She often brings but one to bear:—

these lines are the poet’s recognition of and protest against this terrible fertility of Nature, which seems to crush the individual that it may favour the race. Yet there is something to be said for all this apparent waste of means to gain an end. The whole process is one of favouring the growth of newer and higher types of individual life, after all is said and done. It is true that the crowd seems to occlude the individual interests; but it is only for a time. Out of the mass which is thus favoured you encourage your new and better individuals to arise. That is really the meaning of Nature’s prodigality. She abhors the dead level, and desires to encourage a departure into “fresh woods and pastures new,” and this can only be effected through the increase of the number of individuals who are to compete in the race for the better things which stand above life’s dead levels. So far, then, we may discern a purpose beneath the apparent lavishness of numbers; and I confess that, but for some intellectual comfort of the kind afforded by the thought of fertility favouring progress and advance, I, for one, should be strongly tempted to think that the times were decidedly “out of joint” as regards Madre Natura and her lavish display of fertilising power.

Think for a moment of what this productiveness of Nature means. How many young, think you, does an oyster produce in its day and generation? If one says a million of eggs, the statement, I should hold, falls rather short than otherwise of the reality. Did these eggs each come to full fruition and develop into oysters, what a cheapening of that savoury mollusc would ensue! But of the million eggs, how many proceed to mature development? Not one in a thousand, probably. The delicate “spat” is devoured by fishes, killed by muddy water, and otherwise decimated by cold and other agencies. Only a miserable remnant of the oyster’s progeny arrives at the stage of adult oysterhood. “The rest is silence,” as Hamlet put it, as far as the hundreds of thousands of oyster-progeny are concerned. It is the same in many other places and departments of animal life. What do you say to the fertility of a cod-fish, a salmon, or a herring? A single cod-fish, it is calculated, will produce from 8,000,000 to 10,000,000 eggs; yet these swarms of eggs are liable to the attack of thousands of enemies (report, sad to relate, says among these enemies the father cod-fishes themselves must be enumerated), and only a miserable fraction of cod-eggs, herring-eggs, or salmon-eggs, therefore, ever reach maturity. Were it not so, in a year or two there would be no room in the seas and oceans for the masses of fishes which would result from the fertility of Nature having full swing.

In lower life, as well, the same fertility is to be seen, contrasting markedly with the very limited rate of production witnessed in some animal species, whereof the elephant is a good example. A tapeworm, as an internal parasite, may, and does as a rule, consist of several hundreds of joints. Each joint contains several thousands of eggs, and the number of young tapeworm guests which would seem to be capable of being launched on a world of inoffensive hosts at first sight appears out of all reasonable proportion. Yet, as science teaches us, the chances of a tapeworm-egg ever reaching maturity of development must be ranked by many thousands to one. Our parasite’s egg has to pass through such a complex cycle of development, and its chances of destruction are so many and varied, that we need not wonder that while tapeworm-eggs are many, the adult parasites are so few. Or take the case of the plant-lice, or “green flies” (*Aphides*), that swarm on our plants in summer. These insects, as the gardener knows to his cost, are innumerable. They exist in myriads, it is true, but even their fertility is checked by cold, and by the many enemies that prey upon them. Thus, although the fertility of Nature is unbounded in one sense, it is checked in another. There is a prolific progeny as a rule; but it is prolific, first of all, because this is Nature’s own way of encouraging, by sheer force of numbers, the production of animals and plants, out of whose ranks new and better individuals will step to advance the race and promote the change that makes for progress.

There is another thought about Nature’s fertility which has just been suggested—namely, that we find the extremes of productiveness in those cases in which there is most danger of the young not developing onwards to maturity. The elephant is fairly safe, it is urged; the oyster and cod-fish, in this respect, and the tapeworm, to boot, are anything but sure and certain of fulfilling their destiny. This thought, however, may be said to go hand in hand with that other idea already suggested—namely, that the greater the increase the better are the chances of advance and progress. Be this as it may, we can see that the great productiveness of Dame Nature is not without its reason. The fifty seeds which are lost are the real measure of the one which comes to maturity, and which does so because, probably, it is stronger and better fitted to bear the brunt of the battle of life. Better a hundred years of Europe than a cycle of Cathay, urges the poet. May we not parallel his saying by the remark that it is better to have fewer units in the field of life, and to find in these units the flowers of the flock, than to see all life sinking to the dead level of the mass, and to the humdrum existence of the crowd? ANDREW WILSON.





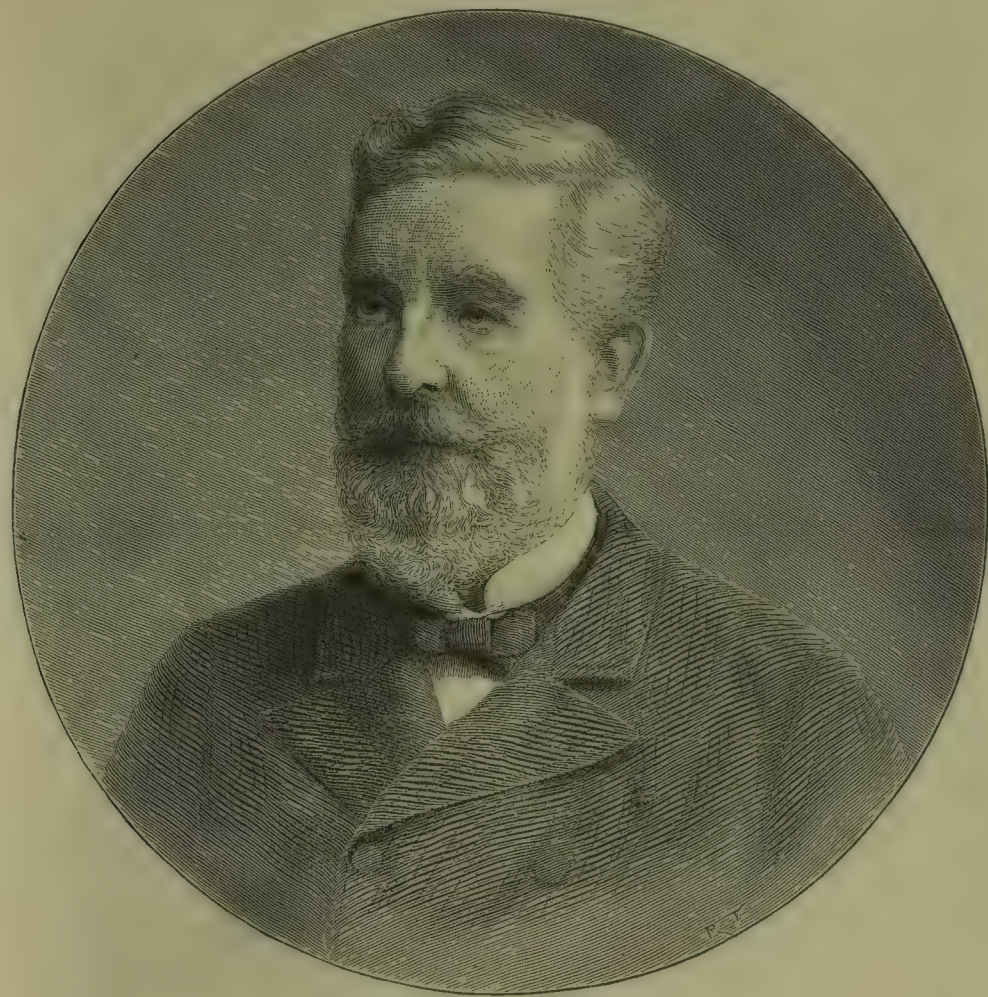
A FOGGY MORNING.



## NEW PUBLIC PARK FOR NORTH LONDON:

## THE GIFT OF SIR SYDNEY WATERLOW, BART.

On Tuesday, Nov. 12, at the weekly meeting of the London County Council, the Chairman (the Earl of Rosebery) said he was sure that the Council would listen with pleasure to the



SIR SYDNEY WATERLOW, BART.

THE DONOR OF THE NEW PUBLIC PARK AT HIGHGATE.

following letter, which he had received from Sir Sydney Waterlow the previous day:—

"29, Chesham-place, London, S.W.

"My dear Lord Rosebery,—On the southern slope of Highgate-hill, in the parish of St. Pancras, I own an estate of nearly twenty-nine acres in extent, which was for many years my own home. This property, if judiciously laid out, would, I think, make an excellent public park for the north of London.

"The grounds are undulating, well timbered with oak, old cedars of Lebanon; and many other well-grown trees and shrubs. There is also one and a half acre of ornamental water, supplied from natural springs.

"The land is freehold, with the exception of two and three quarters acres held on a long lease, of which thirty-five and a half years are unexpired. It is bounded almost entirely by public roads and a public footpath.

"Commencing the work of my life as a London apprentice to a mechanical trade, I was during the whole seven years of my apprenticeship constantly associated with men of the weekly wage class, working shoulder to shoulder by their side. Later on, as a large employer of labour and in many other ways, I have seen much of this class and the poorer people of London, both individually and collectively. The experience thus gained has from year to year led me more clearly to the conviction that one of the best methods for improving and elevating the social and physical condition of the working classes of this great metropolis is to provide them with decent, well-ventilated houses on self-supporting principles, and to secure for them an increased number of public parks, recreation grounds, and open spaces. This latter object can, I think, be best accomplished by the kindness of individuals, acting through the agency of the London County Council, and with as little burden as possible on the public rates.

"Therefore, to assist in providing large gardens to the great city in which I have worked for fifty-three years, I desire to present to the Council, as a free gift, my entire interest in the estate at Highgate above referred to.

"On the day when the conveyance is executed—and that may be as soon as your solicitors have prepared the necessary legal documents—I will, in addition, pay over to the Council £6000 in cash (the estimated value of the freehold interest in the two and three quarters acres of leasehold), this sum of money to be used in purchasing this interest, or in defraying the cost of laying off the estate as a public park in perpetuity, as the Council may deem most desirable.

"If your Lordship is of opinion that this proposal is one which the members of the Council are likely to accept, this letter may be communicated to them as soon as you may deem expedient.—I remain, yours faithfully,

"SYDNEY H. WATERLOW.

"To the Earl of Rosebery, President  
London County Council."

Last week, the Chairman continued, he went over this property with Sir Sydney Waterlow, and he did not know that he ever saw a piece of ground which within a small compass possessed so many beautiful features. (Cheers.) He took upon himself, with an audacity for which he hoped he should be excused, to say that he thought that the Council would be disposed to accept it as a gift to them. (Loud cheers.) He was sure that some member of the Council would at once rise and move a vote of thanks for this noble gift—(cheers)—which, in his opinion, was enhanced by the tone of the letter. (Cheers.)

Sir J. Lubbock moved that the best thanks of the Council be accorded to Sir Sydney Waterlow for his magnificent gift. (Cheers.)

Mr. Eccleston Gibb, in seconding the resolution, said that Sir Sydney Waterlow was an old inhabitant of St. Pancras, and had been very desirous of doing something which would benefit not only that parish but the whole of London. (Cheers.) He knew that Sir Sydney had for a long time been trying to purchase the piece of leasehold ground in order to make the present complete, but he had come to the conclusion to give

the £6000 instead; so that when the opportunity occurred the Council might buy the ground themselves. He hoped that the letter would be referred to the Parks and Open Spaces Committee, so that the necessary arrangements might be made.

Mr. Haggis was sure that the thanks not only of the Council but of the people of London generally would be voted to Sir

Sydney Waterlow for his most noble gift. (Cheers.) The ground was admirably adapted for a public park, and was exactly in a neighbourhood where it would be used and appreciated. The example thus set was a grand one to the great landowners of London, and he hoped it would prove contagious. (Cheers and laughter.)

Mr. Beck trusted that Sir Sydney Waterlow's letter would be printed in the minutes. The remarks which the hon. Baronet had made as to his own progress in life would be most encouraging. The gift was most munificent, the site being one of the loveliest in the north of London.

It was decided by acclamation that the letter should be engrossed on the minutes, that Sir Sydney Waterlow should be gratefully thanked for his gift, and that the matter should be referred to the Parks Committee.

At a meeting of the St. Pancras Vestry on Wednesday, Nov. 20, at the Vestry Hall, Camden Town, the chairman (Mr. Churchwarden Wetenhall) moved, "That the cordial thanks of the Vestry be given to Sir Sydney H. Waterlow, Bart., J.P., for the

magnificent gift of the Lauderdale, Fairseat, and Hertford House estates in North St. Pancras as a public park. The Vestry assures Sir Sydney of the high regard in which he has always been held by his fellow-parishioners in St. Pancras, because of his long and intimate connection with the parish, his support of local charities, and his generally useful works throughout London; and the Vestry trusts that he may long be spared to see with pleasure and satisfaction how greatly the people, not only of this district but of the whole Metropolis, appreciate the noble gift of what in future must be known as 'Waterlow Park,' and which in itself will be a lasting memorial of a well-spent life." Mr. Churchwarden Boden seconded the motion, which was carried unanimously, and the Vestry Clerk (Mr. Alderman T. E. Gibb) was directed to have the vote of thanks engrossed and framed, and duly sent to Sir Sydney Waterlow.

At a meeting of the Islington Board of Guardians on Thursday, Nov. 21, Mr. G. S. Elliott presiding, Mr. Walkley moved, and Mr. Kerry seconded, a resolution that a letter be written to Sir Sydney H. Waterlow, Bart., thanking him for his munificent gift. The motion was carried.

A similar resolution was also passed at a meeting of the Hornsey Local Board on Monday, Nov. 18.

The beautiful pleasure-ground which Sir Sydney Waterlow has given to the people of London is situated near the summit of Highgate-hill, one mile from the well-known Archway Tavern in Upper Holloway—with the cable tramway to ascend the hill—and just the same distance from the foot of Highgate-rise, at the corner of Swain's-lane, by the Duke of St. Albans, in the western road to Highgate from Kentish Town, the way thence being along Swain's-lane and either side of the Highgate Cemetery; or it may be approached, more directly, from the Junction-road, between Kentish Town and Holloway, by Dartmouth Park-hill. Trams and omnibuses give easy access to all these places, from Holborn and King's-cross, and through either Camden Town or Islington. The entrance to Fairseat, the house formerly inhabited by Sir Sydney Waterlow, is at the top of the hill, in the High-street of Highgate, above Lauderdale House, the grounds of which are comprised in those of Fairseat, extending west and south to the Highgate Cemetery, Swain's-lane, to the buildings of the St. Pancras Infirmary, on Dartmouth Park-hill, and to the great Roman Catholic religious establishment, on Highgate-hill, called St. Joseph's Retreat, where a grand new church has recently been erected, at the entrance to Dartmouth Park-hill-road. The twenty-nine acres of land henceforth to be freely open for the recreation of the people combine all that such an estate can present of natural beauty in the vicinity of London. The land slopes down from the top of Highgate-hill. From its turfy undulations one can look right over the top of the cross on St. Paul's Cathedral, and in bright weather can see the glitter of the Crystal Palace. Halfway down the slope is an old sundial, overgrown with moss, on whose top is recorded the fact that

this stone is on a level with the top of St. Paul's. An extensive view is thus among the delights of this new public acquisition. The grounds are beautifully wooded with oaks, cedars, chestnuts, and beeches, and other fine timber trees, rising out of thickets of all sorts of shrubs—laurel and box, holly and rhododendron. The undulating character of the ground adds to its beauty, and it has two lakes, one above the other, though the upper one is very small. These form a very pretty feature of the ground. There is one portion of the estate which will probably necessitate a general reconstruction. This is the extensive kitchen-garden, flanked by an old red-bricked wall—crumbled and mossy, and shored up with enormous buttresses of the same material, capped with ivy. It forms one of the boundaries of the pleasure, in the midst of which stands the house formerly the residence of the Earl of Lauderdale, known as Lauderdale House. This old house, which belonged to one of the worst Ministers of the "Cabal" in the reign of Charles II., was the abode of Nell Gwyn, the notorious mistress of that profligate King. Along the front of it runs a broad terrace. Its associations are not altogether such as are calculated to evoke much concern for its preservation, though it is interesting to know that it was confiscated at the time of the Civil War, and thus stands as a memento of that time of trouble. Cromwell House faces it on the other side of Highgate-hill; and below Lauderdale House has just arisen the fine new Catholic church, attached to St. Joseph's Retreat, looking down upon the new park, with rather a good effect. It is on this side that the large kitchen-garden and an extensive series of greenhouses lie. A secluded narrow path leads up through thickets and shrubs, beneath some fine trees, to a flight of steps leading to the terrace of Lauderdale House. In front of these steps is a small fountain, and higher up the hill are shady walks leading up by rustic steps through a thickly wooded park, beyond which one comes to velvet lawns and spreading cedar-trees immediately in front of the windows of Fairseat House, in which, as Sir Sydney Waterlow's letter has explained, he himself lived for many years.

Altogether, if this estate is dealt with judiciously, and with a tasteful desire to do only what is requisite for the development of the beauties it already presents, it will be by far the most beautiful of all the London parks.

It was decided at the weekly meeting of the London County Council to give the name of Waterlow Park to the extensive grounds at Highgate given by Sir Sydney Waterlow as a place of recreation for the inhabitants of the metropolis.

Sir Sydney Hedley Waterlow, Bart., Knight Bachelor, who has been Lord Mayor of London and sat many years in the House of Commons, is one of the best contemporary examples of great men of business acquiring wealth and social influence by their own ability and industry, and then exercising the same mental faculties, besides his pecuniary liberality, in different public services and undertakings for the benefit of his fellow-citizens. He was born a Londoner, on Nov. 1, 1822, son of Mr. James Waterlow, and was educated at St. Saviour's School, Southwark, under the Rev. Launcelot Sharpe, an eminent classical scholar. Being at the head of the school when he left it, at the age of fourteen, he was well advanced in Latin and Greek, and had even some knowledge of Hebrew. He was then apprenticed to a Government printer, with whom he served seven years, and when that term expired went to Paris, where he worked some time in the well-known office of *Galignani's Messenger*, acquiring a familiar knowledge of French and other foreign languages. In 1844 he joined his father and brothers in the firm of Messrs. Waterlow and Sons, printers and wholesale stationers, London-wall, which has steadily grown to large proportions. Mr. Sydney Waterlow soon became a man of rising position in the City, and in 1855 was elected a member of the Common Council for the Ward of Broad-street. As one of the Police Committee of the Corporation, he was the first to devise a system of police electric telegraphs, the wires of which, by his contrivance, were stretched over the roofs of the houses, attached only to the church-steeple, so that they were beyond the reach of interference. For this service, in 1861, Councillor Waterlow had a special vote of thanks from the Corporation. In February 1863 he was elected Alderman of the Ward of Langbourne. In the same year he formed the "Improved Industrial Dwellings Company," which has, by the judicious expenditure



SYDNEY WATERLOW AT WORK AS A COMPOSITOR IN PARIS,





GENERAL VIEW OF THE GROUNDS, FAIRSEAT HOUSE, HIGHGATE.



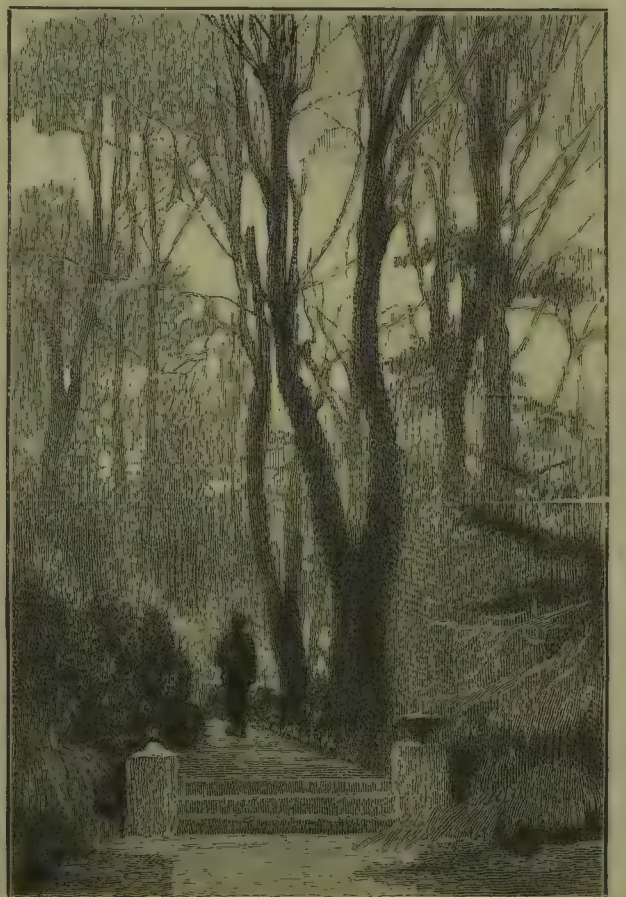
ENTRANCE GATES, FAIRSEAT HOUSE.



FAIRSEAT HOUSE, HIGHGATE.



OLD GATES IN THE GARDEN.



ON THE TERRACE.





LAUDERDALE HOUSE.



IN THE GROUNDS.



THE BOAT-HOUSE.

of a capital of one million sterling, contributed equally with the Peabody Trustees, and the efforts of Lady Burdett Coutts, and of earlier and later building associations for similar purposes, to solve the problem of erecting convenient, cheap, and comfortable habitations, or sets of rooms, for the working classes. The first block of these on Alderman Waterlow's plan, which has marked architectural and domestic advantages, was built at his own cost, in Finsbury, comprising eighty tenements. It was a successful experiment, yielding a fair return for the expenditure, and not only has the Company (Limited Liability), with Sir Sydney Waterlow as Chairman during twenty-five years, carried on its operations, providing healthy and commodious dwellings for 30,000 of the working class, at rents below what are paid for common unfurnished apartments, but the Corporation of London has been induced to imitate its example. In 1866 Alderman Waterlow was chosen to fill the office of Sheriff, and at the expiration of his year of office the Queen conferred upon him the honour of Knighthood; in announcing which the Prime Minister, the late Earl of Derby, spoke with high praise of his practical philanthropic efforts already described. Sir Sydney Waterlow entered Parliament at the General Election of 1868 as a supporter of Mr. Gladstone, being elected for the county of Dumfries by a majority of forty-four against the nominee of the Duke of Buccleuch, but lost his seat in the following year. He was appointed in 1870, one of the Royal Commission of Inquiry on Friendly and Benefit Building Societies, in which he laboured during more than two years, and which resulted in the passing of a satisfactory Act for their control and regulation. Being owner of the estate at Highgate, and being made aware of the desirability of a convalescent hospital for patients removed from St. Bartholomew's Hospital, he then presented Lauderdale House, near his own residence, to the Governors of St. Bartholomew's for that purpose, having furnished it completely, for thirty-two patients, at his own expense. This institution, which was opened by the Prince and Princess of Wales on July 8, 1872, has since been transferred to another house, on the opposite side of the road. In November 1872 Sir Sydney Waterlow was elected Lord Mayor of London, and during the next twelve-month presided with much grace and dignity over the Corporation, performing all his official duties in a manner that showed not less judgment and discretion than concern for the public welfare. The members of the Corporation proved their



THE LAKE.



confidence in Sir Sydney Waterlow by electing him Governor of the "Irish Society," for the management of their estates in Ulster, which he held during ten years from 1873. In that year he was called also to undertake the additional labours of a member of the Judicature Commission appointed by Government; Treasurer to St. Bartholomew's Hospital, of which he was an active Governor and a special benefactor; and then, or soon afterwards, Chairman of the Metropolitan Hospitals Sunday Fund, in the distribution of which he has ever since assisted, having, as Chairman of the Central London Sick Asylum District Committee, gained a precise acquaintance with the wants of the metropolitan population with regard to medical and surgical relief. Sir Sydney also devoted much attention to the educational wants of London; he became Chairman of the Board of Governors for the United Westminster Schools, under the Act of Parliament in 1873, promoted the application of part of the funds of the Clothworkers' Company to aid education, and was appointed Treasurer and Vice-President of the City of London and Guilds' Institute of Technical Education, in all which capacities he has continued for many years to render most useful services. At the General Election of 1874, Sir Sydney Waterlow re-entered Parliament as M.P. for Maidstone, being the colleague of Sir John Lubbock, and sat for that borough till 1880, when, having lost that seat, he was returned for Gravesend. In his Parliamentary career, down to 1885, when he unsuccessfully contested the Medway Division of Kent, Sir Sydney was a steadfast Liberal, and was a serviceable member of Select Committees, especially

the thanks of the residents in the neighbourhood to Sir Sydney Waterlow for the noble gift of his Highgate estate as a public park for the people of London. Mr. A. S. Harvey, the president of the institution, occupied the chair, and he was supported on the platform by Professor Tomlinson, F.R.S., the Rev. Prebendary M'Dowall, D.D., head-master of Highgate Grammar School; the Rev. J. M. Andrews, M.A., Vicar of St. Michael's, Highgate; Mr. H. R. Williams, chairman of the Hornsey Local Board; Mr. Walter Reynolds, chairman of the Hornsey School Board; Mr. J. H. Lloyd, hon. sec. of the Highgate Literary and Scientific Institution; Mr. John Glover; and Mr. Casella, a leading member of the Roman Catholic community in the district. The following resolutions were agreed to unanimously: "That the inhabitants of Highgate in public meeting assembled desire to record their grateful sense of the munificent gift made by their late neighbour, Sir Sydney H. Waterlow, of the grounds of his residence, Fairseat House, Highgate, to the County Council of London as a public park and recreation ground. The gift will be of inestimable value to the large working-class population, and will, moreover, be highly appreciated by all classes of residents, not only on account of the historic interest of the site, but because, when taken in connection with the recently acquired Parliament Fields and Highgate Woods, it will environ a considerable portion of Highgate with a belt of beautifully undulating land dedicated to the public enjoyment for ever. This meeting further recognises that although gifts of a similar character have not been infrequent of late years in other parts of the kingdom, this is the first instance of a citizen of London giving property of this description for the use of the metropolis, where probably, from the vast aggregation of population in the valley of the Thames, it is more needed than in any other city in the world. Nothing could be more appropriate than that the richly wooded hills overlooking the flat metropolitan area should be devoted to such beneficent purposes. This meeting records with great satisfaction its sense of the donor's sympathy for the toilers of the metropolis, for whose special benefit the gift was made, and would respectfully suggest to the County Council of London that the property should be called Waterlow Park, so that the name of a public benefactor may be handed down to succeeding generations." "That the meeting very thankfully recognises the growth of a strong and healthy public opinion in favour of open spaces, and believes it to be imperatively necessary for the more perfect sanitation of London that this sentiment should be still further developed, believing that the multiplication of parks and open spaces of 20 acres and upwards in and around the metropolis would be of lasting benefit to its ever-increasing population, as well as a source of health-giving recreation to the people."

It is stated that Mr. Reginald MacLeod, who married a daughter of the late Lord Idlesleigh, is to be appointed Queen's Remembrancer for Scotland, in place of the late Mr. Reed.

The Chancellor of the Diocese of St. Albans gave judgment on Nov. 23 with regard to the application of Mr. H. H. Gibbs, who has restored the high altar screen at a cost of £10,000, and desired further to restore the Lady Chapel and ante-chapel of St. Albans Cathedral. This was opposed by Lord Grimthorpe, who had expended about £100,000 in restoring the cathedral church, whose faculty was held to be unassailable, but a confirmatory faculty was given to Mr. Gibbs for work done to the screen.

Mr. T. Biggin, of Manchester Grammar School, has been elected to a mathematical scholarship, of the annual value of £80, at Corpus Christi College, Oxford; Mr. P. Coleman, of Kingswood School, Bath, to a mathematical scholarship, of the annual value of £80, at Queen's College; and at Balliol, Mr. C. M. King, of St. Paul's School, to a mathematical scholarship, of the value of £80, and Mr. H. M. Trouncer, of Eastbourne College, to a mathematical exhibition.

St. Bride's Church, in Fleet-street, has been the scene of an interesting ceremony. Samuel Richardson, printer and novelist, is buried on the south side of the centre aisle. Though an inscription on the pavement marks the place, it has been thought by his admirers that he deserves more solemn and artistic commemoration. A brass tablet has been prepared, and was, on Nov. 27, uncovered in his honour. St. Bride's Church and churchyard have offered a last resting-place to many famous personages.

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#### THE EMIN PASHA RELIEF EXPEDITION.

##### SKETCHES ON THE CONGO AND ARUWIMI.

In the autumn of 1888, when I brought to an end a series of notes and sketches illustrative of the Emin Bey Expedition up to the camp of the Aruwimi, Mr. Stanley was indeed in "the Dark Continent," his fate unknown, his death considered more than probable, his rearguard mostly dead—Barttelot having fallen by the hands of an assassin, Jameson succumbing to fever, Troup home invalided, and my correspondent, young Ward, collecting together the remnants of the Aruwimi command of men and chattels. The onlookers, more especially in England and America, were for the moment chiefly concerned with the details of Barttelot's fate and the question of Tippo Tib's good faith or treachery. From my correspondent Herbert Ward I had received diaries and letters which would have thrown considerable light upon these points; but with Ward's agreement of service with Mr. Stanley also in my possession, and consulting the wishes of the expedition authorities in London, I brought my contributions to the *Illustrated London News* to a conclusion. From the first it will have been seen that these articles obtain their only inspiration in a strong sympathy for the expedition and an intense admiration of Mr. Stanley. Their chief object was to place before the reader authoritative and reliable information as to the character of the country through which Mr. Stanley's rearguard was moving, together with such incidents of travel, pioneering, and native habits and customs as might serve to assist the general public in forming an idea of the nature and perils of the relief operations.

Since my last paper Mr. Herbert Ward has returned home, with an honourable record and a wallet full of new pictures. He has been cordially received by the Expedition Committee, to whose entire satisfaction he promptly cleared up an error which Mr. Stanley had fallen into as to the reason for Ward's absence from the Aruwimi camp at a certain period of its history, the young fellow at the time having been sent on a somewhat dangerous mission by Commander Barttelot. The committee have handsomely acknowledged Ward's courageous services, which have been as creditable as Stanley could have desired when Ward, on his way home after three years of Congo work, met the great traveller and explorer en route for Wadelai, and was accepted as a volunteer. It was not Ward's fault, but his misfortune, that he did not go on with Stanley from the Aruwimi camp, having been detailed by Stanley for special work which the committee at home knew that he performed with skill and efficiency. Mr. Ward, during the present year, has occupied a somewhat prominent position in the prologue of the dramatic story of the expedition, from the fact that he came home the only white survivor of Stanley's rearguard. He has been made much of in London by all who take a deep personal interest in his chief; and his exhibition of trophies from the Congo and Aruwimi have excited great interest. With the permission of the committee, he has submitted to an accomplished *Illustrated London News* artist a number of clever sketches which he had made during his travels before and since he became one of Stanley's lieutenants; and with the same authority the present writer is permitted to add thereto (from Ward's brief notes) such explanatory and descriptive text as the illustrations may require. At the moment, anything that, however remotely, illustrates the brilliant achievements of Mr. Stanley must have an engrossing interest for the public, with whom we heartily rejoice in the great good news of the hero's successful accomplishment of his mission. Stanley came in time, like the hero of some wild romance; the Pasha, the officers still true to him, and his hundreds of non-combatant and other followers, men, women, and children, were led forth in safety. What privations and perils they had still to suffer, how death thinned their ranks during the weary march to the frontiers of civilisation, is suggested rather than described in the great captain's despatches, which are the forerunners, we trust, of his speedy arrival at Zanzibar, where for two years letters and newspapers have been awaiting his return, many of them followed by cruel doubts of his safety, all accompanied with a staunch belief in the realisation of their best wishes for his safety and success.

The accompanying illustration depicts the cutting of wood fuel for the steamers, which are lying alongside the forest bank. This work of wood-cutting has to be done every night. The small launches for twelve hours' steaming require even as much wood as can be hewn by thirty or forty men labouring at night with axes and cross-cut saws. The wood has to be cut in lengths of between two and three feet and of a few inches in diameter, in order to fit the boilers. In some portions of the Upper Congo, where the banks are low and swampy, it becomes a most difficult and, indeed, an almost impossible task to find sufficient fuel. It is a hard duty the men on board have to perform. They are often compelled to wade through slush and swamp to reach the rising forest land, perhaps three or four miles from the bank. When they have struck the wooded country, the process followed is this: A dry tree is chosen, and felled with axes. Then it is cut in lengths with cross-cut saws, and split up, to be eventually carried on board and stowed away.

In the illustration we have in the foreground two of the English officers of Mr. Stanley's expedition. They are chatting and smoking over a little camp fire. In the distance you get a glimpse of the Henry Reid, the steam-launch of the American Baptist Missionary Union, which was lent to Mr. Stanley's expedition for the purpose of transporting a portion of his men and merchandise and ammunition from Stanley Pool up to the camp on the Aruwimi. The scene actually represented occurred near Bolobo—where it will be remembered, Mr. Stanley formed his first camp. The men are Zanzibaris. The Henry Reid upon this occasion towed a steam lighter and a steel whale-boat. The lighter, which had previously been a paddle-steamer of the Etat du Congo, was formerly the quarters of Tippo Tib, his officers and barem. The dark-eyed hours enjoyed their trip immensely. It was, of course, a perfect novelty to them. They frolicked and danced and sang the whole of the day, while at night the sound of their rippling laughter could be heard for a long distance.

Upon leaving Kinchassa, the village at Stanley Pool, the expedition embarked in three steamers, Le Stanley, the large stern-wheel river steamer of the Etat du Congo, towing the Florida, the sections of which had just been put together. The Florida is the steamer of the Sanford exploring expedition, which came into existence in 1880, and which has just recently been converted into "The Belgian Commercial Society of the Upper Congo." The Stanley and her consort had on board four English officers and about 300 men—in addition to a cargo of ammunition, merchandise, and several donkeys on deck. The Henry Reid I have already mentioned. The other steamer was the Peace, kindly and promptly placed at Mr. Stanley's disposal by the Rev. Holman Bentley, of the English Baptist Missionary Society. A young missionary named Whitley was in charge of the vessel, and Mr. Stanley himself and Mr. Herbert Ward (to whom he had given the command of his No. 1 company of Zanzibaris), Mr. Stanley's valet "William," and an English engineer, made up the rest of the travellers.

JOSEPH HATTON.



GARDEN AND CONSERVATORY, FAIRSEAT HOUSE, HIGHGATE.

of the Artisans and Labourers' Dwellings Committee. He was a member also of the Royal Commission, presided over by Lord Derby, to inquire into the administration of the funds of the City of London Livery Companies. In August 1883 Sir Sydney Waterlow resigned the office of Alderman and the Governorship of the Irish City property, receiving a special acknowledgment of his services to the Corporation and to their tenants in the North of Ireland. The opening, in the next year, of the Sandringham Industrial Dwellings, near Charing-cross, being the twenty-first anniversary of the company which Sir Sydney had founded, was celebrated by presenting him with a handsome service of plate as a testimonial; and the Prince of Wales, who presided, had an opportunity of again expressing the public gratitude to him for his disinterested and unwearied exertions in so excellent a work. This record of Sir Sydney Waterlow's public career does not mention nearly all that he has had to do. For more than twenty years he has been one of the Commissioners of Income Tax for the City, and was for some time Chairman of the Board; he was one of the Royal Commissioners for the Exhibition of 1851, and the management of their estate; and is on the Commission of Lieutenantcy for the City of London, a magistrate for Middlesex, Kent, and Londonderry, Deputy Chairman of the Union Bank and of the London, Chatham, and Dover Railway Company, while still conducting his business as managing director of the company of Waterlow and Sons (Limited), with several great manufacturing and commercial establishments. Sir Sydney, whose town residence is at 29, Chesham-place, and his country seat at Trosley Towers, Wrotham, Kent, has twice married, his first wife being a daughter of the late Mr. William Hickson of Fairseat, Wrotham; his second an American lady, who was a Miss Hamilton. Four sons are associated with him in business as directors of "Waterlow and Sons, Limited." He has an elder brother living, Mr. W. B. Waterlow of Redhill.

The Portrait of Sir Sydney Waterlow is copied from a photograph by Mr. Walery, published in the monthly part of *Our Celebrities* for July 1889, by Messrs. Swan Sonnenschein and Co.

On Monday, Nov. 25, a public meeting of the inhabitants of Highgate was held at the Highgate Literary and Scientific Institution to consider and pass a resolution publicly expressing





STANLEY'S EXPEDITION FOR THE RELIEF OF EMIN PASHA: WOOD-CUTTING FOR STEAM-LAUNCHES ON THE UPPER CONGO.

FROM A SKETCH BY MR. HERBERT WARD, A MEMBER OF THE EXPEDITION.



## THE LADIES' COLUMN.

What constitutes a "good dinner"? Some people think that it means mere abundance—solid joints in super-profusion. If this idea were not prevalent, the notion could never have gained ground that a Lord Mayor's banquet was the highest effort of gastronomic luxury. The fact is that many a little French restaurant supplies for a few shillings a meal that an artist in dining would consider far preferable to the Guildhall Ninth of November banquet menu. That bill of fare positively groans with—cold joints! It opens with turtle soup—real turtle—a very delightful viand, but not superior, except in cost, to well-made hare soup, or that perfection of *potages*, bisque. Next, a small portion of game is handed, hot. Then come the cold joints! Boiled beef and roast beef, cold mutton and pressed veal, hams and galantines, boars' heads and ox tongues—ugh! The sweets course, which is the only other given, is contemptible, consisting merely of jellies and creams and little cakes.

An artistic dinner is a very different performance. It will not be too long and complicated, but must include sufficient variety to suit all tastes. There is no question that the vast majority of Englishmen insist upon "a cut from the joint," and no entrée, even if as substantial as a daintily cooked veal cutlet or stewed ox-tail, will be allowed to satisfactorily fill the place of a joint. Where game or poultry is given, however, the solid substantial slice may generally be dispensed with, provided the entrée be not too light. It is a great thing in a dinner to have change of flavour in the several courses. Thus, a gamey soup should not be served when pheasant or partridge is to appear later on; nor a tomato soup when the same vegetables are again used either in sauce or salad. Again, when a bland or almost sweet soup is given, such as artichoke (Palestine), or milk, or carrot (Crecey), it is very desirable to give some fully flavoured hors-d'œuvre first, so that the soup may have the greater grace from contrast. Freshly opened oysters, on the half-shell, handed with cut lemon, cayenne, and thin brown bread and butter—just four oysters to each person—are surely perfect for beginning a dinner. When oysters are not to be had, olives "turned"—i.e. stoned without breaking them, so that they close up again into their natural shape—filled with pâté de foie-gras, and just surrounded by aspic jelly, two or three at most to each guest, make another favourite hors-d'œuvre specially suitable to precede a delicate soup.

If the soup be one with a powerful savoury taste, the preliminary dish is not needed; and a strong argument for omitting it is that so many people prefer to have the same sort of thing as an entremet or after the sweets. Epicures seldom care much for the sweets. Sugar is not favourable to digestion, and in the hurry of modern life many dare not take it, as is shown by the extent to which that really nasty substitute, saccharin, is now used; and sugar tends to increase that over-supply of adipose tissue from which so many folk begin to suffer even before they can fairly be called "middle-aged." Besides which, sweet is not really a flavour, but a cloying of the sense of flavour; and, in short, few people who really appreciate a good dinner care much for the sweets.

A Vanilla Bavoise, an omelette au rhum, peach or orange fritters, or some other dish of that character, which does not involve either pastry or much sugar, is generally acceptable. At least, such should be provided, as some people would think they had not dined without a sweet course at all. But then, for the people who really have taste, should come the savoury. Mushrooms, or caviare, or anchovies, or cheese, or what not, for the base—little substance, but sapidity and savour—a strong yet well-managed taste, to give the assurance that appetite is not surfeited and to serve as the apex of the pyramid of an artistic menu.

Brighton, whence I write, is now enjoying its full season. King's-road presents an appearance daily that can only be equalled by the Park in the midst of the London season. The popularity of Brighton in late autumn is evidently not in the least on the wane. It is no wonder that it should be so patronised: if there are any sun-rays directed towards these islands at all, they appear to fall on Brighton. On days when the newspapers informed us that London was wrapped in fog, we were basking in a sun so warm that furs were taken off and carried, covert coats were worn open, and every seat on the Parade was filled with people sitting out without fear in an English November, just as they might do on the Riviera in February. Pretty dresses are abundant. A very stylish costume of black cloth, with three rows of scarlet velvet ribbon round the bottom of the skirt, and full red velvet sleeves, attracted much attention. Another striking and successful combination was of bottle-green and violet; vest and Empire sash and hat were of the latter colour, the gown of green smooth cloth. A perfect "tailor dress" of grey flecked with white was absolutely plain and tight, but relieved by high folded epaulettes lined with ivory white, and by a broad-brimmed white felt hat trimmed with silver grey long feathers.

Decidedly the most fashionable materials, whether for tailor-made dresses or for long mantles, are plaids, "flaked" materials (i.e. with little rough flecks of white, or some contrasting colour to the ground, dashed irregularly over the surface), and brocaded woollens. Smooth cloths are generally relieved by being trimmed with black—silk braiding or braid passementerie especially; and full sleeves of black velvet are often seen with coloured cloth gowns. The favourite fur of the moment is the long white-haired Thibet goat, which is very becoming when worn as a boa. High collars at the back of the head are very *chic*, and are placed on most of the new fur tippets, as well as on ordinary mantles. Little sleeveless jackets are made of material to match the gown, and have a high collar at the back, ending just beneath the ears, so that only the dress-collar comes under the chin. The newest high collars fit pretty closely against the neck—not sloping outwards, as we are used to in the "Medici Collar."

Lately, the Theatre Royal has been crowded to its utmost limits every night to see Miss Grace Hawthorne's production of "Theodora." It is significant of the fashionable assemblage that there is in Brighton at this season that one of Madame Patti's few farewell concerts should have been given here, and that Miss Hawthorne should have chosen to make the début of "Theodora" in Brighton instead of in London. It has created an immense sensation. The charming young manageress-actress of the Princess's has mostly appeared hitherto in light and graceful or pathetic and simple parts; and nobody was prepared for the real tragic power she has put forth in "Theodora." It will be seen by everybody when it comes to London. So splendid are the dresses worn in "Theodora" that a fashionable tailor in King's-road secured the privilege of showing them in the daytime to ladies who could not secure admission to the Theatre Royal, which has the one disadvantage of being much too small to hold all who want to see a production of such interest. Miss Hawthorne is said to have spent £3500 in Paris on these dresses, and their magnificence leaves no room for wonder at the statement. The Empress's robes of gold brocade, or embroidered muslin and satin, or silk scintillating with gems, are of barbaric magnificence.

FLORENCE FENWICK-MILLER.

## ART EXHIBITIONS.

## THE ROYAL SOCIETY OF BRITISH ARTISTS.

It is scarcely possible to congratulate this venerable body on the results of the "President's purge," which seems to have driven away, with few exceptions, the life-giving elements of its annual exhibitions. Mr. Hubert Vos is almost the only member who contributes work which combines force with individuality—and, unfortunately, his contempt for mere beauty, whether of form or colour, does not render his pictures attractive to all eyes. The chief interest of the exhibition, however, centres in an imaginative work by Mr. G. F. Watts, R.A., painted in 1885, to which he gives the very meaningless and vague title "B.C." (456), which might be not inaptly translated in this case "before cookery." It represents two nude figures on the seashore apparently discussing the primitive oyster. We must leave naturalists and ethnographers to decide whether the edible oyster is a product of modern times, or whether it ever coexisted with a period and in a climate where the inhabitants could dispense with clothing. For us the interest of the picture lies in the insight it gives us into the humorous side of Mr. Watts's art—for there is no lack of this sentiment in the attitude and expression of the two figures: doubt and surprise are dominant in the man, curiosity and apprehension in the woman. In this case, too, perhaps as emblematic of man's selfishness, there is no suggestion of any sharing of the nutritious bivalve with the partner of his life; and she, at all events, is to be spared the consequences of his temerity, although by her look she seems disappointed at being shut off from the same bliss or danger. From an artistic point, although wanting some of the richer tones of Mr. Watts's later work, the mingling of the sea and sky in the background, and the healthy flesh-tints of the two figures—who are the creatures of fancy, not "primitives" of the Whitstable coast—are painted with the resources of Mr. Watts's genius, and show that, even in his lightest mood, he does not produce anything vulgar or commonplace. At the opposite side of the room an unobtrusive picture, "The Rehearsal" (370), by Mr. James Clark, also deserves attention, chiefly on account of the feeling thrown into the subject. A girl without any pretensions to good looks is seated on the ground giving lessons to her snake. There is nothing in either colour or attitude likely to attract notice; but the more the picture is studied the more will its subtle power become apparent, and exercise a certain fascination. It is one of the few works in the room to which the term "surface pictures" cannot truthfully be applied. Just above it hangs a portrait of the Rev. M. Cantrall (369), by Mr. Hubert Vos—simple but not pleasing, in white surplice and black stole, with a face that scarcely suggests winning converts, though perhaps its possessor may be endowed with sterner powers. The artist's portrait of himself, which he somewhat affectedly entitles a "Variation sur un air connu" (323), is, however, by far his best and most typical work—good in colour and not the less attractive because the pose, with palette in hand, is already familiar to us. On the other hand, the full-length portrait of Miss D'Almeida (590), in a green dress, is altogether a disappointment. Everything in the picture, including the perspective, seems to have been sacrificed to the encroachments of a grey plush curtain, which hangs at the back of the room. That Mr. H. Vos can paint well when he likes may be traced in the masterly way in which the bowl of flowers is treated, but the rest of the picture is not up to their level. This leads us to remark, by the way, that among the flower pieces in the present exhibition some most satisfactory work is to be found—as in the case of Miss Minnie Sherbrook's "Chrysanthemums" (327), Miss Mabel Marston's "Poppies" (371), and others.

Mr. Frank Braugwyn is perhaps the most promising of the existing members of the society. He paints with a greater amount of *verve* or "go" than the majority of his colleagues, and his pictures succeed in attracting attention if they do not always command admiration. He has studied in France, one cannot doubt, and has brought away with him not a few of the tricks, and we might almost add the vices, of his instructors. These are specially noticeable in "Spinning Yarn" (550), of which the idea even seems familiar to us under the title of "The Rope Walk," by another imitator of the Millet School. In his sea-piece, "Saved" (408), however, Mr. Braugwyn achieves a very marked success. Neither the perilous situation of the crew, saved by a rocket-line, nor the stormy sea over which each has to travel in mid-air, is overdone; while the rigging of the doomed vessel is kept in proper subjection. Another good sea-piece is Mr. John Fraser's "Trawlers in Seaford Bay" (357), the churn and movement of the water being capably done, but the cliffs beyond have rather a pasteboard air which mars the general effect. Mr. Neil Dawson's "White Horses" (166), though somewhat a misnomer, are a clever study of angry waves, painted with considerable force and delicacy; and his "Wintry Sea" (242) is thoroughly cheerless and truthful. More attractive scenes are depicted in Mr. W. H. J. Boot's "Autumn Evening" (213), a pleasant river scene; in Mr. John Varley's "Sacred Lake, Karnac" (269); and Mr. De Bréanski's "Exmoor" (299), which is very nearly being a good English landscape of the old fashion. Nor should we pass over, because of their small size, Mr. J. H. Snell's "Roadside Inn" (325); Miss Hind's "Evening" (15), a very delicate study of sea and sky; and its companion little view of "Rochester" (16), by Miss Christy.

Of figure subjects, which especially lend themselves as "pot-boilers," there are enough and to spare in the present exhibition; but there are not many which call for lengthened notice. Mr. Laslett Pott has quite missed his mark in "The King and his Master" (339), a study of Henry VIII. and Wolsey in the gardens of Hampton Court. The drawing of the King especially leaves much to be desired; and the only really good figure is that of the "fool" who is watching the pair from a distance. In like manner Mr. R. I. Gordon seems to us to have got a very vague, if not wholly erroneous, idea of Lady Castlewood in her interview with Esmonde (405) in the Gatehouse prison. "My lady" was not a person to throw herself into stage attitudes, or to rate poor Harry, for the benefit of an audience. Mr. W. H. Pike sends half a dozen clever impressions of Venice street life, so full of movement that they are apt to seem confused; and at the opposite end of the gamut we have Mr. L. C. Henley's too quiet and highly finished costume studies, of which "Unaccompanied" (300), a young girl turning her back to her piano, is the best. Mr. H. T. Schäfer's single figure, "Unveiled" (287), is a masterly treatment both of flesh and form, which places it altogether outside the class of pictures to which objection is raised in some quarters. It is simply statuesque, while possessing admirable qualities of colour.

Among other pictures which deserve notice may be mentioned Mr. Jas. Macmaster's "Village by the Sea" (30), Mr. Wyke Bayliss's "Duomo of Siena" (270), "The Painter's Litany" (542), and "Della Robbia's Greeting" (305); Mr. Anderson Hague's "Cornfield" (347); Mr. R. Gallon's "Surrey Village" (457); Mr. P. H. Calderon's "Old Romance" (511), a lady in white reading; Mr. James Clark's "Dolly's Washing" (512); and Mr. Carlton Smith's "Not Much to Say" (538), a scene at the cottage door. The animals who now

occupy prominent positions in our exhibitions are represented by Mr. H. G. Shaw's "Punch and Judy" (362), a clever arrangement in black and white of two King Charles spaniels; Mr. G. A. Holmes's "Day at Home" (366), a scene in the kennel of the Mid-Kent Stagbonds; and Mr. W. Strutt's "Going, Going, Gone" (438), three scenes in the life of a fox-terrier; but we fail to understand the grounds on which Mr. R. Morley's "Hairdresser" (518), a study of monkeys, is allowed a place on the walls of the society's rooms.

## MESSRS. GRAVES'S GALLERIES.

A series of pictures of Egypt, painted by Mr. Fred Goodall, R.A., during the last thirty years, is now being exhibited (6, Pall-mall), and it is scarcely too much to say that they increase the difficulty one has always felt in ranging the artist in his proper sphere. There was a time in which Mr. Goodall seemed anxious to take his place among the painters of religious subjects, and he was regarded, both here and in Paris, as an "able commentator of the Old Testament." Next he turned towards the more tender episodes of the Gospel narrative—at all times giving us to understand that he had studied the subjects of his pictures on the spot of their action. For a moment he went astray after Pagan goddesses and heroines, but soon abandoned them for more congenial work. This year, as will be remembered, he surprised and charmed us with a thoroughly English landscape, in the treatment of which he seemed as thoroughly at his ease as when, thirty years ago, he produced his romantic and picturesque "Glencoe." Such versatility does not always imply genius; but it is scarcely possible to deny to Mr. Goodall the possession of considerable talent and a power of adaptation which shows a pliant taste if not a masterful inspiration. The truth is that Mr. Goodall is an artist of resource, and he knows well how to turn his skill to the best uses. In the present collection of upwards of fifty of his works, large and small, what strikes us most is the unchanging quality and feeling of his work. There are pictures here, like "The Nudian Harper" (62), or "The Gate of the Copt Quarter" (42), both painted in 1859; the "Subsiding of the Nile" (51), painted in 1873; "The Sword of the Faithful" (39), painted in 1881, which differ in little or nothing from the "Misty Morning in the Valley of the Nile" (30) or the "Sheik's Daughter Sowing Dowrah" (35), painted in the present year. One is tempted to say that during thirty years Mr. Goodall has learnt nothing and has forgotten nothing. His drawing and his colouring have the same limitations now as then, and the sentiment by which they are inspired is as unchanging as the spirit of the country from which they are taken. Notwithstanding, this exhibition is well worthy of notice by those who know and by those who do not know Egypt. To some eyes it may seem that Mr. Goodall's colouring is monotonous and low, but it is better to err on this side than to force contrasts and effects, as so many painters of Nile scenery are accustomed to do. In the picture of the "Plains of Ghizeh" (1), of which only the higher points remain uncovered during the Nile flood, we have one of the best instances of Mr. Goodall's self-restraint. It would have been easy for him to make a very impressive picture out of the materials before him, but he has preferred to show the silentside (as it were) of peasant life in Egypt—and this again strikes one in the "Close of the Moslem's Day of Toil" (8), and in the still more tempting "After Glow" (27), which will perhaps disappoint those who can recall Mr. Holman Hunt's startling treatment of this phenomenon. Whether Mr. Goodall's talent is such as will stand the ordeal of an assemblage of his works is a point on which opinions will differ; but it will, we think, be generally conceded that these pictures serve to bring before our eyes Egyptian scenery in a sober and truth-loving way.

## THE ROYAL ARCADE GALLERY.

The latest addition to the picture galleries of Old Bond-street is that of Messrs. Stacey, but the contents of its first exhibition scarcely call for more than a passing notice. In addition to a few works by Mr. Charles Wyllie and Eugène Verboekhoven, the principal contributions are from the *atelier* of the Chevalier and of his sister Mdlle. Henriette Campotosto. Many of them have been already exhibited elsewhere, and the chief interest attaching to the remainder lies in the fact that they were drawn and painted in the presence of and for the guidance of the pupils in the art school which that lady and gentleman direct. Both artists distinguish themselves by their drawing more than by their colouring.

## SPORT IN BUCHAN.

Buchan, as the north-east district of Aberdeenshire is styled, affords good ground for the sportsman, and the sport has the charm of variety. "Starting one morning," writes our correspondent, "after crossing a couple of grass fields, which contribute a few rabbits and a hare to the bag, we enter some turnips, and soon have a point. The birds rise, and we account for a leash between us. Ponto misbehaves, however, and runs into shot, so has to be corrected by the keeper. After a couple of hours among the partridges, we adjourn to some swampy ground, and inaugurate proceedings there by each knocking over a snipe, as a couple rise simultaneously in front of us. Then we descry a flock of golden plover, which, after wheeling and circling round for sometime, settle in a grass field, and we attempt a stalk, which results, however, in failure. A roe-deer, which jumps up out of some gorse near a covert, adds variety to the bag. Finally, we go and watch for wild duck at flight time. There is worse fun than sitting snugly ensconced beneath a bush, as the sun sinks down in the west amid a sea of purple, golden, pink, and grey clouds. Pleasant still to hear the 'swish' of the mallard's wings, as he swoops over the tree-tops; and, pleasantest of all, the thud of the stricken bird, as he falls to our first barrel with a splash into the water."

The accompanying illustrations are from the pencil of the late Mr. Edgar Giberne, a keen sportsman and rising artist.

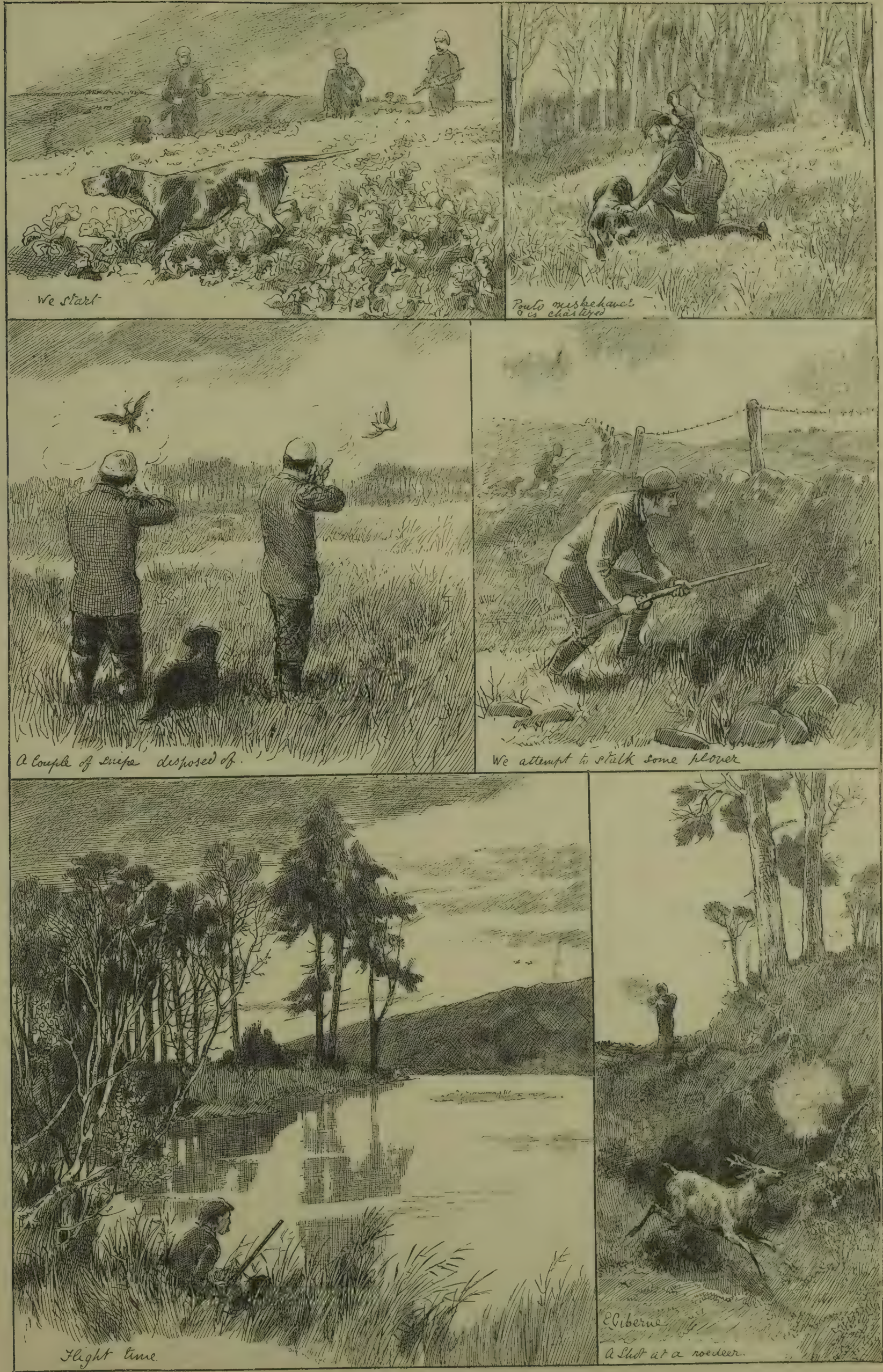
The Ven. Henry Jellett, D.D., Archdeacon of Cloyne, and brother of the late Provost of Trinity College, has been elected Dean of St. Patrick's Cathedral, Dublin, in the room of Dean West, resigned.

A new Catholic church connected with St. Joseph's Retreat, Highgate, was opened on Nov. 21, Archbishop Scarsbrick, Bishop Hedley, and Bishop Patterson taking the chief parts in the services.

Professor Stuart, M.P., has accepted the chairmanship of the London Municipal Reform League, 18, Boulevard-street, E.C., which was filled for so many years by the late Mr. Firth. Lord Ripon remains president, and Mr. Torr, L.C.C., hon. secretary of the league.

At a meeting of the School Board for London, the chairman of the Works Committee answered a number of questions relating to the erection of schools. He stated that grave irregularities had taken place, and that defective materials had been used in the construction of the schools by some of the firms, who had received upwards of £2,000,000 sterling in payment of their contracts. The Rev. W. A. Corbett was elected a member of the Board, in place of the Rev. C. D. Lawrence, one of the members for Southwark, who resigned.





A DAY'S SHOOTING IN BUCHAN, EAST ABERDEENSHIRE.





MR. A. H. HAGGIS,  
DEPUTY CHAIRMAN OF THE LONDON COUNTY COUNCIL.

#### THE LONDON COUNTY COUNCIL.

Mr. Alfred Haggis, who has been elected to the office of Deputy Chairman of the London County Council, in place of the late Mr. J. F. Bottomley Firth, M.P., was already known as having had considerable municipal experience. He had been an alderman of Croydon since 1883, and was vice-chairman of Croydon Finance Committee; he was a member of the St. Saviour's District Board of Works, Southwark; he was at the top of the poll on the Standing Committee and the Finance Committee; and Chairman of the Highways Committee of the London County Council. He had represented the interests of greater London at the Board of Trade with respect to electric lighting, and secured valuable protection for the public. In the deliberations of the Council Mr. Haggis had taken an acceptable course, and the votes of his colleagues denote their confidence in his administrative skill and diligence.

The Portrait of Mr. Haggis is from a photograph by Messrs. Elliott and Fry, of Baker-street.

#### MUSICAL PUBLICATIONS.

"Kenilworth" is the title of a "vocal gavotte" by G. F. Cobb, to words by G. H. Newcombe which treat of the romantic past of the well-known locality rendered famous by the genius of Scott. The music is in the quaint yet graceful style of the old and obsolete dance form indicated in the title of the song, which is melodious and pleasing while yet reflective of the peculiar rhythm belonging to the gavotte form. Messrs. Metzler and Co. are the publishers; as also of a characteristic transcription for the pianoforte by M. Saint-Saëns, entitled "Sérénade," in which a prominent melody is elaborated with much fanciful ornamentation and rich harmonic treatment. Another pianoforte piece from the same publishers is a "Valse Impromptu," by B. Godard, an effective piece in which the brilliant and cantabile styles are well contrasted.

"The Willow Copse" is a song the words and music of which are both by Mr. Michael Watson, whose lamented death was recently recorded. The text is amusingly quaint, and the music is thoroughly appropriate thereto, a good variety of rhythm being obtained by the alternations of common time and six-eight. Messrs. Patey and Willis are the publishers; as also of "The Spanish Gipsy," another song of which the words and music are by the same author and composer. This song has a lively and vivacious melody, with a very marked rhythm and a distinct touch of national character. Two songs, "When the sun was low" and "Under blue skies," bearing the esteemed name of J. L. Roeckel, are also issued by Messrs. Patey and Willis. These pieces will be welcome in drawing-room circles, the first-named for its sentimental tone, the other for its livelier expression.

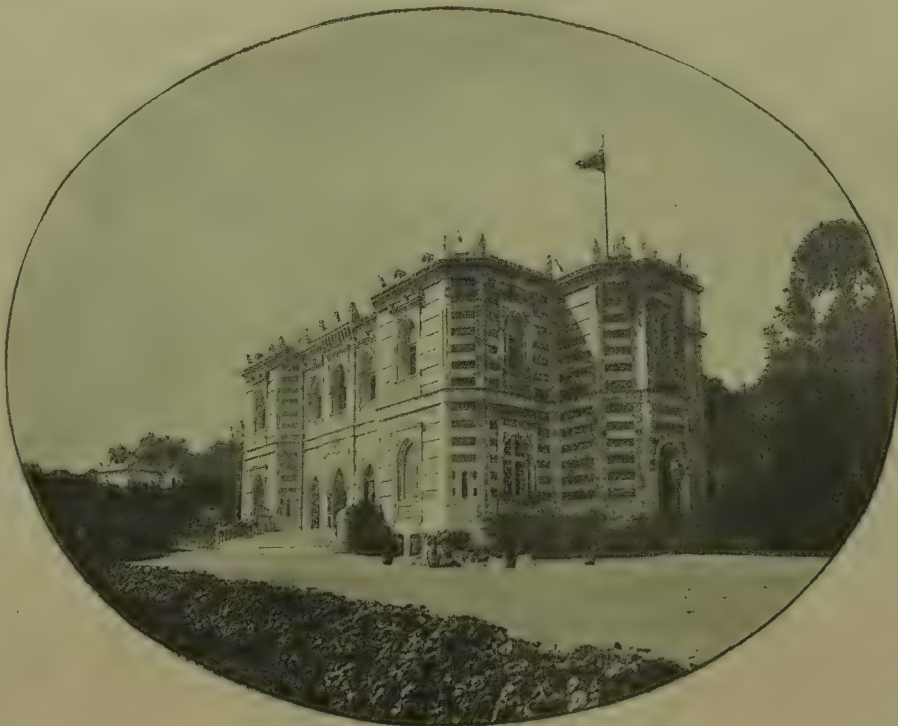
Messrs. Ricordi and Co. are continuing their series of "Favourite-Songs from the most celebrated Operas." Choice extracts from the stage works of great composers of the last and the present centuries are issued, at moderate prices, with the original text for the voice, and a pianoforte accompaniment carefully arranged from the full score. The same publishers have recently issued some effective vocal pieces by well-known composers of the day. Signor

Tosti's song "Tell Them" (words by C. Bingham) has a pleasing vein of tender sentiment that will be appreciated by singers possessed of expressive powers. "Cupid's Reign," by J. L. Roeckel, has much character in its vocal portion, which is supported by an effective pianoforte accompaniment. "Tender Memories," by A. Visetti, is a good specimen of the expressive style, sentimental expression being realised without exaggeration. In "Forsaken" Lord H. Somerset appears with advantage both as poet and composer. We have before had to recognise the merits of this distinguished amateur.

#### THE ENGLISH CLUB, ALGIERS.

Most of the winter resorts of our countrymen in the South of France and around the Mediterranean shores are now-a-days provided with English clubs. The English and Scotch frequenters of Algiers have followed the example set them by the larger communities of Cannes, Biarritz, and other towns. The club formed at Algiers two years ago has hitherto been located in a suite of rooms at Mustapha Supérieur. But last spring the house which is the subject of our Illustration was purchased by a number of gentlemen who formed themselves into a company; and it was opened on Nov. 1 as a clubhouse. The house, which was built about 1879, is in every way well suited for a club, the rooms being large, handsomely decorated, and conveniently arranged; while the grounds are sufficiently extensive to provide good tennis courts, as well as a garden.

The Engraving is from a photograph by M. Faurin, photographer, of Algiers.



THE ENGLISH CLUB, ALGIERS.



THE EARL OF HOPETOUN,  
GOVERNOR OF VICTORIA, AUSTRALIA.

#### THE NEW GOVERNOR OF VICTORIA.

The Right Hon. John Adrian Louis Hope, seventh Earl of Hopetoun, Baron Hopetoun and Niddry, whose appointment as Governor of the great Australian Colony of Victoria has been highly acceptable to that province of the Queen's dominions, is twenty-nine years of age, having been born on Sept. 25, 1860. His Lordship was educated at Eton, and succeeded to the peerage in 1873, on the death of his father; he married, in 1886, the Hon. H. Alice Eveleigh de Moleyns, daughter of the fourth Lord Ventry, and has an infant son, called Lord Hope. He has held the office of Lord Commissioner to the General Assembly of the Church of Scotland, and has been a Lord-in-Waiting of the Queen's Household. His principal residence is Hopetoun House, Queensferry, Linlithgowshire. The family of Hope is old and distinguished; Sir James Hope, in the seventeenth century, acquired wealth by working the iron mines of Lanarkshire, and was also an eminent lawyer. The Peerage was created in 1703, and General Sir John Hope, K.C.B., was made Lord Niddry for his military services in the Peninsular War.

The Portrait is from a photograph by Messrs. Elliott and Fry, Baker-street.

#### A TOUR THROUGH THE EASTERN COUNTIES.

By permission of the publishers, Messrs. R. Bentley and Son, we reproduce four of the Illustrations contained in a pleasant book recently printed. Mr. James John Hissey, the author, who is also skilled as an amateur artist and photographer, wisely considers that English scenery, not only in the favourite show-places—the Lake district, the West Yorkshire moorlands, Derbyshire, Malvern, the New Forest, and many parts of our sea-coast all round this island—but also in the counties less visited by tourists in search of the picturesque, is worthy of special excursions. It is probable that, in spite of the modern facilities of railway travelling, and notwithstanding the vastly increased social and commercial intercourse between provincial towns and London, many persons in these days have actually seen less than some of their forefathers did of large portions of their native country. They may often have gone to one place or another on business, or to renew their acquaintance with personal friends or kindred, and perhaps to revisit their birth-place and the home of their youth. But few seem expressly to devote their leisure to exploring the ordinary aspects of rural England—the quiet old roads, the unpretentious villages, the ancient market towns, which are situated rather out of the way of great traffic, and which were more familiar to stage-coach passengers, or to those who used post-chaises, fifty or sixty years ago. At an earlier period, before those vehicles were common, and when the rich man's heavy private carriage needed six horses to drag it slowly along the bad roads of that time, journeys on horseback, by two or more persons in company, enabled gentlemen and ladies to see much more of the country, mile by mile, than anybody sees now. We have read pleasant and instructive journals of such expeditions in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, to say nothing of the glimpses of





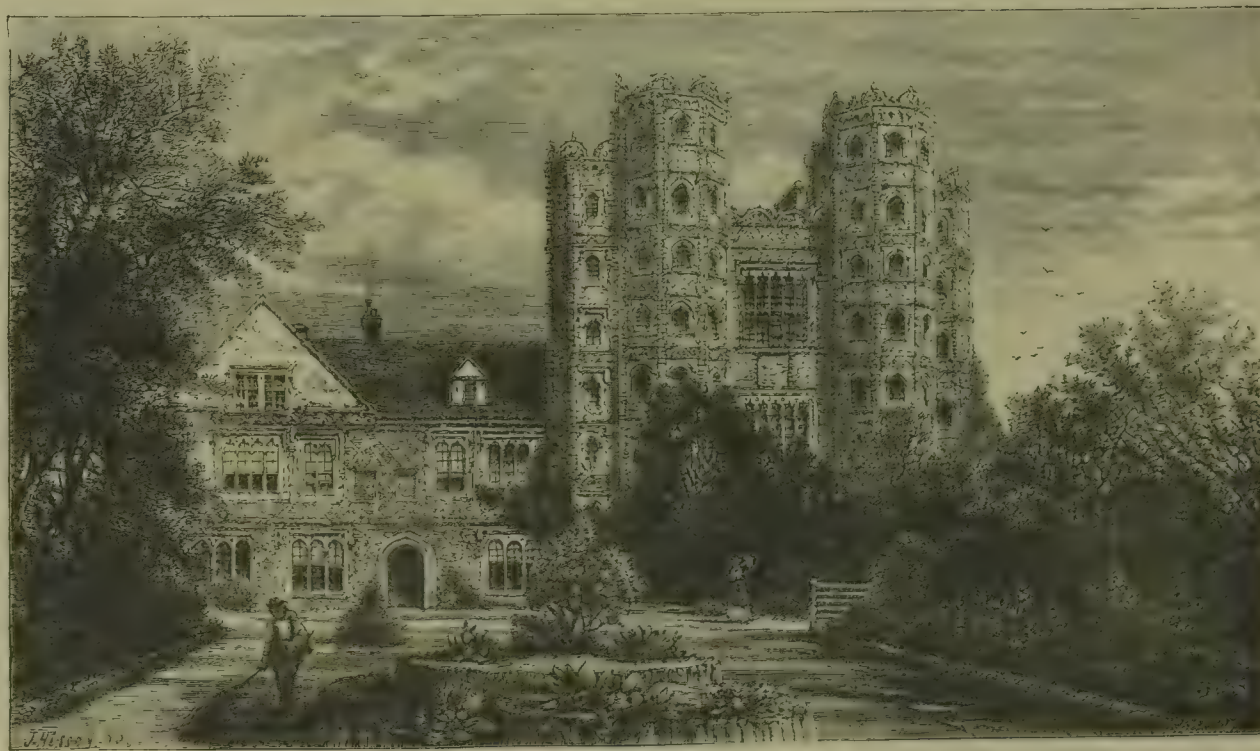
EVENING IN ESSEX.



AN ANGLER'S INN, NEAR THETFORD, NORFOLK.



IN THE LAND OF CONSTABLE, NEAR HADLEIGH, SUFFOLK.



LAYER MARNEY TOWER, ESSEX.

ILLUSTRATIONS OF "A TOUR IN A PHAETON THROUGH THE EASTERN COUNTIES," BY MR. J. J. HISSEY.



old English rusticity in the novels of Fielding and Smollett, whose heroes ride so merrily from town to town. Then there was Arthur Young, with his agricultural observations; and Cobbett, with his entertaining "Rural Rides"; besides the diligent antiquarian travellers who patiently examined all nooks and corners of a shire, with every old church, hall, and manor-house, carrying big notebooks in their saddle-bags, and staying wherever they could gather local knowledge. We have plenty of that kind of information now collected by the Archaeological Societies, and the country newspapers afford plenty of statistics and weekly records; but we do not travel for the purpose of seeing England—the plain, homely, old-fashioned side of England—so readily as people used to do. Now Mr. Hissey, being the fortunate possessor of a "phaeton"—that reminds us of Mr. William Black's delightful book—and a pair of strong cobs, able to draw it for over twenty miles a day with little rest, sets forth in the sweet month of June, scorning the customary servitude of the London season, with his best companion, taking their portmanteaux and bandboxes, wraps and umbrellas, "Paterson's Roads," and the Reduced Ordnance Maps, his sketch-books, photographic camera, and a bag of small silver coin. With no more incumbrances than these, in a civilised land, a cheerful couple may drive where they will between the South Foreland and John o' Groat's and the Land's End, suffering no real privations or discomforts, fifty long summer days; and we believe they will have spent less money, and got more pleasure and more useful knowledge, than the crowd of loungers at noted Continental haunts of Cook's Tourists, who are summarily whirled away to the Rhine, Bavaria, or the Alps, and to the Swiss or Italian Lakes, and to Milan, Venice, or Florence. Mr. Hissey will cover a thousand miles of English and Scottish highways and bye-lanes in one of his judiciously planned expeditions, finding tolerable inns and stabling in every decent town, stopping where he likes, and seeing in a day, or in a few hours, whatever he cares to see, waiting for no luggage, wanting no interpreter, deluded by no professional guide, bewildered with no handbook of Murray or Baedeker, and the slave of no conventional routine. Happily, in the towns of this country, the stranger is not obliged to inspect palaces and picture-galleries, or even cathedrals, though some of the last-mentioned, and many fine old parish churches, merit his inspection. He is free to see the country itself, and the simple, common ways of its people, as nobody can who is whisked by railway from one capital city to another, or to an advertised foreign hotel, in the fallacious Grand Tour of Europe. We heartily commend the choice of home provincial travel, which this author has already exemplified in his preceding narratives: "An Old-fashioned Journey," "A Drive through England," "On the Box Seat," and "A Holiday on the Road," all received with public favour.

The Eastern Counties—Essex, Suffolk, and Norfolk—as they do not lie in the road to Scotland or to the great manufacturing districts or the great commercial ports, are very much left untravelled, except by those who have personal or family connections with that part of England. There is a notion that Essex is all flat, and Suffolk and Norfolk are dull and commonplace; only the "Norfolk Broads," as fresh-water lakes abounding in birds, and the marine recreations of Yarmouth, Lowestoft, and one or two places near Harwich, are thought attractive. But the Essex hills and woodlands not twenty miles from London are quite as interesting as any similar spots in the Home Counties; and the route nearly north from Chelmsford, by Sudbury, Bury St. Edmunds, Thetford, and East Dereham, is by no means dull. This was, in a reversed course, the line of Mr. Hissey's return drive, after having reached the sea, at Cromer, by a road from Colchester, Hadleigh, and Ipswich, through the good old towns nearer the coast; Beccles and Bungay, on the Waveney River, being most characteristic of Suffolk. The reader who is possibly ignorant of those places, and of Framlingham, Saxmundham, and Halesworth, in the same county, and North Walsham, in Norfolk, may improve his antiquarian and topographical lore. No land is more English than East Anglia; and, from a closer study of provincial peculiarities, we learn the difference between original English and Saxon. It is now understood that there never was an Anglo-Saxon race, though a Saxon kingdom ultimately ruled over Saxons and Angles together; and to this day, we believe, the East Anglians possess distinctive qualities, less apparent in the south and west of England. They are naturally more of a seafaring race, with greater love of active adventure, and with much artistic talent: witness the Norfolk and Suffolk painters. Their former constant mercantile intercourse with the Dutch, and their large share in the North Sea fishery, had a peculiar effect on the coast towns, still visible in the aspect of Yarmouth. But, leaving this dissertation, with the advice, first, to read Mr. Hissey's book; next, to follow his tour, whenever one can, either in a carriage or riding or on foot, we must limit our remaining observations to the nearer county of Essex. The Londoner ought to know Epping Forest, but few of our fellow-citizens get so far as Epping, on the old Cambridge road; and who among them goes to Dunmow, or to Saffron Walden? It is a choice bit of England, nevertheless, with much grace and variety of landscape, and with rich effects of atmosphere to delight the artist's eye. Constable, who dwelt at Hampstead, would seek the subjects of his best pictures in Suffolk, between Higham and Hadleigh; but in West Essex, too, with its pieces of woodland and numerous streams, there is work for the sketcher and painter. The angler may also indulge in his favourite sport in the Eastern Counties: it is, however, in the neighbourhood of Thetford that the "Angler's Inn," shown in one of the Illustrations, will be found; yet we know such inns not so far from London. On the eastern side of Essex, near Wither and Maldon, is the grand and noble mansion called Layer Marney Hall, built in the sixteenth century by Lord Marney, a title that soon became extinct. Its gateway, 80 ft. high, with flanking towers of eight storeys, constructed of small bricks, with terra-cotta ornament, is one of the stateliest examples of domestic architecture in the Tudor age.

The Lord Mayor has consented to become a vice-president of the Council of the South London Polytechnic Institute.

The back-loop notebooks and pocket-books issued by Messrs. John Walker and Co., of Farringdon House, Warwick-lane, are compact, handy, neat, and strongly bound, with an air of finish.

Various toys and amusing games, putting a new pleasure in the possession of children for a few pence, are to be obtained of Mr. Cremer junior in Regent-street.

Mr. Henry Frowde, of Amen-corner, publishes a variety of dainty miniature editions of his Finger Prayer Books. They are designed for hanging to the châteline or carrying in the waistcoat pocket, or even in the purse. Measuring 3½ inches in length by one inch in breadth, the biggest of the tiny books is but a third of an inch in thickness, and weighs in its limp russet binding only three quarters of an ounce. The secret is the extreme thinness of the paper, which is yet so opaque that the type is always clear and distinct. The "Châteline" Finger Prayer Book, of which the design is registered, is held in a neat metal removable frame with a ring, by which it can be suspended.

## CHESS.

## TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Communications for this department should be addressed to the Chess Editor.

H. S. BIANDELL, C. F. GARNER, HERBERT, and others are informed that the two Black Bishops in No. 2379 are intentionally of the same colour, the presence of the second being perfectly legitimate, and required by the exigencies of construction.

W. BIDDLE.—We much prefer the last sent three-mover, which is very pretty and shall shortly appear. The two-mover is a little stale in idea.

REV. J. M. (Blairford).—By Black playing a defence 1. B to Kt 4th, your solution of No. 2379 is impracticable.

RIFLEMAN.—Not without merit, but too simple. We shall be glad to look at the others.

F. BENNETT (Rockhampton, Queensland).—Both your problems show constructive skill, and a little more point in them would make publishing positions. We may give one as an enigma shortly.

MAX FRANKL (Vienna).—Your letter is receiving attention. Have the problems been published elsewhere?

MAX MEYER (Nottingham).—We like No. 1 the best, and will keep it. No. 4 is spoilt by the threatened check of the Black Bishop, which must be obviously provided for.

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEMS No. 2364 and No. 2366 received from O. BALK (Volhynia); of No. 2368 from J. I. Aikwon (Formosa, China); of No. 2372 from Dr. A. R. V. Sastry (Mysore Province) and R. Rozella (Perak, Straits Settlements); of No. 2373 from Dr. A. R. V. Sastry and J. W. (Natal); of No. 2377 from Gregory Kanzer (Kamekaka); W. H. D. Henry, D. McCoy (Galway), and Charles Etherington; of No. 2378 from A. Dechger (Bruges), Dr. Goldsmith (Worthing), Gregory Kanzer, and Charles Etherington; of No. 2379 from Charles Burnett, W. Rigby, D. M. Inroy, E. Rogers, W. H. Hayton, G. J. Veale, P. Arnold (Petworth), Lieutenant-Colonel Lorraine (Brighton), Rev. Winfield Cooper, Joseph T. Pullen (Launceston), Haverhill, A. Dechger, and W. Dawe.

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF MR. HEATHCOTE'S PRIZE PROBLEM received from Fr. Fernando (Dublin), R. H. Brooks, W. Dawe, G. J. Veale, Thomas Chown, Mrs. Wilson (Plymouth), Shadforth, Jupiter Junior, A. Newman, Martin F. Dawn, and T. G. Ware.

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM No. 2380 received from R. Worters (Canterbury), T. G. Ware, Fr. Fernando, A. Dechger, Dr. Goldsmith, E. James (Maidstone), Bernard Reynolds, N. Harris, Dawn, Alpha, Jupiter Junior, R. H. Brooks, A. Newman, Martin F. Edgar, J. E. Pifford, Hermit, W. R. Rallem, Edmund O'Gorman (Dublin), S. Rover (Windsor), D. M. (Blyth), E. G. Boys, I. Desanges, E. H. J. T. W. Shadforth, John G. Grant, E. Louken, T. Roberts, Edgar Gannell (Haverhill), H. M. P. (Worthing), B. D. Knox (Reading), Richmond, Julia Short (Exeter), Mrs. Wilson (Plymouth), W. H. D. Henry, H. B. Hartford, Walter Hooper, Edgar Bruce, W. Scott McDonald, J. D. Tucker (Leeds), G. J. Veale, A. W. Hamilton Gell (Exeter), Joseph T. Pullen, Dr. F. St. J. Dixon, Columbus, J. Hall, R. F. N. Banks, W. Wright, Thomas Chown, J. E. Herbert (Ashford), Quiddance, H. S. B. (Ben Rhydding), E. M. Williamson, Captain Armstrong, Challice, Dr. Waltz (Heidelberg), E. Casella (Paris), A. Bruin, Henry Hooper, H. Beumann (Berlin), and E. Rogers.

## SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 2378. By E. J. WINTER WOOD.

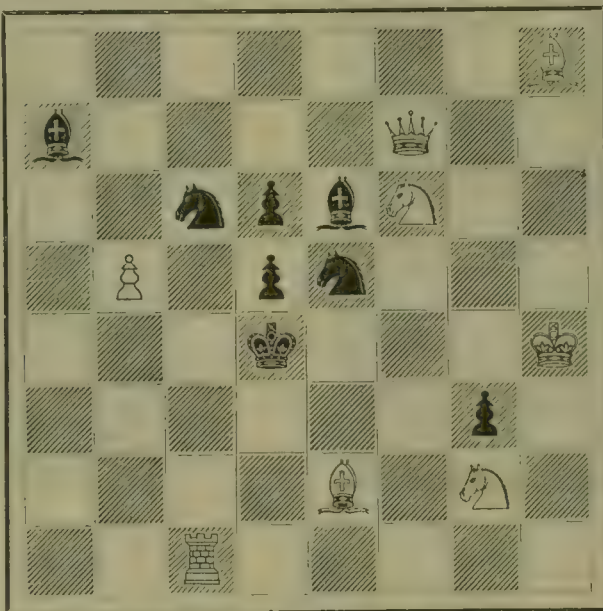
WHITE.  
1. R to K R sq.  
2. Mates accordingly.

BLACK.  
Any move

## PROBLEM No. 2382.

By J. E. HERBERT.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play, and mate in three moves.

## BRITISH CHESS ASSOCIATION.

Game played between Messrs. GUNSBURG and BLAKE.

(Four Knights Game.)

WHITE (Mr. G.) BLACK (Mr. B.)  
1. P to K 4th P to K 4th  
2. Q Kt to B 3rd K Kt to B 3rd

Converting the Vienna Opening to a Four Knights Game.

3. Kt to B 3rd Kt to B 3rd  
4. P to Q 4th P to Q 4th

First used by Mr. Gunsberg against Mr. Blackburne, with the intention, as he himself points out, of getting away from the beaten track.

5. B to Kt 5th Kt takes P  
6. Kt takes P Q to B 3rd

By this move Black leaves his centre seriously exposed.

7. Kt to B 3rd B to K 3rd  
8. Q to K 2nd Kt takes Kt

9. Q P takes Kt B to B 4th  
10. B to Kt 5th Q to Kt 3rd

With his Queen beset on every side, Black's position at this early stage is not enviable, and the attack is unsparring in its force. The position, however, is such that a slip would be disastrous to White.

11. B to Q 3rd P to B 4th  
12. Kt to R 4th Q takes B

13. Q takes B (ch) Q to K 2nd  
14. B takes P K R to B sq

15. Castles (K R)

Admirably played, and by the ingenious sacrifice it leads to completing Black's discomfiture.

16. Q takes R R takes Kt  
17. Q takes Q P B to Q 3rd

18. P to K Kt 3rd Q to B 3rd  
19. Q to Kt 8th (ch) Q to B sq

20. Q R to K sq (ch) Kt to K 2nd

WHITE (Mr. G.) BLACK (Mr. B.)  
21. Q takes R P Castles  
22. Q to K 4th Q to B 3rd  
23. K to Kt 2nd R to R sq  
24. Q to Kt 4th (ch) K to Kt sq  
25. R to K 6th

By now forcing the exchange of Queens White wins at leisure. His Pawns on the Queen's side render Black's Kt useless, and those on the King's side push on to victory.

26. Q takes Q Kt takes Q  
27. K R to K sq R to Q sq  
28. R to K 8th K to B sq  
29. P to K 4th K to Q 2nd  
30. R takes R (ch) K takes R

31. K to B 3rd B to K 2nd  
32. P to K Kt 4th Kt to Q 3rd  
33. P to Q R 4th K to K sq  
34. P to Kt 3rd K to B 2nd  
35. P to B 4th B to R 5th

36. R to Q sq B to K 2nd  
37. R to K sq B to R 5th  
38. R to K R sq B to K 2nd  
39. P to K R 4th B to B 3rd  
40. P to K R 5th B to B 6th

41. R to Q sq B to B 3rd  
42. P to Kt 5th B to K 2nd  
43. R to K sq B to B sq  
44. K to Kt 4th B to K 2nd

45. P to B 5th Kt to K sq  
46. R to K 6th P to R 4th  
47. P to R 6th P takes P  
48. R takes P B to B sq  
49. R to R 7th (ch) K to Kt sq

50. R to Q 7th B to Q 3rd  
51. P to B 6th P to Kt 3rd  
52. K to B 5th P to B 3rd  
53. P to Kt 6th, And wins.

Livesey's Patent Chess Pocket and Draught-board.—This is an ingenious improvement on De La Rue's well-known invention. The pieces are made of metal and hinged in the centre, so that they are more durable, as well as easier to handle, than the card-board slips. The board itself is made of leather, but it would answer better if its sockets were made on the old principle. It is, however, very handsome, and convenient in shape for the pocket.

The termination of the National Masters' Tournament brought the first stage of the British Chess Association's programme to a successful close. The final contest between Messrs. Gunsberg and Bird was keenly fought, in the presence of a large crowd of spectators, as their score being equal, the first prize in the tourney depended on the result. The veteran again made his mark with P to K B 4th by obtaining a draw against his formidable opponent, after some splendid manoeuvring on both sides.

Although their scores were equal, Mr. Bird, under the system of reckoning adopted, gained a fractional advantage over Mr. Gunsberg, and took first prize in consequence. A word of compliment is due to the energetic management of Mr. L. Hoffer, hon. secretary of the Association, by whose efforts the meetings have proved so attractive to the public.

A new chess club has been formed at Cheltenham under the presidency of J. T. Agg Gardner, Esq., M.P. Among the vice-presidents figure the name of the Rev. C. E. Ranken, in itself a tower of strength. The hon. secretaries are Messrs. Branch and Strugnell, and the membership is about eighty.

The committee of the fund raised by the late Lord Mayor for the better equipment of the Metropolitan Volunteers have completed the allotment of the sum raised, which amounted to nearly £50,000.

## THE CHURCH PATH.

In autumn the Church Path is a "symphony" in red and gold—a very quiet symphony, the tones of which are only broken by the shouts of the children in the far distance, and by the short, sharp cropping of the churchyard grass by the pet sheep which are allowed to browse there undisturbed.

At the end of the Church Path we can see the soft purple haze which hangs about the hollows of the eternal lovely range of low-browed hills; while, far away to the left, stretches the wonderful brown and yellow heathland, knee deep, just now, in dying heather, and in the aromatic-scented fading bracken waving sadly to and fro in the quiet air, so quiet that we cannot help feeling that even the wind knows that Summer lies on her death-bed, with Autumn as guard beside her, to keep off as long as she may the cruel advances of the stern, hard Winter King.

The Church Path is deep just now in the curled yellow leaves from the limes and beech-trees which form an arch over it, and through whose ragged robes of glorious colour we look up to the tranquil pale-blue sky, decked with soft, gently floating clouds; while every now and then, with a short shiver, a pale leaf, like an atom of gold leaf, falls through the air and settles gently among its browner brethren at our feet. And at the side of the gate, which leads from the path into the churchyard itself, is quite a heap of chestnuts, fallen from the great tree by the mysterious tomb, so dreaded by the village children that they leave the chestnuts unmolested, albeit the brown shining nuts are visible, looking tempting enough to make the children lose all dread, and to force them to collect these materials for gorgeous necklaces, despite the evil stories that make the Church Path solitary indeed.

We, who have no fears—in daylight, at all events—of the dread ghost who is said to haunt this spot, can push open the little gate and wander as we will beneath the rapidly thinning trees, rustling the fallen leaves, and stirring up a strange, almost Eastern, odour of mingled spices and decay: we can hear the heavy hum of a belated bee, hanging drowsily on the dark heart of a drooping sunflower; we can scent the dying mignonette in the Manor garden, and we know that the mysterious violet perfume, wafted towards us over the end wall, does not come from the ghost but from the Manor frames beyond the wall, where, all through the autumn and winter, grow and flourish the pale Parma violets which are the "ghost's" favourite flower, and which the faded lady at the Manor carries with her to church, laying them afterwards on the tomb by the gate—the tomb which, if the gossips speak truly, should be outside the gate entirely, and not within the churchyard's sacred precincts at all.

The Church Path goes completely round the church itself, making a square, and this again is bounded by a tiny babbling stream, in which the golden leaves fall, sailing along as if they were fairy-boats; the other three walks are sunnier, and are not dreaded quite as much as is the eastern walk, yet over them all hangs a mystery that none can rightly fathom, and rare indeed is it to overtake a wandering pair of lovers, a couple of playful children, or, indeed, anyone who is not hastening along trying to get over as quickly as may be the distance that still lies between him and the little village: therefore in autumn, when the mists are rising, and sad little sobbing winds are let loose among the branches, we may have the walks to ourselves, and may meditate as we will about the place, watching the marvellous colours on the trees, listening quietly to all Nature has to tell us about that ever-fascinating subject—herself!

And, indeed, at all times of the year, the Church Path has much to show us. In early spring we can see from its sheltered nooks the first faint flush of life on the old moss-grown trees and stones; we can watch the birds flirt, quarrel, and finally settle down to serious love-making; we can note the rebuilding of the rooks' nests, and the home-coming of the swifts and martens; we can see the buds swell and the leaves break forth; and, again, when spring and summer have left us nothing but a sweet remembrance of their fair dead selves, we can watch the swifts go first, finally bidding the swallows goodspeed as they rest for a while on the high telegraph-wire, which is all that unites us with the meagre civilisation of our county town, seven miles away; and then note, with despairing eyes, the evolutions and exercises, the ever-lengthening flight, that tells us the swallows are really going, and that we have nothing before us except the long, long winter, with its dark days and its bitter chill.

But even in the winter the Church Path is a wonderful place wherein to walk; for we can see the delicate black tracery of the trees, clear-cut and plain against the clearer keen blue sky; we can see the stouter branches and the rooks' nests, empty, and swaying in the searching wind; we can watch the soft mist gradually congeal on the trees, and as gradually transform their blackness into frosted glittering silver; and we can watch the pheasants from the Manor trailing their long feathers underneath the avenues—for since that fatal day no gun has ever been fired in the Manor preserves, no man allowed among them to thin the ranks of the noble birds, or to do any havoc there at all.

The lady of the Manor cannot forget, and even she never walks now in the Church Path. The shot that laid her lover low might have been accidental and it might not—he died; and the evil he did lived after him, for he could never help the poor girl he had betrayed, nor the child, who could never bear his name: but the lady herself never heard the dismal story. He died—that was enough for her; still, I think, if she believed the legends that keep the Church Path sacred from all intruders, she would come here, and share our solitary vigil, for she never knew fear, and she has loved her lover since she was fifteen, and now she is seventy-five, and old and feeble indeed.

In autumn the Church Path might be the very home of ghosts. When evening has fallen, and the colours that looked so wonderful in the sunshine fade out and disappear in the swiftly growing darkness, there is then something eerie, indeed, about the place: the mists rise from the tiny river, and glide like wan spirits hand-in-hand, almost to the church itself; the rustling of the leaves sounds like the trailing of a ghostly garment, the sobs and sighs of the rain-laden wind like the cries and laments of a spirit in pain; and, as we turn away from our walk, reluctant even then to lose one moment of the beautiful fleeting hours that are left us before winter really comes to her kingdom, we can fancy we recognise one ghost gliding after us in the darkness—a ghost that has a face made familiar to us by a bracelet the lady never leaves off, which bears in the centre his miniature—the miniature of the man she was to have married, and who was shot down, in her own presence, but a week before the wedding-day. Better to turn away now from the Church Path before we share in the insensate panic of the villagers; better to let the gate clang noisily on its hinges, to and fro, and turn our faces to the bright gleam of the village lights, that look bright indeed after our sojourn among the shades and shadows of the Church Path.—J. E. P.

Captain C. A. G. Bridge, R.N., has been awarded the vacant Good Service Pension of £150 a year.



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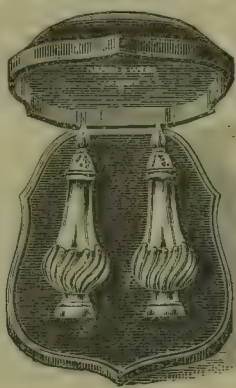
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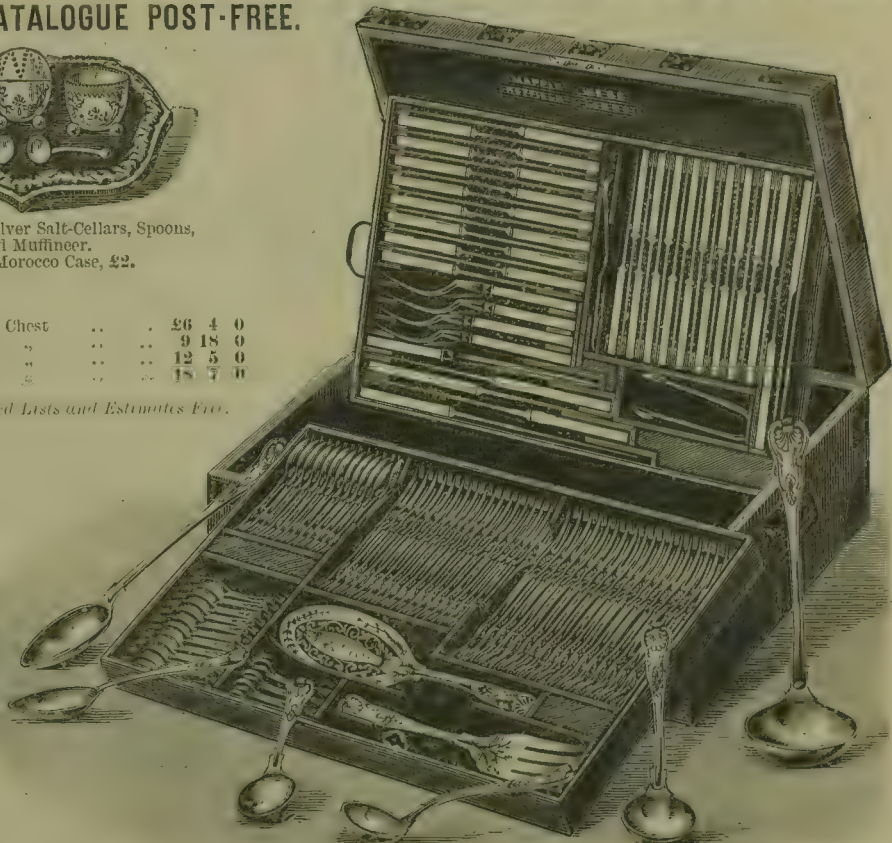
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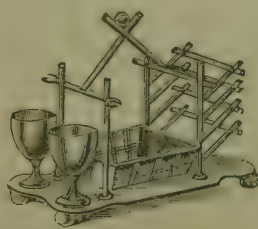
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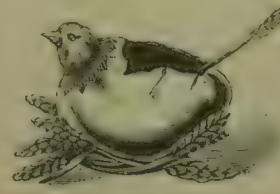
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## THE PLAYHOUSES.

M. Marius has taken time by the forelock at the Avenue Theatre. Through the wretched mists of London fog that pain our eyes and depress our natures we see "Merry Christmas," as it is called, many weeks ahead; but already there is something very like a holiday, or children's, amusement to be seen in the little theatre at the end of Northumberland-avenue. Daring the wrath of Mrs. Fawcett and a whole cohort of female faddists, braving the indignation of the Vigilance Society and cognate associations of busybodies, the manager of a London theatre has had the moral courage to employ children in order to amuse children. The result is a charming little opera company, a well-drilled and disciplined set of boys and girls, and a pretty entertainment known as "The Belles of the Village." Mrs. Fawcett and her friends will tell us, no doubt, the disadvantages, moral, intellectual, æsthetic, political, whimsical, of the system by which Messrs. Nolan and Fitzgerald teach these clever children how to sing and the kind-hearted M. Marius tells them how to act. No doubt, in the opinion of many very well-meaning persons, they would be far better employed selling matches in the streets, or fetching father's beer at the public-house, or helping mother with her toil for the "sweater," or falling into the rank and file of the great waif-and-stray army of this mighty London; but being gifted by God with a certain defined intelligence and by Nature with singing voices, I, for one, cannot for the life of me see what harm they are doing when they are committing to memory innocent sentiments, and singing to us and our own children the music of the old masters which has been too long buried in forgotten music-books. I was only a lad myself—a mere singing-boy—when I was introduced to the madrigals and part-songs of old time. I was vocally familiar with "Down in a Flowery Vale," "Since first I saw your face," "The Silver Swan," "Come, Lasses and Lads," and the pure old songs culled from the dramatists in every century, or that came troling forth from the honest, lusty throat of Dibdin, long before I could construe a line of Virgil or even understand the vocal literature I was interpreting. If the education of taste goes for anything, I doubt if I am much worse for this early apprenticeship to old-world minstrelsy. We cannot all be choir-boys or members of musical societies, even if we have soprano voices in our childhood; and, for my own part, I envy the lucky children who are brought up on such songs, part-songs, glees, and madrigals as I found, to my great good luck, in my mother's old song-books.

Here is another example of the truth that the people who ask for amusement desire the best they can get, and not the worst. For years past some of us have hoped that theatrical or musical commerce would give us a "ballad opera," based on the stores of almost forgotten national music—for music is national that illustrates any distinct period of our musical history. If anyone wants to hear what the people miss, let them attend one of the lectures on old songs by my friend Mr. Barrett, who will tell you all about the popular music of each distinct reign in English history. A little energy might have pulled some of these old songs out of the cupboard years ago for the better and purer amusement of the people. We cannot expect that the people will in a moment have such an intelligent appreciation of pure music as, for instance, the Germans have. But at the same time we never give them the chance.

I do not suppose there was anything very special or original in the afternoon audience that assembled to hear these

children sing, and see them act their pretty story. They were doing no more harm than our own children in the Theatre Royal Back Drawing-room. And yet these half-forgotten songs brought back memories to the old and delighted the young. How much better to teach our children to take pleasure in—

Since first I saw your face I resolved  
To honour and renown you.  
But now I be dislained I wish  
My heart had never known you.  
What? I that loved, and you that liked,  
Shall we begin to wrangle?  
No! no! no! my heart is sure,  
And I cannot disentangle—

than in such silly doggerel as "Ask a Pleecceman" or "I'm a Soldier," bellowed forth by a voiceless comedian—ye gods!—at the modern music-hall! Do not let us rush into extremes. The lighter entertainment houses do not want and would not understand Wagner or Liszt, or Berlioz or Corelli, or Sebastian Bach. They may want them by-and-bye, but not now. But, so far as I can see, they do want Dibdin and his school, and the demand being there the supply must come. There was a song sung the other afternoon by a little girl, who represented a recruiting-sergeant, written by old Dibdin, I believe, which would make a fortune if it were better known. It is essentially English, essentially popular. It is worth a mountain of the music-hall trash that is literally forced upon the public, mainly by publishers who insist upon playing low instead of aiming high. Take a song to a modern music-publisher that has some sense in it; that is a little better than the "cat-lap" that is served up in the modern drawing-room. He will laugh you to scorn. He will insist that the public do not want it—that it is too good for them! And yet, when you can break through this ringed fence and knock down those irritating hedges of royalties and obstructions, in nine cases out of ten you will find the public *does* want something better and not something worse. Well, at any rate, here is a mild example of what I mean. Go to the Avenue Theatre and see this children's opera: see them act, see them dance, hear them sing, mark their intelligence, see what training can do for them, look how steady they are, note how infinitely better they pronounce their words than half the so-called grown-up artists on the stage—and then come back and tell me if it is not utter nonsense to say that morality is injured by children's operas, or that the public taste is so degraded that it will only swallow vulgar-pothouse songs. Your female faddists will tell you that the law ought to interfere to prevent these children from exercising their talent; the music-publisher will tell you that the music here given is not popular, and never will be popular. I venture to dispute both assertions. I don't care what standard these children have passed: I know that they have been well educated, and prove it on the stage, which, happily, may discipline them to something better. I don't care what the music-publisher may say to the contrary: I know that the middle classes want far better ballads than music-shop balderdash, and that the lower classes are insulted by this constant forcing on them of vulgar words, set to vulgar music, and vulgarly sung.

What a change from the children's "Belles of the Village," with its instinctive charm, to the revived "Pink Dominoes," with its nauseating influence! You arise from one brighter, more hopeful, happier; from the other with a bad taste in the mouth. It is like returning from the country lanes and meadows to the evil-smelling courts of baleful London. Well, it cannot be helped. We are liberal and eclectic in these days.

Some like one thing and some another, and, not contented with the down-at-heel morality of the "Pink Dominoes" and the "drama of disease" advocated by the Ibsenites, some youths among us are clamouring for a "Théâtre Libre" in England! A free theatre, indeed: surely ours is free enough! when in one playhouse the art of lying, deceit, and treachery is illustrated with consummate cleverness, and in another hereditary disease is discussed with a freedom that cannot be called in question. No one can accuse the examiner of stage plays of illiberality or uncharitableness. Of what use to literature or art will be a "free theatre" to produce Ibsen's "Ghosts" or to boom banality? Are there not scandals enough lurking about us like typhoid poison, without free theatres in which to discuss the unmentionable and the loathsome? Meanwhile the "Pink Dominoes" goes fairly well in its new home, the Comedy Theatre, and will go better still when the company has played longer together. Mr. Hawtrey and Mr. Herbert Standing are excellent, and so is Mr. Maltby, who makes that dreadful old Joskin Jubbs funny and not offensive. Miss Alma Stanley as Rebecca is not quite so happy as usual, and does not quite conceal the art of her humour. Still the people like the old play—it is so clever, and applaud it—for it is so "shocking, don't you know!" But still I wonder what the "Pink Dominoes" would have been like if James Albery—who was not very particular or mealy-mouthed—had been writing for the Free Theatre, and not for the Criterion. James Albery, with all his cleverness, was not conspicuous for his good taste. He certainly wanted editing, and on one or two occasions audiences told him so pretty plainly. C. S.

Mr. Edward Foskett has been appointed chief librarian of the Camberwell Free Libraries. Mr. Foskett was warmly recommended by the Bishop of London, Archdeacon Farrar, Professor Durban, and others.

At the graduation ceremony at Glasgow University on Nov. 21, the students resented the introduction of a rule providing for admission by ticket by hissing and jostling the Professors as they arrived, and by breaking in the panels of the door, through which they threw water at the Professors and officials who guarded the entrance. The students afterwards went in procession to the railway station and welcomed Lord Rosebery on his arrival.

The opening meeting of the session of the Society of Arts was held at the society's rooms, John-street, Adelphi, on Nov. 20, when, in the unavoidable absence of the Duke of Abercorn, the chairman of the council, his opening address was read by Sir F. Bramwell, who presided. The Duke's address remarked that it was the special province of the Society of Arts to deal with the works of inventors; and, now that so many keen intellects were intent on turning every scientific discovery to practical account, it was seldom that any fresh advance in science did not soon find its practical application, and thus come within the range of the society's work. It was the special duty of the society to watch the beginning of all such applications of science; to foster them when such fostering was wanted, and was possible; to promulgate a knowledge of them, so as to ensure that the greatest number might avail themselves of that knowledge; and to assist them in the great struggle that all fresh knowledge had to endure against the constant opposition of ignorance and sloth. That was no ignoble, no insufficient, task for any institution. A hearty vote of thanks was passed to the Duke for his address.

# BENSON'S BOND-STREET NOVELTIES. 25, OLD BOND-ST., W.

## LUCKY MOONSTONE JEWELRY Originated by J.W. Benson



Moonstones and Diamond Bracelet, £18.



Lucky Moonstone and Brilliants, £18.



Lucky Moonstone, Brilliants, £18.



Moonstone Mermaid, Brilliants, £25.



Moonstone Heart, Brilliants, £21.



Lucky Moonstone and Diamond Bracelet, £5.



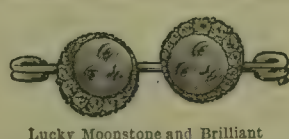
Moonstone and Brilliants, £12.



Moonstone Face and Brilliants, £16.



Lucky Moonstone Brilliant Crescent, £18.



Lucky Moonstone and Brilliant Brooches, £10 10s.



Lucky Moonstone and Brilliant Brooches, £13 13s.



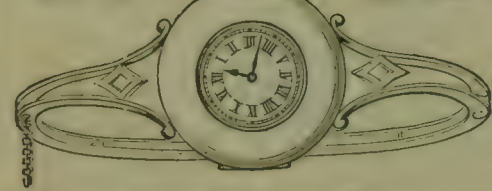
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A very Choice Selection of the Lucky Moonstones Set with Diamonds on View. Originalities by J. W. Benson.

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Gold Keyless Watch Bracelet, £12 10s.



Gold Keyless Watch and Chain Bracelet, £15.

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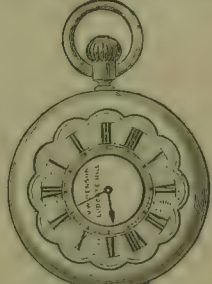


Gold Keyless Watch Bracelet, £10. With Circle of Diamonds, £20.



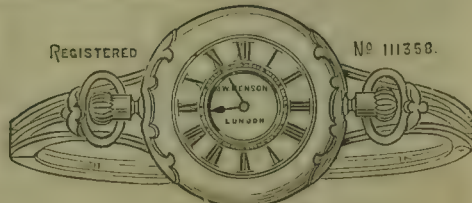
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New Illustrated CATALOGUE OF NOVELTIES, POST-FREE.



# HAMPTON & SONS

**EXHIBITION.**—Entirely ILLUMINATED by the ELECTRIC LIGHT from dusk until 7 o'clock.  
**ARTISTIC FURNITURE and DECORATIONS.**  
**CARPETS, CURTAINS, DRAPERIES.**

**ORIENTAL and ORNAMENTAL OBJECTS.**  
CARRIAGE PAID.

**HAMPTON and SONS.—DRAWING-ROOM and BOUDOIR FURNITURE.** Specimen-rooms completely decorated and furnished in various styles.

**HAMPTON and SONS.—LOUIS XV. and XVI. FURNITURE.**—A very fine collection of Cabinets, Commodes, Marquise and other Chairs, Showcases, and Tables, from three guineas to 300 guineas. Many pieces same as in the Paris Exhibition, but at much lower prices.

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**HAMPTON and SONS.—DINING and LIBRARY FURNITURE.** Chimney-pieces, Parquet Flooring, &c. Sideboards, 6 ft., from £11 15s.

**HAMPTON and SONS.—BED-ROOM FURNITURE.**

**HAMPTON and SONS have for this Season** an unparalleled selection, including magnificent SUITES in ivory and satinwood inlaid (large suites), from £17 10s. to £200.

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**HAMPTON and SONS.—IRONMONGERY DEPARTMENT.**

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**HAMPTON and SONS.—TABLE CUTLERY.** Best quality ivory-handled balance Table Knives from 21s. per doz. Patent screw secure handles, 34s. Electro-Plate in all the best patterns at special low prices.

**HAMPTON and SONS.—CHIMNEYPIECES and OVERMANTELS.** Iron, with Grate and Tiled Cheeks, from 18s. 6d.; wood ditto, in all styles, from 95s.

The Abbotford Registered Grate, from 21s. Dog Grates, new designs, from 45s. Tiled Cheeks and Hearths in great variety.

**CABINET FURNITURE.**  
Specimen Dining Room, completely decorated and illuminated by Electric Light.  
**SIDEBOARDS.** A large assortment in all woods 6 ft. from 11. 15. 0.  
**DINING ROOM CHAIRS.** New Patterns in best Morocco from 30s. to 50s.  
**SUITES in Saddlebags & Velvets.** A splendid selection from 15s. to 150s.  
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Specimen Drawing Rooms in the Louis XV. style, completely decorated, furnished and illuminated in a novel manner by the Electric Light.  
**CABINETS.** Splendid selection. Inlaid Cabinets 4 ft. from 15s. to 100s.  
**Sofas, Settees, Couches** from 70s. to 100s. Chairs 100 shapes. Registered Designs from 30s. to 100s.  
**Inlaid Armchairs in Brocade Velvets & Silks** from 50s. to 100s.  
**Writing Card & Occasional Tea & Coffee Tables** of every description.  
**NEW VERNIS ROYAL DECORATED FURNITURE.**  
A class of which our sketch indicates, particularly suitable for Drawing Rooms, Boudoirs, and for Wedding Presents.  
It is lacquered by a process which gives it a most delicate and beautiful appearance. It is exquisitely finished and decorated, and the advantage of not soiling and if can be washed is kept in good condition.  
**Prices Moderate.** Thus a Cabinet costing from 100s. to 150s. is sold for 70s. to 100s.  
Chairs 100 shapes. Registered Designs from 30s. to 100s.  
Inlaid Armchairs in Brocade Velvets & Silks from 50s. to 100s.

**HAMPTON and SONS.—FENDERS.** 1, 2, 3, and 4 Brass Fenders, with set fire brasses, from 10s. 6d. Fire Guards, in great variety, from 1s. 2d. to 21s. 15s. Coal Boxes, in Art Colours, from 3s. 6d. Brass and Copper, from 15s. 6d. to 12s. 6d.

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**HAMPTON and SONS.—SPECIALTY.** The highest style and quality, at the lowest price. Carriage paid for ready money only.

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**CARPETS.**—Seamless, Homespun, all wool, best quality, in all sizes. £ s. d.  
9 ft. 0 in. by 6 ft. 0 in. . . . . 0 14 9  
9 ft. 0 in. by 7 ft. 6 in. . . . . 0 14 9  
10 ft. 0 in. by 7 ft. 6 in. . . . . 1 2 0  
10 ft. 0 in. by 9 ft. 0 in. . . . . 1 6 6  
12 ft. 0 in. by 9 ft. 0 in. . . . . 1 10 0  
13 ft. 0 in. by 10 ft. 0 in. . . . . 1 19 6  
13 ft. 0 in. by 12 ft. 0 in. . . . . 2 10 0  
Samples sent free.

**HAMPTON and SONS.—BRUSSELS CARPETS.** Five frame quality in new designs and colourings, 25, 31, 33, 34, 35, 36, and 37, 9d. per yard. Patterns free.

**CARPETS.—READY MADE,** with borders, from odd lengths, at less than cost price, in all sizes.

**HAMPTON and SONS.—WILTON CARPETS.**—Rich Velvet Pile at the extraordinary price of 4s. 3d. and 4s. 9d. per yard. Patterns free.

**CARPETS.—AXMINSTER.** Made in one piece. A large assortment in rich Oriental designs and colourings, ready for laying, at manufacturers' prices.

10 ft. 0 in. by 8 ft. 0 in.—Seamless . . . . . 4 8 6  
10 ft. 0 in. by 10 ft. 0 in.—Thick . . . . . 5 19 6  
12 ft. 0 in. by 9 ft. 0 in.—Axminster . . . . . 5 19 6  
12 ft. 0 in. by 10 ft. 0 in.—Carpet . . . . . 6 12 6  
13 ft. 0 in. by 9 ft. 0 in.—With rich borders . . . . . 6 15 0  
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Intermediate sizes at proportionate prices.  
18 ft. 0 in. by 10 ft. 0 in.—Seamless . . . . . 10 0 0  
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21 ft. 0 in. by 12 ft. 0 in.—Axminster . . . . . 14 0 0  
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**HAMPTON and SONS.—TURKEY CARPETS.**—Superior quality at reduced prices in new colourings, made of best wools and dyes, in all sizes, 10s. per square yard.

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10 ft. 0 in. by 9 ft. 2 in. . . . . 5 5 0  
12 ft. 0 in. by 9 ft. 0 in. . . . . 6 0 0  
13 ft. 0 in. by 10 ft. 0 in. . . . . 7 17 6  
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**CARPETS.—PERSIAN.—HAMPTON and SONS.** Agent in Teheran is constantly employed in securing Carpets, Persian Rugs, and Rugs. Many rare specimens, worth the attention of connoisseurs and collectors, at very moderate prices.

**HAMPTON and SONS.—INDIAN CARPETS.** Sole importers of the celebrated "Vellor Carpet." Fresh consignments constantly arriving.

**CARPETS and ORIENTAL RUGS.**—Direct importers of all kinds of Persian, Indian, and Turkish Rugs, from 6s. 6d. to £100; Kurd Rugs, 6s. 6d.; Beccan, 11s. 9d.; Ferahan, 18s. 9d.

**HAMPTON and SONS.—ENGLISH RUGS.** from 5s. 9d. to 70s., in great variety.

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**HAMPTON and SONS.—Postal Department.** Patterns and goods forwarded on receipt of order, carriage paid. Remittance should be sent with order.

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SUITABLE FOR ALL WHO PREFER  
THE SMOOTHEST POSSIBLE SURFACE

Have been Used for over half a Century by the  
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SUITABLE FOR ALL WHO PREFER  
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**SUPERLATIVE QUALITY, ABSOLUTE PURITY, PERFECT FINISH**  
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## CLARKE'S "PYRAMID" NURSERY LAMPS (WITH NEW REGISTERED PANNIKIN)

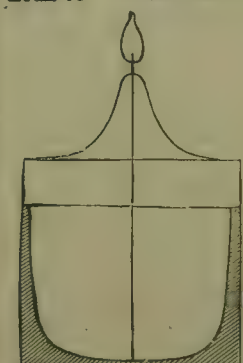
CLARKE'S "PYRAMID" NURSERY LAMP  
AND  
FOOD-WARMER.



The Patentee, in reply to numerous customers, begs to state that he will only warrant his PATENT "PYRAMID" FOOD-WARMERS to answer the purpose for which they are recommended when the "Pyramid" Night Lights are burned in them; the common night lights will not give sufficient heat. The "Pyramid" Food-Warmers are sold by all respectable dealers throughout the Kingdom, the United States of America, and Colonies.

## CLARKE'S PATENT "PYRAMID" NIGHT LIGHTS, "THE BURGLAR'S HORROR."

THE  
NEW PATENT.

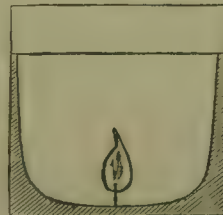


The Thick Grey Mark  
denotes the Plaster  
Fire-Proof Case.



PATENT  
"PYRAMID" NIGHT LAMP  
"THE BURGLAR'S HORROR."

WITH PATENT  
FIRE-PROOF  
CASES.



Section of Case after  
the Night Light has  
been burned.

CLARKE'S "PYRAMID" AND "FAIRY" LIGHT COMPANY, LIMITED—WORKS, CRICKLEWOOD, LONDON, N.W.

By this invention any liquid food can be poured out without soup or grease passing through the spout, and prevent soiling when poured into a Freeding-Bottle, or other container with other Pannikins. Those Pannikins with all the old "Pyramid" Nursery Lamps, and can be purchased separately. N.B.—Ask for CLARKE'S PANNIKIN, and see that his name and the number, Registered, is on the Pannikin and Trade Mark "PYRAMID."

Trade Mark, "PYRAMID."  
Trade Mark, "FAIRY."



TO PREVENT BURGLARIES.

A "Pyramid" Night Light should be lighted in a front and back room of every house, as soon as it is dark. Burglaries are more frequently perpetrated before bed-time than after. Housebreakers have the greatest dread of a light. The police recommend a Night Light as the best safeguard. Almost all burglaries might be prevented, and much VALUABLE PROPERTY SAVED, if this simple and inexpensive plan were adopted. The "Pyramid" Night Lights are much larger and give THREE TIMES THE LIGHT of the common night lights, and are therefore particularly adapted for this purpose.



## WILLS AND BEQUESTS.

The will, as contained in paper writings A and B, with fifteen codicils, of the Right Hon. Charlotte Scott, Viscountess Ossington, of Ossington, near Newark, Notts, and of No. 13, Hyde Park-gardens, and No. 40, Upper Brook-street, who died on Sept. 30 last, was proved on Nov. 15 by Sir Walter George Frank Phillimore, Bart., and Frederick Cavendish Bentinck, the surviving executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £409,000. The testatrix bequeaths £250 to the National Refuges for Homeless and Destitute Children, No. 25, Great Queen-street, for their training-ships; £5000 to the Bishop of London's Fund; £1000 each to the Society for the Support and Education of the Indigent Deaf and Dumb, the Charing-Cross Hospital, and the Discharged Prisoners' Aid Society; £7000, upon trust, to apply the income in the support of any nursing institution or institutions in the United Kingdom, or in the maintenance and remuneration of nurses employed to tend sick, needy persons in the United Kingdom; and her executors are directed to make up the endowment fund of the coffee-tavern at Kilmarnock, Ayrshire, to £3399. There are very numerous and considerable legacies to relatives, servants, and others, and a large number of specific gifts as tokens of affection and friendship. She appoints Louisa Evelyn Denison, Catherine Mary Phillimore, and Alice Grenville Phillimore joint residuary legatees of her personal estate; but, in the event of either of them dying in her lifetime, she substitutes Alice Phillimore as one of her said residuary legatees.

The will (dated Sept. 2, 1859) of Lady Mary Selina Louisa Windsor-Clive, late of Oakley Park, Salop, and of No. 77, Cadogan-square, who died on July 12 last, was proved on Nov. 20 by the Earl of Bradford, the brother, and Colonel the Hon. George Herbert Windsor-Windsor-Clive, the executors, the value of the personal estate exceeding £37,000. The testatrix, in case her son, Robert George, is living at the time of her decease, leaves her property to all her daughters in equal shares; but if her said son shall survive her and die before all her daughters attain twenty-one, then she leaves her property to all her daughters, except the one who shall succeed to the Oakley Park estate.

The will and codicil (both dated June 3, 1889) of Mr. Archibald Travers, F.G.S., F.R.G.S., late of No. 23A, Addison-road, Kensington, who died on Oct. 29, were proved on Nov. 14 by James Lindley Travers, the nephew, and Walter Francis

Travers, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to over £311,000. The testator bequeaths £2000 to each of his executors; an annuity of £300 to his sister, Isabella Meilham; £5000 to each of his nieces, the daughters of his brothers Marcus and Roderick, and of his late brother, Samuel Smith Travers; £2000 to each of the five daughters of Mrs. Brunton; certain properties and reversionary interests purchased by him to the trustees and upon the trusts of the marriage settlement of his said late brother, Samuel Smith Travers; and legacies, both pecuniary and specific, to brothers, sisters, servants, and others. The residue of his real and personal property he leaves to his nephews, the sons of his brothers, and of his deceased brothers, in equal shares.

The will (dated Oct. 26, 1887), with a codicil (dated March 6, 1889), of Mr. George Lloyd Robson, J.P., late of Altwood, Maidenhead, Berks, who died on Sept. 25 last, was proved on Nov. 7 by William James Robson and Captain Henry Denne Robson, the sons, two of the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £99,000. The testator bequeaths £1000, and all his horses, carriages, wines, and consumable stores, to his wife, Mrs. Mary Jane Robson; his furniture, plate, pictures, and household effects to his wife, for life; then, as to the plate received from his father-in-law, Mr. Denne, to his son Henry Denne; and as to the remaining articles, to his son William James; £3000 to his son William James; £4000 to his son Henry Denne; £5000 to his son Charles Robert; and legacies to godchildren and servants. His residence, Altwood, and all his real estate in the county of Berks he devises to his wife, for life (she paying £50 per annum to each of his daughters), and then to his son William James; and there are gifts of land and houses to each of his said three sons. The residue of his real and personal estate he leaves to all his children, in equal shares.

The will (dated Feb. 11, 1883), with a codicil (dated Oct. 25, 1889), of Mr. Edward William Clarke, late of No. 104, Southampton-row, and of The Chestnuts, East Acton, who died on Oct. 26, was proved on Nov. 7 by Edward Clarke, the son, James Henry Richards, and Mrs. Elizabeth Ann Martin Clarke, the widow, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £41,000. The testator gives the use of his furniture and effects, his residence The Chestnuts (or the rent), and £300 per annum to his wife; £100 to the Baptist Missionary Society; £100 to the Rev. John Clifford, for the benefit of the aged

poor and sick, members of the Westbourne-park Chapel; and legacies to nephews, nieces, and others. The residue of his real and personal estate he leaves, upon trust, for his said son and his daughter Mrs. Richards.

The will (dated Feb. 1, 1889), with a codicil (dated Oct. 2 following), of Miss Emily Jane Bigge, late of No. 18, South Eaton-place, who died on Oct. 13, at Folkestone, was proved on Nov. 13 by Frederick William Bigge and Herbert James Bell, the nephews, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to over £30,000. The testatrix gives considerable legacies to nephews, nieces, and others; and leaves the residue of her property, upon trust, to pay the income to her nephew Major-General Thomas Scovell Bigge, for life, and, at his death, to divide the principal between his three sons.

The will (dated April 29, 1887), with three codicils (dated Feb. 23 and Sept. 17, 1888, and Aug. 28, 1889), of Mrs. Eliza Hulbert, formerly of No. 5, Stanhope-terrace, Hyde Park, but late of The Cottage, Ayot St. Lawrence, near Welwyn, Herts, who died on Sept. 24 last, was proved on Nov. 12 by Mrs. Eliza Inez Pringle, the daughter, Arthur Barff, and Hector Francis Mouro, the executors, the value of the personal estate exceeding £26,000. The testatrix bequeaths £400, upon trust, for Eliza Rogers, for life; her furniture and personal effects to her daughter, Mrs. Pringle; and legacies to or upon trust for each of her children. The residue of her property she gives to her sons, John Jardine, Frank Russell, and Walter Stanley.

The will (dated Feb. 5, 1889) of Mr. Walter Rice Howell Powell, J.P., D.L., M.P. for Western Division of Carmarthen-shire, late of Maesgwynne, parish of Llanboidy, Carmarthen-shire, who died on June 25 last, was proved on Nov. 14 by Miss Caroline Mary Powell, the daughter, the sole executrix, the value of the personal estate exceeding £6000. The testator gives, devises, and bequeaths all his real and personal estate to his said daughter absolutely; his wife, Mrs. Catherine Anne Prudence Powell, being already provided for.

After carefully inspecting the work carried on by the Horticultural College at Swanley, the Board of Agriculture have awarded a Government grant to that institution.

Mr. Jesse Herbert, barrister-at-law, of 3, Elm-court, Temple, and the Oxford Circuit, has been appointed legal adviser to the Viceroy and Provincial Government of Canton, and Professor of International Law at the Foreign College in Canton. The appointment has been made by the Chinese Minister in London.



**T**HE Bishop Q., of Wangaloo, in Unpacific Seas,  
A Service fair, conducted there, in dignity and ease;  
Though white within, and free from sin, 't was a fact that he  
Unto the eye, externally, was black as black could be.

The Bishop Q., of Wangaloo, beloved was of all,  
The Unpacific residents, his people great and small,  
They often said, "A Bishop bred, and born of native stock  
Is fitter than another man to guide a native flock."



**B**UT Oh! Alas! a dreadful pass he came to on the day.  
That Bishop Brown, of Monkeytown, a visit came to pay;  
Whose features fair and silver hair, their fancy quickly gain'd,  
Whose tuneful voice, and learning choice, affection soon obtained.

The natives all, both great and small, admitted with a groan,  
That Bishop Brown, of Monkeytown, was better than their own;  
That though they knew that Bishop Q. was pure and free from guile,  
He must arrange to make a change, and leave his native isle.

**W**HEN Bishop Q., of Wangaloo, his visage wet with tears,  
Repair'd to Brown, of Monkeytown, to intimate his fears  
That base and rude ingratitude, and unbecoming slight,  
Would bleach with care, his aged hair, because he wasn't white.

Said Bishop Brown, of Monkeytown, "Although a grievous case,  
I'll guarantee, if you'll agree, to change your nigger face,  
That you'll obtain their love again, so buoy yourself with hope,  
And I'll give you a cake or two of PEARS' Transparent Soap."



**T**HEN Bishop Q., of Wangaloo, (his present safe to hand),  
With visage bright, and spirits light, as any in the land,  
And grateful heart, did now depart upon his homeward path,  
And arm'd with hope, and PEARS' Soap, repair'd unto his bath.



With bow polite, complexion white, and hands of lily hue,  
And noble mien, he did convene that Unpacific crew:  
That sable flock of native stock, who, frighten'd and amaz'd,  
For pardon to the Bishop Q. their supplications raised.

And thus with hope, and PEARS' Soap, and bath and water plain,  
The love of all, both great and small, the Bishop did regain.  
And now without a care or doubt, his features wreath'd in smiles,  
Lives Bishop Q., of Wangaloo, in Unpacific Isles.



## M O R A L.

**W**HAT cleanliness and godliness go ever hand in hand;  
From maxims sage, of greatest age, we're led to understand.  
The former clasp within your grasp (and for the latter hope),  
By getting through a cake or two of PEARS' Transparent Soap.  
And when you've tried, you will decide, without a single doubt,  
That such a sweet and fragrant treat you'll never be without:  
That all around will ne'er be found a maker that can cope,  
In purity and quality with PEARS' Transparent Soap.

## THE MEXICAN HAIR RENEWER

Prevents the Hair from falling off.  
Restores Grey or White Hair to its ORIGINAL COLOUR.  
Being delicately perfumed, it leaves no unpleasant odour.  
Is not a dye, and therefore does not stain the skin, or even white linen.  
Should be in every house where a HAIR RENEWER is needed.

OF ALL CHEMISTS & HAIRDRESSERS, price 3s. 6d.

## NOTICE.

THE MEXICAN HAIR RENEWER may now be obtained in New York from the ANGLO-AMERICAN DRUG CO., 217, FULTON STREET, and all Druggists.

## FLORILINE FOR THE TEETH AND BREATH.

Is the BEST LIQUID DENTIFRICE in the World.  
Prevents the decay of the TEETH.  
Renders the Teeth PEARLY WHITE.  
Removes all traces of Tobacco smoke.  
Is perfectly harmless and delicious to the Taste.  
Is partly composed of Honey, and extracts from sweet herbs and plants.

OF ALL CHEMISTS AND PERFUMERS THROUGHOUT THE WORLD.  
2s. 6d. per Bottle.

FLORILINE TOOTH POWDER, only put in glass jars. Price 1s.

ADVICE TO MOTHERS  
MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP

## FOR CHILDREN TEETHING.

Greatly facilitates the process of Teething, by softening the gums, reducing all inflammation; will allay ALL PAIN and spasmodic action, and is

## SURE TO REGULATE THE BOWELS.

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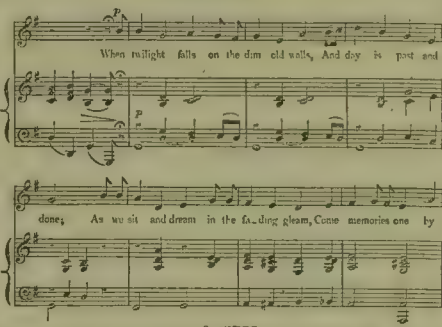
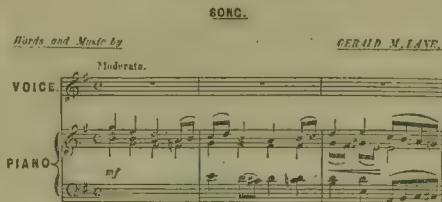
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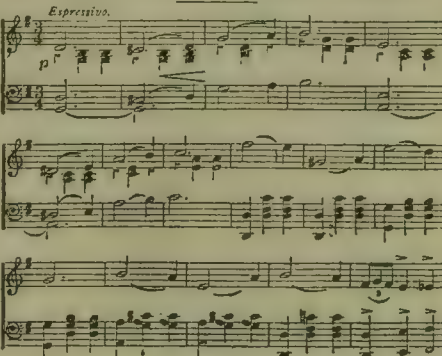
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MUSIC

Nine of the new series of the Popular Concerts at St. James's Hall have now been given—five evening and four afternoon performances. The Monday Popular Concert of Nov. 25 introduced a series of thirteen "Divisions" (variations) on a ground bass, composed by Christopher Symphon. The composer flourished in the seventeenth century, and dwelt (and died) in Turnstile, Holborn, as recorded by Sir John Hawkins, with other particulars, in his "History of Music." Symphon gained great eminence as a performer on and a teacher of the viol, for which obsolete instrument he produced many works, didactic and practical. The pieces of his composition that were brought forward on the occasion now referred to were adapted, from a set by Symphon, by Signor Piatti for the violoncello, and were performed by him. They are quaint elaborations of a theme, the music possessing considerable antiquarian interest. Miss Fanny Davies, who was the pianist of the evening, played, as her solo, Beethoven's Sonata in D minor, Op. 31. The quartet party was the same as recently, and the vocalist was Madame Belle Cole. At the previous Saturday afternoon concert Miss Fanny Davies made her first appearance here this season, and played admirably, as her principal display, Bach's "Chromatic Fantasia." The programme was excellent in all respects, but was too familiar to require specific detail.

Sir Charles Hallé's famous Manchester Band (of about one hundred performers) has now established a high position among London concerts, after having for some years been renowned in the provinces. The first of the London concerts, on Nov. 22, comprised orchestral performances of Cherubini's overture to the ballet-opera "Anacreon"—a magnificent prelude that is the only surviving portion of the work, and two "Légendes" by Dvorák (from his characteristic series classed as Op. 55); the first part of the programme having closed gloriously with Beethoven's violin concerto, the only work of its class by the composer, that by Mendelssohn being his single production of the kind, and both being unapproached in grandeur

and beauty. Madame Néruda was the soloist in Beethoven's immortal composition, which she rendered, as on previous occasions, with consummate excellence. The second part of the concert was appropriated to Berlioz's "Symphonie-Fantastique," labelled by the composer as "Episode de la vie d'un artiste." This elaborate work, in which eccentric rhapsody is alternated with passages of genuine power and beauty, had before been given in London, notably at the Crystal Palace, and now needs no fresh comments. The performances of the band, conducted by Sir Charles Hallé, were of the highest excellence as to precision and light and shade.

The first of a new series of Mr. John Boosey's London Ballad Concerts at St. James's Hall could only receive mere mention until now. Several new songs were brought forward, among which may be specified "Bantry Bay," by Molloy; "Love and Friendship," by Hope Temple; "Stay, Darling, Stay," by Marzials; and "This Workaday World," by Stephen Adams. The singers of these were, respectively, Madame Sterling, Mr. Lloyd, Mr. Piercy, and Madame Belle Cole. Other well-known artists, and Mr. E. Faning's excellent choir, contributed to the programme. The second concert, on Nov. 27, was an afternoon performance of similar attractiveness.

Miss Rosa Kenney gave her seventh dramatic and musical recital, at Steinway Hall, on Nov. 21, when her own clever recitations of selections from Tennyson and other sources were interspersed with readings by other elocutionists, organ performances by Miss A. Kenney, and pianoforte pieces contributed by Mr. C. R. Davison.

The second of the new series of Mr. Henschel's London Symphony Concerts, at St. James's Hall, occurred too late (on Nov. 28) for present notice.

St. Andrew's Day receives plentiful celebration by musical performances on the evening of Nov. 30. At St. James's Hall, the annual Scotch Ballad Concert offers special attractions. At the Crystal Palace, an evening-promenade concert on a grand scale is organised. The famous orchestra conducted

by Mr. Manns, and several eminent solo vocalists, contribute to a selection of music of a popular and national character. At the Royal Albert Hall, a grand Scotch Festival is provided, for which some celebrated vocal soloists, instrumentalists, Mr. W. Carter's well-trained choir, and the band and pipers of the Scots Guards are engaged.

The sixth Saturday Afternoon Crystal Palace Concert of the new season comprised no novelty beyond the first performance there of a work which had previously been heard elsewhere—Liszt's symphonic poem "Festklänge." Miss Nettie Carpenter displayed high executive skill in her performance of Saint-Saëns's Violin Concerto in A, and Miss Fillunger was the vocalist of the day.

The Royal Society of Musicians' performance of Mendelssohn's "Elijah" at St. James's Hall, on Nov. 27, was a following out of the precedent recently instituted by the society by which for many years the "Messiah" was the only oratorio given by it. The solo vocalists announced on the recent occasion referred to were Misses Anna Williams and Brereton, Misses H. Wilson and A. Suter, Mr. J. McKay, Mr. A. Thompson, Mr. J. Gibson, and Mr. W. Mills. A full orchestra and chorus were provided, with Mr. Carrodus as leading violinist, Mr. F. Meen as organist, and Mr. W. H. Cummings as conductor.

In addition to the exclusive right of performance of Gounod's "Faust," in any language in the United Kingdom, secured by Mr. Augustus Harris on the part of the Carl Rosa Opera Company, a similar power has been obtained by the same parties with regard to Wagner's music-dramas, excepting "Parsifal." The same rights have also been obtained, in the same quarter, as to Gounod's "Roméo et Juliette," Bizet's "Carmen" and "Les Pêcheurs des Perles," Ambroise Thomas's "Mignon," Balfe's "Rose of Castille" and "The Talisman."

The recent completion of the fiftieth year of Verdi's operatic career has elicited so many congratulations, in various forms, that the great composer is unable to acknowledge them otherwise than by the publication of a general expression of his appreciative thanks.

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## FOREIGN NEWS.

A Bill to allow of the free manufacture of matches was introduced into the French Chamber on Nov. 21, and was opposed by M. Rouvier, who was defeated in two divisions, and the first clause of the Bill was passed. On the 23rd the Chamber, by a majority of seven, rejected the principal clause of the Bill, which was accordingly withdrawn. The monopoly is to be worked by the State from next January until the seventeen millions of revenue can be spared.—A statue of Balzac was unveiled on the 24th, at Tours, his birthplace. This statue, the first erected to Balzac in France, is by M. Paul Pournier, and represents Balzac seated and leaning back in his chair.

The King and Queen of Italy and the Prince of Naples returned to Rome on Nov. 21 for the winter season. They were, as usual, enthusiastically welcomed. King Humbert, in his speech on the opening of the Parliament, said the maintenance of the peace of Europe now appeared to be assured, thanks to the concert prevailing among the Great Powers. The disturbing questions, however, were not all settled, and it was necessary to make continued naval and military provision for the protection of their independence.

In honour of the forty-ninth birthday of the Empress Frederick, the Emperor gave on Nov. 21 a lunch of more than seventy covers in the New Palace, near Potsdam. Sir Edward and Lady Ermytrude Malet, Mr. Trench, the Chargé d'Affaires, and the staff of the British Embassy were among the guests. All the members of the Royal family at present in Berlin, with their suites, the Court dignitaries, and many high officers were also present. The Emperor, who was in excellent spirits, proposed his mother's health, the guests standing the while. The toast was received with loud cheers. The bands of the 1st Foot Guards and of the Body Guard Hussars played selections during the dinner. All the public and many of the private buildings in Berlin and Potsdam had flags flying, and the soldiers mounted guard in parade uniform. The Emperor

and all the members of the Royal family telegraphed their congratulations to the Empress Frederick at Athens. The Emperor went to Berlin the same day. He visited the Japanese Prince and Princess Arisugawa, at the Hôtel Royal, received the President and Vice-Presidents of the Reichstag in the palace, and left for Letzingen, in Hanover, with a large suite. During the two days' sport there the Emperor shot thirty-nine full-grown stags, twenty fallow deer, and twenty-six full-grown boars. Thence he went to East Prussia to shoot elks, and, ever on the move, has gone to Silesia for some more shooting.—On the birthday of the Empress Frederick her Majesty received the members of the English and German colonies in Athens. Telegrams and good wishes came to hand from all parts of the world and from all sorts and conditions of people. In the evening the Acropolis and the principal streets were illuminated. The Empress Frederick and her two daughters, accompanied by the Duke and Duchess of Sparta, left Athens on the 22nd. After visiting Olympia the Empress and the two Princesses proceed to Italy, travelling by way of Corfu and Brindisi.—Dr. Hans Virchow, a son of the celebrated Professor, has been appointed Extraordinary Professor in the Berlin University, in recognition of his eminence as an anatomist.

The King of the Hellenes and his son, Prince George, have returned to Athens from Corfu.

Lord Lansdowne held a Durbar at Quetta on Nov. 20, when over 400 Beluchi chiefs attended. The Viceroy's speech, extolling the loyalty of the natives, made an excellent impression. From a test attack which was made on the fortifications it is believed that the defences are practically impregnable.—Prince Albert Victor is having a lively time. On Nov. 20 he had a day's snipe-shooting at Chingleput. A large bag was obtained, his Royal Highness being very successful with his gun. The Prince visited the Madras Museum on the 21st, and subsequently took part in a polo match, in which the members

of his own and the Governor's staff played. A dinner and State ball were given at Government House in the evening in honour of his Royal Highness. On the 22nd the Prince held a reception of native Princes. The Prince arrived at Mysore on the 23rd, and in the evening was entertained at a State banquet by the Maharajah, who drank to his health. The Prince in returning thanks dwelt on the importance of the city of Mysore, and said that he would not fail to convey to Queen Victoria the assurances of loyalty given by the Maharajah. His Royal Highness attended divine service on Sunday morning, the 24th, and subsequently paid a visit to the Maharajah. The elephant-shooting expedition organised in honour of the Royal visit started on the 25th.—Lord Harris has been named Governor of Bombay, on the expiration of Lord Reay's term of office.

The Victorian Parliament has passed a Bill empowering the Government to raise a loan of £1,000,000, to be applied to the duplication of the existing railway lines, to the building of stations, and to recoup the Government for the money advanced for railways, irrigation works, and the water supply of Melbourne. The above is exclusive of the balance of £1,600,000 of the old loan, which was authorised but not issued.—The New South Wales Parliament met on Nov. 26. Speaking at Singleton, on the question of Australian Federation, Mr. G. R. Dibbs, the late Premier of New South Wales, declared the scheme to be impossible of realisation without the establishment of one fiscal policy for the whole of Australia.—The Hon. W. Pattison has resigned the post of Colonial Treasurer for Queensland, in which he is succeeded by the Hon. J. Donaldson, Postmaster-General and Secretary for Public Instruction. The Hon. Charles Powers, hitherto Minister without portfolio, is appointed to the vacancy caused by the Hon. J. Donaldson's acceptance of the treasurership.

Bishop Harper, the Primate of New Zealand, has resigned the bishopric of Christchurch, after having been Bishop of the see thirty-three years.

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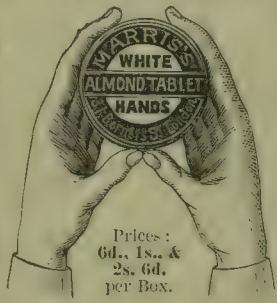
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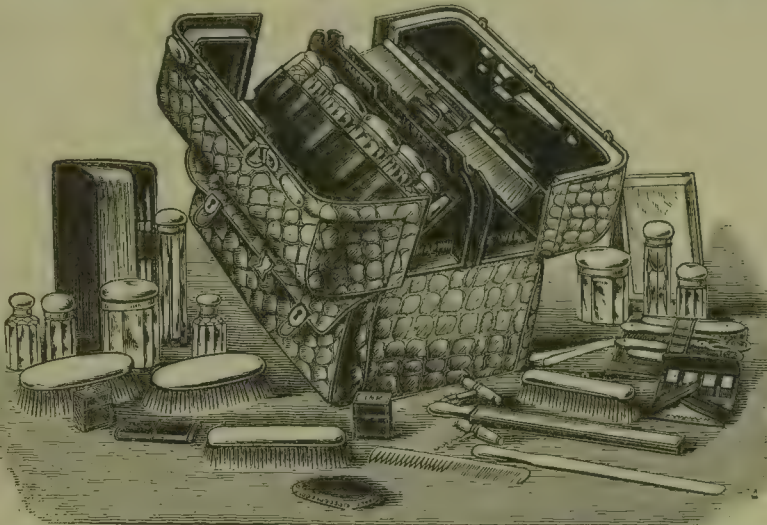
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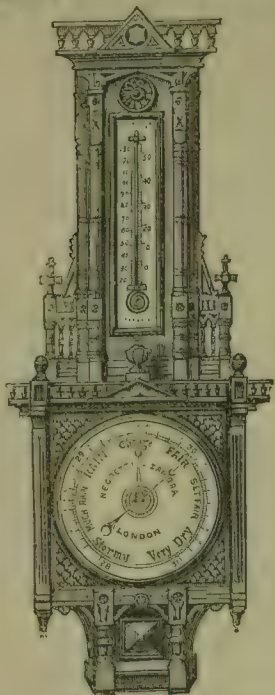
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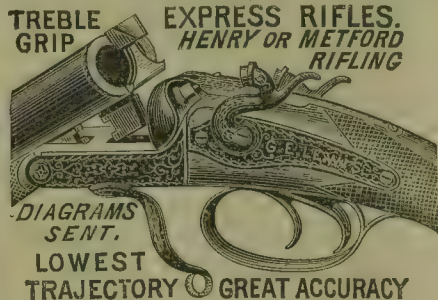
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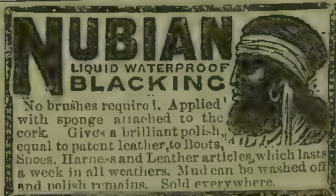


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ASIA, AMERICA, AUSTRALIA, AND NEW ZEALAND PROVES IT.**

**DISORDERED STOMACH AND BILIOUS ATTACKS.**—A Gentleman writes: "Dec. 27, 1887.—After twelve months' experience of the value of the 'Vegetable Moto,' I unhesitatingly recommend their use in preference to any other medicine, more particularly in bilious attacks; their action is so gentle, and yet so effective, that nothing equals them in my opinion. They have never failed to give the wished-for relief. I take them at any hour, and frequently in conjunction with a small glass of Eno's 'Fruit Salt.'—Yours gratefully, ONE WHO KNOWS."

**CAUTION.**—Examine each Bottle, and see that the Capsule is marked ENO'S "FRUIT SALT." Without it, you have been imposed on by a worthless imitation. Sold by all Chemists.

WRITING again on Jan. 24, 1888, he adds: "Dear Sir,—A year or two ago I addressed you in grateful recognition of the never-failing virtues of your world-famed remedy. The same old man in the same strain now salutes you with the following—

When Time, who steals our years away,  
Shall steal our pleasures too.

Eno's 'Fruit Salt' will prove our stay,  
And still our health renew."

**FEVERS, BLOOD POISONS, &c.**—"EGYPT, CAIRO.—Since my arrival in Egypt, in August last, I have on three occasions been attacked by fever, from which on the first occasion I lay in hospital for six weeks. The last attacks have been completely repulsed in a short time by the use of your valuable 'FRUIT SALT,' to which I owe my present health at the very least, if not my life itself. Heartfelt gratitude for my restoration and preservation impels me to add my testimony to the already overwhelming store of the same, and in so doing I feel that I am but obeying the dictates of my duty.—Believe me to be, Sir, gratefully yours, A CORPORAL 19TH HUSSARS.—May 26, 1883.—Mr. J. C. ENO."



# CHRISTMAS NUMBER



'Tis meet Time's chronicler should be  
At Christmas time decked out in state;  
So one fair maiden ran with glee  
Our Old Hall Clock to decorate.

THE OLD HALL CLOCK.  
BY MARCELLA WALKER.

And we Time's self may wreath with flowers,  
Quite free from thorns and burs and weeds,  
By binding all the passing hours  
With gentle words and loving deeds.



# SWEETBRIAR IN TOWN.

BY CHRISTIE MURRAY AND HENRY HERMAN.

## CHAPTER I.

THERE is a kind of house—it may be more a question of the brick than even of the architecture—which never grows to seem at home. There are whole streets in the south-east of London, for instance, on which Time might waste centuries in vain. They can never come to look kindly, or at friendship with the earth that bears them. There are other houses—and these are always, of course, built in country solitudes—which are, so to speak, *grafted* on the earth. They draw its vital juices upward; they grow to be of a piece with it; they reconcile themselves with the invaded landscape; and, in a little while, they come to look as spontaneous as a tree.

There is just such a house as this in Wandshaugh Wood, standing lonely in the very core of it. No wholesome-minded man or woman would be in the least surprised to learn that a sort of house-acorn had been planted there, and that the tenement had grown without the aid of art or hands. Wandshaugh Wood is at the actual middle of England. You have only to take a map of the country, to make a square about it, the lines of which shall touch the extremest points, to divide that square into four equal parts, and the intersecting lines at their point of contact will determine as near as need be the position of the wood, and of the house which stands alone in the midst of it.

The forest monsters have been down for years, and for at least half a century the wood has been no more than a tangle of undergrowth and young timber; but it cuts off the house from the main world almost as a sea might, and makes a sort of inland island of it. There is no other building within half a mile, and the two or three forest-lanes which approach the building wind in so devious a fashion that it takes a good twenty minutes' walk from Wandshaugh town to reach it. What lover of solitude built the place, three or four hundred years ago, no man knows; but only lovers of solitude can ever have lived there in happiness. In the year eighteen hundred and sixty, Theodore Craill, who loved solitude at least as well as Zimmermann ever did, lived there with his niece and ward, Ida Dromore, who, remembering little else, and being of a happy and contented nature, was admirably satisfied to be lonely with her guardian and the two ancient domestics of the house.

These two old servitors, Jacob Burr and Mrs. Welcome, displayed that faithful service of the antique world which is best marked by a constant show of grumbling tyranny. Mr. Burr was two-and-seventy, and had been in the service of the family when Master Theodore was born. He was pantry-boy when that event took place; and Master Theodore, though he had come to be threescore years of age, was Master Theodore yet. Mrs. Welcome had entered the service no more than five-and-thirty years back, and was incorrigibly modern.

Most of us ask for so much from the world, and most of us get so very little of what we ask for, that Theodore Craill might be reckoned doubly blest in asking little and in getting it. First of all, he wanted books; and next and last, he wanted time and solitude in which to study them. He had ample means, and was rich enough to have been unhappy in the great world; but he buried himself alive with his books, his ward, and his two old servants, and was more contented thus, for many years, than nine hundred and ninety-nine men in a thousand could hope to be for a day.

He was a high-dried, withered man, with faded, inward-looking eyes, and a studious stoop. He was rarely seen abroad without a book, and he generally carried the volume drooping in his left hand, with the index finger marking a favourite passage. It was his habit to lose everything, and having lost innumerable snuff-boxes it was now his custom to carry his rappee—which solaced him next to loneliness and the *belles-lettres*—in a crumpled scrap of newspaper. Rambling through the woods about his house, he would pause at every hundred yards or so, would open his book and set it under his left arm to mark the passage he was just then relishing, and while fumbling mildly at his scrap of newspaper would fall into a standstill day-dream until the refreshing pinch awoke him, when he would wander on again, as happy as a king, and as unconscious of his surroundings as a new-born baby.

One lovely morning in mid June he was thus engaged, though with less tranquillity of spirit than was common with him. He had but just received from his London bookseller a treasure he had coveted for years and had now victoriously carried away from rival hands—a copy of the first edition of the "Poems of John Milton," decorated with Marshall's famous libel of a portrait, and dedicated, in the poet's handwriting, to Phineas Fletcher. No feminine vanity ever so palpitated over a new bonnet; no Eastern potentate ever more welcomed moonstone or emerald of Kandahar. An ignoramus (but only an ignoramus) might have passed the treasure on a bookstall and have declined to invest a sixpence in it. The back of the smooth calf binding was cracked all down the middle, leaving bare the glue and tangled string which held the sheets together. The leaves were dog's-eared with ill-usage, and the precious little volume had evidently passed through hands which were unworthy to hold it. Theodore Craill nursed it with a reverent tenderness, as if it had been an infant angel, a something at once worshipful and helpless committed to his loving care. He walked about with it in so charmed a worship that he forgot to take snuff for half an hour together. He dandled the new-found treasure in both lean hands, and, sometimes opening its pages at random, would read a line or two, and roam on murmuring the context from memory, with interspersed comments of his own.

"Comes the blind Fury with the abhorred shears." Ay, ay! Every word a sermon! "And slits the thin-spun thread!" Thin-spun, indeed! You're getting old, Theodore. You are getting old."

He stood still a while to think this over, and then walked on again, declaiming with a somewhat rusty eloquence. His eye brightened, and he drew himself almost erect—

"But not the Fame,  
Phœbus replied, and touched my trembling ears."

A young gentleman attired in the height of the fashion turned a corner of the forest lane at that instant. He perceived that the venerable scholar apparently stared him full in the face with a bright and vivid eye, and naturally supposing himself to be observed, raised his hat in greeting.

The old gentleman waved the little volume triumphantly



"Thin-spun, indeed! You're getting old, Theodore. You are getting old."

in air, as if he were victor over Fate and that were the wand he conjured with.

"Fame!"—he cried—

"Fame is no plant that grows on mortal soil!"

"Good morning, Mr. Craill," said the new-comer.

"But lives," quavered the elderly enthusiast, "and thrives aloft."

"Good morning, Mr. Craill."

"By those pure eyes, and perfect witness"—I beg your pardon, Sir. I beg your pardon." But even in these circumstances he was a man of too much taste to bear to leave a metrical line unfinished. He added under his breath as he shook hands—"of all-judging Jove!" and then said "Good morning" cordially. "And perfect witness of all-judging Jove." Exactly. Exactly. Good morning."

In the very act of shaking hands with his young friend he forgot him, and fell back upon "all-judging Jove" with a murmur of deep inward satisfaction.

"A lovely morning, Mr. Craill," said the new-comer.

"A lovely morning," the old man echoed, with no more

knowledge of his companion's presence than if he had been a thousand miles away.

Mr. Oscar St. Cyres looked at him with a tolerant and half-pitying smile. Mr. St. Cyres had wits of his own, but they were not of the sort that go wool-gathering. He was rather a handsome young gentleman, and having lived abroad a great deal had got so far in advance of the youth of Old England that he permitted himself to wear a moustache. When he supplemented this charm with an eye-glass, as he did sometimes, he was dazzling. He had a reputation for accomplishments, pattered half a dozen languages with perfect ease and fluency, played with taste on the violin and the piano, painted middling well, and owned a light baritone voice of considerable sweetness. A not immodest sense of his accomplishments and native parts made a sort of atmosphere about him. Young, good-looking, good-hearted, passably well-to-do, and beautifully conscious of his advantages, he was in his own way almost as happy as his elder. But, whereas the old man had lived long enough to be sure of his own desires, the young one was standing on the threshold of things, and though eager enough to pick and choose, was as yet uncertain as to choice.

It is not at all an uncommon thing at seven-and-twenty for a young man to fancy a wife the most charming of all possible earthly possessions, and Mr. Oscar St. Cyres had spent the main part of his life for the past twelve months or thereabouts in tasting and testing the tender passion. He tried a new brand of girl as he would have tried a new brand of champagne, and the palate was perhaps in some danger of becoming jaded. But suddenly, in the heart of Wandshaugh Wood, the young man had found a new flavour. He had taken but a sip at the vintage, but he had found it unexpectedly heady and intoxicating. He had, indeed, begun to think himself seriously in love, and since he had rather a pretty turn for verse, and made paper his confidant at all times, he had taken himself to task in an old-fashioned set of lines, beginning—

Why should I love thee, when I know  
A thousand yet more fair!

But this was after the second interview with Theodore Craill's ward, and at the close of his third encounter with her, he went home and tore up his own verses for a blasphemy.

Anybody was free to walk in Wandshaugh Wood. Half a dozen paths led through its pleasant tangle, and every one of them, by process of time and Nature, had come to lead to the Old Oak House. So that a lover had but to launch himself and sail at large in the most disengaged way in the world to find himself forced by a gentle compulsion to his desired harbour there.

There are crowds of old gentlemen in the world who know nothing whatever of what is going on under their own noses, but in this particular Theodore Craill was the king of all the innocents. Since his ward had come to him twelve years ago, on the death of his only sister, his life had brought nothing worth chronicling, but for the occasional purchase of a rare octavo duodecimo, or what not. Time had seemed to stand still with him, and that being so, it had naturally seemed to stand still with other people. For aught he knew, the child of six had hardly aged by a day. She had slipped from short frocks to long and he had hardly noticed the difference. The baby was a young woman on his hands, and he knew next to nothing of the change. If anybody had awakened the old gentleman, and had posed the question fairly, there is no doubt that he would have parted even with his Elzevir "Caesar" for her sake; but he loved his charge in a blindfold sort of fashion. Perhaps one could hardly put the case better than by saying that he loved her as country-bred folk love free air and sunshine, or as men reared by the seacoast love the sea. There are many things which make us happy towards which we extend no conscious active gratitude.

The old student slipped the treasured volume into a side pocket, but still kept a nursing, fondling hand upon it. He made an evident effort to awake himself from his own contemplations.

"We have news of Martin," he said. "We expect him home."

"Of Martin?" asked St. Cyres.

"Martin," repeated the old gentleman, with a touch of dogmatism in his tone. "Martin Steele."

"Ay?" said the other lightly; "I have heard Miss Dromore speak of him."

"I thought you knew him," said the bookworm, turning with a half-disconcerted look. He was always ashamed of his own preoccupation when he found it out. "Of course I thought so. I forgot. An excellent fellow is Martin. A lad of sterling character. An excellent fellow. Exactly."

Then he was off into his dreams again, and once more St. Cyres looked at him half-tolerant and half-pitying. With the few country people with whom Theodore Craill came in contact he passed as a sort of harmless lunatic. He moved about with no apparent object, spoke wide of the mark as a matter of habit and custom, and talked to himself in unknown tongues, which had the sound of mere jargon to the ears of Wandshaugh.

He could wake up at times, however; and, recollecting himself suddenly, he woke up now, and began to talk intelligibly.

"I am afraid," he said, "that I grow very absent-minded." He smiled as he spoke, and his smile was at once dry and innocent, like that one sees at times on the face of a thoughtful child. "I live too much alone, I fancy. I must really begin to think of going more into the world." He had been threatening to think of that for more than a quarter of a century. "I had a letter," he went on, "from St. Cyres this morning. He wants me to go to town. He has been writing



me in that sense at least once a year for more years than I care to remember. I have never gone, and now I am not quite sure that I ever shall go. I am not quite sure either that one doesn't owe a certain duty to oneself in that way. One ought to see something of the world. But I seem to feel that I have let my chance go by too long."

"I wish we could persuade you, Sir," said the younger man. "Miss Dromore would like to make the acquaintance of London, I am sure."

"Oh!" said Theodore Craill smilingly, "the child can wait a little longer."

"Miss Dromore is of an age to see the world, Sir," returned the other. "She tells me she is turned eighteen. If the finding a chaperon is the difficulty, my mother would be only too happy to be of use, I know."

He blushed ever so little as he spoke, having that knack still in spite of his accomplishments and his foreign travel. The reclusive did not observe the fact, though he turned a mild glance his way.

"Yes," he said, with a tone of faint surprise, "she is turned eighteen. I suppose that at her age—I remember very well that when St. Cyres and I were at Eton together—we were not more than fourteen at the time—town was delightful. We ran away to see it. It was your uncle's doing, Oscar. I should never have dreamed of it without his prompting."

"I suppose not, Sir," said the young gentleman, smilingly. "Indeed I should not. I—I don't quite know if it was the salutary birching which came after, but I have never greatly cared for London since. St. Cyres took his birching too, but he seems to have found no cure in it. Eh?"

"No!" the younger man answered with a rather bitter spice in his tone. "His Lordship appears to have found no cure in any of his birchings. He has been birched often enough in one way or another, one would have thought."

"I plead guilty," said the bookworm, with a mild and amiable laugh, "to a kind of admiration for that inborn obstinacy of nature which refuses to be moulded. St. Cyres won't be altered. He can't be altered. The slow rust of age does something, I suppose, even with him."

"Very little," returned the younger man. "It must be allowed that he is not the active scamp he used to be, but he has only dwindled into the scamp passive."

"Gently, gently, my young friend!" said Mr. Craill. "Your uncle's age deserves a little reverence at your hands."

"My uncle might revere his own age a little, Sir," returned Mr. St. Cyres.

"Well, well," the old man answered, and seemed to think the reply sufficient. Perhaps he knew that the nobleman whose character had come under discussion was in some respects scarcely defensible. People had called him "Satan" St. Cyres before he had come into his title, and the name had stuck to him. If loud revelry, a generally loose life, and a lewd tongue could have given him any merit to the style, he may be said to have earned it fairly. The reclusive's chief memories of him were confined to days when his devilries had had no vice in them, but seemed the mere outcome of high spirits. He loved the memory of the harum-scarum lad in the old man he had hardly met for years, and when he could find the time he gave a friendly thought to him.

"We must be near luncheon-time," he added, consulting his watch after a pause. "I thought so. We are within ten minutes. Will you join us?"

"Thank you, Sir," returned the handsome youth, with a bland courtesy. He had walked out with no other purpose than to be invited. "I shall be delighted, I am sure."

A turn of the forest lane brought them within sight of the house. The last waves of the sea of verdure foamed to its very walls, and rose against them in a spray of ivy, Virginia creeper, traveller's joy, honeysuckle, and climbing roses. The roof of the building was under open gables and chimneys. Beams of black oak intersected its rubble front at curiously extravagant angles. Its projecting windows were filled with diamond-paned panes which shone in the sun with that dead lustre which belongs to the ill-made glass of three hundred years ago. There was no fence of any kind about the building, and the woodland way, with patches of moss upon it, and its border of wild grasses and wild flowers, ran straight to the door, where it parted on either side to lead to the rearward entrances. There was no attempt at a garden, and the very absence of a doorstep lent a curious increase to the look of nature and spontaneity the quaint old place owned.

The door stood wide open, and the hall was narrowed by encroaching book-shelves on each side. The rooms that opened from it were walled with books from floor to ceiling. The staircases were lined with books; every table about the old gentleman's own rooms was covered deep with them. Books occupied half the chairs, and were piled in stacks about the floors. There was a wild litter of dusty memoranda almost everywhere, mixed with out-of-date journals, torn envelopes, and old letters.

Mr. St. Cyres accepted the sight of this disorder with a look of custom, and, clearing away two or three dozen volumes from an arm-chair, took his seat.

"They will call us for luncheon," said his host, "and meantime I am in the humour for the discussion of business. I make up my mind with less ease than I used to feel. Now, shall I accept your uncle's invitation, and waste this lovely summer weather in town, or shall I stop and waste my social chances here?"

"If I might be allowed," St. Cyres answered, "I should certainly vote for London."

"You will never get my uncle to London, Mr. St. Cyres," said a fresh voice at the doorway. The voice sounded young and gay-hearted, and had in it the faintest little touch in the world of a brogue. It was a music rather than an accent, but it was a music which could have been learned only in Ireland. "He has talked of going there ever since I can remember, but he has always ended by staying at home."

The speaker was a pretty girl who had Irish eyes, jet black hair, and a complexion of singular clearness. That far-away suspicion of a brogue she had matched excellently well with a certain engaging boylike air of candour; and in all her lighter and brighter moods it gave her a naïve air of harmless pleasantry. She was small in stature, but owned a charming figure, and was as full of vivacity and natural, unforced motion as a bird.

"Surely, Miss Dromore," said the visitor, rising and extending his hand, "you can persuade him if you wish?"

He was in the mood to think that Miss Dromore could persuade anybody to anything, and, indeed, he might have gone farther and fared worse in the way of judgment.

"I don't know that I wish it," she answered, with a half-shrug of the shoulders and a half laugh. "I can just remember Dublin, and I suppose that London's very like it."

"Not very like it," said St. Cyres, with a deference in his objection which was not usual with him.

"My nurse," returned Miss Dromore, laughing outright, "used to say it was not the least taste in life like it. But then she was a patriot, like myself, and spoke for the honour of Ireland."

"A chaperon is a necessity for a young lady going to town,"

said Craill, turning to his ward. "Mr. St. Cyres promises his mother's care in your behalf, my dear."

"A pastoral life has its charms," said St. Cyres, inclining himself towards her, "but there are things outside Wandsworth which are really worth seeing."

"Run after change and run away from content," used to be a great saying of poor Norah's," the girl answered. "One can't be better than just happy, anywhere."

"And we're happy here, my dear," said the bookworm, with a touch of wistfulness in his face and voice. "Eh?"

"Quite happy, uncle, darling!" she answered gaily. "As happy as we know how to be or want to be."

"That's well," said her guardian, smiling affectionately at her. "That's pleasant hearing. Eh?"

His right hand strayed to his side pocket as he spoke, and there came into accidental contact with his latest treasure. The smile faded from his face and the two young people faded from his mind. He was hundreds of years away in a minute, and was altogether oblivious of the meaning smile which was exchanged by the two young people.

## CHAPTER II.

Jacob Burr waited at table that morning under protest. He remembered the wild young Lord in his most ricketty days; and, after forty years, still cherished a bitter resentment for a horse-whipping received at his hands. Jacob was a stanch churchgoer, and young Mr. St. Cyres was not. The old domestic marked the young man's absence from the parish church with a bilious satisfaction. It would have been quite a shock to him not to have been allowed to believe that all the St. Cyreses, root and branch, stock, lock, and barrel, were graceless, profligate, and abandoned. He had a pretty keen suspicion of St. Cyres's purpose in visiting the house, and was very angry at Master Theodore's blindness. Nobody asked his opinion in the matter, but he burned to give it, all the same. The only relief he could afford his feelings was to bang Mr. St. Cyres's plate before him with an intentionally offensive emphasis, and to lay his knife and fork beside him as if he deposited an angry challenge.

In his own quarters he could unbosom himself more fully.

"Theer's that young scion of the house o' Satan here again, Mrs. Welcome. An eye of discernment has got no need to look twice to find out what he's up to. The gaffer don't see through him?—then the gaffer can't see through anything. Master Theodore's no more fit to cope with that theer soapy, dandified, foreigneering young cobra than a new-born babe. You're a simple-minded person, you are; but Master Theodore couldn't cope with you, not if you was to set your wits to work." He added, "Such as they be, poor things!" with gratuitous spitefulness, and snatching up his salver toddled off towards the dining-room, muttering to himself as he went.

Jacob was of a highly respectable aspect. He was hinged, as it were, at the hams, and, walking with his feet unusually wide apart, went with a gait made up of constant bows, which gave him a mingled air of great personal dignity and condescension. His faultless white tie, his high collars, his side scraps of grey whisker, his shining baldness, each and all helped out the original impression. Thirty years of despotism can hardly fail to leave their mark upon a man, and Jacob had grown to look like one actually born to power. But he knew the limitations of his tyranny and dared not meddle in matters which were altogether outside his jurisdiction. He contented himself by being as offensive to the visitor as he could be in safety, and his occasional incursions on Mrs. Welcome gave him a chance to open his safety-valve and to let off the compressed steam, which might otherwise have grown dangerous to him.

"The young man's personable enough," said the housekeeper, in answer to a diatribe of uncommon bitterness.

"Ah!" said Jacob, "that's the way with you women folks. A pretty custard you'd make if you was to judge your eggs by the shells. 'I'll please my eye if I break my heart,' that's a woman's proverb, that is, Mrs. Welcome, and has got about the whole of womanly wisdom in it. 'Handsome is as handsome does,' say I."

"What does the poor young gentleman do as isn't handsome?" returned the housekeeper. "I'm sure I see no fault to find in him."

"Well," said Jacob grimly, "he's a liar, to begin with. He told you the day before yesterday as you looked as young as ever. He said that in my hearing."

Mrs. Welcome retiring in a dignified heat at this, Jacob was at first a little mollified; but he made steam so fast that in the course of some ten minutes he was compelled to seek her on a false pretence in order that he might once more secure an auditor.

"Look at that there noble old house, The Belfry, tumbling into rack and ruin, and coming to be no more than a habitation for the bats and owls. Everybody knows what that means. That's old Satan's way of spitting his own flesh and blood. His son's the only decent man that ever came out of that stock, and he's that ashamed of his father he won't be seen speaking to him. They haven't changed a word for 'ears and 'ears. And that's the sort o' muck-heap, mam, as this young chap counts to grow his fortune on! That's the state of things as he looks forrad to to bring about his worldly prosperity! He knows as his cousin wouldn't put his head under one of my Lord's roofs, and yet he comes down here and lives at The Belfry as if the place belonged to him. I say that sort o' conduct is agen Nature, and I look to see a judgment on it. And how does he pass his Sundays, that young man? In mocking the face o' Nature on paper with a colour-box, singing profane songs in divers languages, playing at a ridiculous child's sport they call dominoes, and in such-like sinful devices for killing his Maker's precious gift of time; and that," continued Jacob, slowly wheeling round on one foot to confront the housekeeper, and surveying her with an almost denunciatory aspect, "and that is the sort of person, Mrs. Welcome, as you make bold to find no fault with!"

"Lawk a'mighty me!" cried Mrs. Welcome, "I don't mek it my business to go about pulling folks' characters to pieces. Young men will be young men, and it's natural for the time o' youth to be a little thoughtless. I dare say you wasn't always as crabbed and bitter as you be now."

"No," retorted Jacob, with an apparent submissiveness; "time changes the best of us. I've heard some elderly people in the village give it out as you was a passably personable woman. But that, I reckon, was before my time."

"Yes," said Mrs. Welcome, with a menacing dryness equal to his own; "time changes the best of us, Jacob. Your memory's going. You're thinking of my poor dear grandmother."

One cause served as well as another; but no day went by without some such skirmish as this between these two, whose common service made them inseparable. They had a warm liking for each other, and were excellent, though informal, allies. Jacob had no stancher partisan than Mrs. Welcome, in his occasional feuds with people of the outside world, and he, on his side, was equally stanch and loyal. The home and the excursions and alarms served to keep the blood brisk and to break up a monotony of life which might otherwise have grown

unendurably tedious. Their quarrels bred no rancour, and their bitterest scenes carried only a momentary sting.

Mr. Oscar St. Cyres, unconscious of the interest he excited in the domestic quarter, was mentally engaged in facing a serious problem. About a month earlier, his worthy uncle had dropped a hint concerning marriage, and had even gone so far as to indicate the young lady whom he desired that Oscar should espouse. His Lordship's continued favour meant a great deal to the young gentleman. He was literally spending not one unavoidable farthing upon his estates, and was saving money in an actually parsimonious fashion, in order to enrich his nephew at his son's expense. He had been doing this for years, and there were people who estimated his probable personality at half a million of money. There were others who halved this handsome estimate, and possibly they came nearer to the truth; but, in any case, there was a large fortune waiting for Mr. Oscar St. Cyres, and it was obviously the nephew's cue to humour the uncle. He was not quite sure that he was prepared so far to humour him as altogether to sacrifice his own pride and his own inclination. He had not been at first very strongly adverse to the lady of his Lordship's choice; but at that time he had had but a casual acquaintance with Miss Dromore. That casual acquaintance had suddenly ripened into intimacy; and Oscar, who was even quicker at falling in love than he was at climbing out of it, had become convinced that he had lighted on the passion of his lifetime. People proved every day of the year that selfishness even of the intensest sort can live side by side in the same character with imprudence. Oscar was only moderately selfish, and prudence was not his strong point. He was always inclined to trust a good deal to the chapter of accidents, and was a constant disciple of the creed of happy-go-lucky. If he proposed to Miss Dromore now, he argued, and if she accepted him, his uncle might be actually pleased when the fact came to his knowledge. Theodore Craill was the only pure-minded man whose friendship the vicious old gentleman had kept or cared to keep, and he might welcome the union between his own nephew and his old schoolfellow's niece. Then, on the other hand, if after careful inquiry it should prove that the match was obnoxious, there was, perhaps, no absolute necessity that he should ever be made aware of it. He had not led a life which allows a man to make old bones, and he was visibly breaking. The waiters for dead men's shoes note these things in spite of themselves. His Lordship had lived very fast indeed, and, for a man of his years, was amazingly old. His father had died at eighty, but at sixty his successor was far older. He had been at death's door three or four times within the last half-dozen years, and, in short, though he was at this time perfectly well able to get about and to enjoy himself after his own fashion, he held life on so frail and insecure a tenure that nobody who valued his money would have insured him for a year. His motto had always been "A short life and a merry one," and in carrying out that principle he had earned every penalty with which Pleasure pays her votaries. He seemed determined to stick to it to the bitter end. He would not descend to water-gruel or drink toast-and-water whilst younger and stronger companions took their wine. He bombarded his own peptics with every sort of indigestible, and was rarely quite sober after midnight. He went home at all hours in the morning, and insisted on going abroad in all weathers. He was quite defiant, in fine, and, in his own phrase, was determined to run till he dropped.

Now, in these circumstances it was evident that the worldly wise thing was to wait; but young men who are either in love, or who fancy themselves there, are but little addicted to the ways of worldly wisdom. Even if Oscar's desires ran to no very deep root, they flourished amazingly above ground, and during their brief lifetime enjoyed an extraordinary vigour. He had proved over and over again that when he did not get what he wanted, he ceased, in a very little time, to wish for it. He transferred his wishes with great ease from one object to another, but whilst the fancy held him it absorbed him altogether. There was only one thing in the world—for the moment. And with all this ardour he had really never cared for anything or anybody as he cared for Miss Dromore. Prudence and Impatience had a rare fight of it between them, but it was a conflict in which Impatience received constant unexpected allies in the way of Opportunity and Temptation, whilst poor Prudence was left without auxiliaries, and had to battle single-handed.

Ida was going to the village to make some small purchase or another, and Mr. St. Cyres, having naturally volunteered his escort, found his services accepted. They were in the tangled shine and shadow of the wood together when Prudence came to an end, slain outright by a single innocent laugh from the girl. It must be admitted that Ida had a very pretty laugh, and that her face under any mirthful emotion was singularly captivating. The mouth, which in repose had a little touch of sadness in its look, melted into the most charming curves, the little white teeth glinting behind the lips; and the eyes so scintillated with harmless fun and mischief that they were apt to dazzle the youthful male observer. As she laughed upon this fatal occasion—it was at some mere nothing, not worth the pains to chronicle—she looked up at her companion with her head thrown slightly backward and sideways, and something in the pretty curve of the dimpled chin and the smoothness of the creamy throat combined with the merry, innocently saucy look to work havoc in the young gentleman's heart. He went ghastly serious all at once, and the girl was more than a little surprised at his solemnity. She knew without ever having thought about it that her mirth pretty generally inspired mirth in others, and she had counted with so unconscious a certainty on an answering smile that Oscar's rueful countenance gave her a little shock of embarrassment. She began to wonder if by any chance she had ignorantly wounded him, or had transgressed *les convenances*, and so walked on with a face bent downward, blushing at the bare supposition of such a case. Prudence was dead and done for with Oscar; but no sooner was one battle fought and lost than there were new combats upon the inward scene. Ida darted a single glance at his face, and saw him still sombre and saturnine. Being utterly unable to divine the cause she came to the conclusion that she must unwittingly have said something altogether dreadful, and sank into a questioning shame. Oscar got the internal fight over in silence and, suddenly arresting his footsteps, addressed his companion by name in tones almost sepulchral:

"Miss Dromore!"

Miss Dromore, feeling immeasurably guilty without in the least knowing why, paused also and looked up at him, wondering what form reproof would take.

"I shall be sorry," the young gentleman began, as solemn as a funeral, "if the suddenness of what I have to say should alarm you." This exordium made her wonder all the more, and she looked at him with eyes of timid inquiry which had yet a certain candour and courage in her own innocence of conscious offence. "I have but very little time to stay here and no other opportunity may present itself; Miss Dromore, my fate is in your hands."

At this even the virginal ignorance of eighteen, bred in the heart of Wandsworth Wood, began to be enlightened. She knew very little of the world, and the books that she had read





Shame on you, grim old bachelors, who sit so moody there!  
Why, don't you know 'tis Christmas Eve? Oh, you're a dismal pair!  
Munching and tipping there alone, and gloating o'er stale news,  
When you should be the central suns of merry, laughing crews.

# CRUSTY OLD BACHELORS' CHRISTMAS.

BY F. BARNARD.

Consider the poor waiter, too, who longs to be away;  
Tip him right well, and send him home a grateful man and gay.  
Throw down your papers, men alive! and keep no more apart;  
Come, hob-a-nob! Ha, ha! where's now the ice within each heart?





Blest are the souls which, having lost, or never having known,  
The sweets of dear domestic life, disdain to mope and moan;  
But gladly give a helping hand where'er they find distress,  
Or live, as shown above, a life of Single Blessedness.

# COSY OLD MAIDS' CHRISTMAS.

BY F. BARNARD.

Behold with what an air Miss B. with pets on every side,  
Joined by her spinster friend, Miss C., welcomes Mistle-Christmastide.  
But, bless me! on the chimney-piece, are kissing berries, sure?—  
Ah! that's the waiting-maiden's joke, though looking so demure.



were not of a sort to help her in this unthought-of condition of affairs. Her chin quivered and she grew a little pale, but her candid eyes still met the lover's serious glance. She said nothing as yet and he pursued his theme.

"Our knowledge of each other has been brief, but it has been enough for me. I have known nobody so charming, so beautiful, so good as you."

This was very pleasant hearing in its way, in spite of the fact that it was dreadfully embarrassing.

"Will you let me speak to Mr. Craill?" said Oscar, bending over her. "Pray say 'Yes,'" he added with a naïve persuasiveness. "Pray do. I shouldn't care to live without you, Miss Dromore."

The first experience of this kind in a girl's life is certain to be a little trying, even if it happens that, by some splendid chance, the first stroke wins and the object of the declaration is ready to accept it. In this case, there was no preparation whatever. The proposal came upon Ida like that thunderbolt out of the clear sky which has been worked so hard in its time to illustrate the like and different cases. For a mere instant she was helpless, and could only stammer something about its being so very sudden, and never having thought of it. But when he stooped a little further forward and dared to take her hand she recovered herself at a bound. The feminine instinct came to her aid, and no woman of the world could have bettered her apparent self-possession.

"I shall remember what you have said, Mr. St. Cyres," she told him, withdrawing her hand from his; "but we know altogether too little of each other."

"Oh!" cried he. "If you will only give me the least word of hope, I can wait patiently for years."

As a matter of fact, that was the one thing in the world least possible for him; though, to do him no more than justice, he believed it at the moment.

"I like you very much, Mr. St. Cyres," she said simply; "but, of course, I have never thought of you in that way."

"Give me a word of hope," he said, trying to repossess himself of her hand.

She evaded him with a gentle decision, and shook her head.

"That might be very unfair to both of us," she answered.

"I don't think you can care *very* much in so short a time."

"So short a time!" cries the impetuous Oscar. "I cared at once. I fell in love with you the very minute I first saw you. How could I help it? There is nobody like you in the world!"

It must be admitted that the young gentleman was doing his business fairly well. He spoke with an excellent conviction, and there was no mistaking the fact that he was very much in earnest. His voice and eyes betrayed sincerity, and they were both in his favour, for the voice in itself was very musical and persuasive, and his eyes were melting and burning and longing all at once. He was unusually good-looking

into the bargain; and there would have been no room for surprise if the virgin citadel had capitulated. But its occupant held firm.

"I shall not forget what you have said, Mr. St. Cyres," she answered; "but let us say no more."

"Don't leave me in doubt, Miss Dromore," said Oscar. "You don't know the torture doubt will be to me. Tell me, at least, when I may speak again."

She had never breathed that atmosphere of passion and adulation in her life before; but she had grown acclimated in a minute, and was by this time not only in apparent, but in real possession of herself.

"Speak to me in a year's time, Mr. St. Cyres," she said; "and, if we have seen enough of each other in the meantime, I will answer then."

Mr. St. Cyres had within the last few moments expressed his willingness to wait for a longer time than that, but he pleaded very hard against her decision.

"I can give you no other answer," she told him. "Let us talk of something else."

At this he was constrained to be silent; but he had no heart to talk of other things, and they walked side by side for a while without exchanging a word. He chewed the cud of disappointment and found it excessively bitter. He blamed himself now for his precipitation, and saw that there would have been everything to gain and nothing to lose by a sensible



He dropped the walking-stick and the hat together, and took the two hands the girl extended towards him in frank welcome.

delay. Somehow Ida's self-possession was not merely a surprise to him, but a surprise of a rather disagreeable order. He was a traveller and a man of the world, and, having lived a little in rural places, had taken rather lofty airs with rustic beauty in his time, not without successes. It often happens that a man's most genuine beliefs are not those which come to the surface. At the moment of his declaration he had thought himself altogether anxious and uncertain, but now he began to be a little surprised at the turn affairs had taken. By all rights she ought to have responded to his charming, and he began to learn that he had, to begin with, been tolerably sure that she would do so. The picture which had been in his mind grew clearer. His pleading voice and eyes should have overwhelmed her with a bashful confusion—a pretty rusticity of fear. Now it was he who was bashful and confused, and she who was firmly self-possessed and standing on her own ground. He was not over-much a coxcomb after all, but things scarcely seemed to have come as he had the right to expect.

By-and-by he began to comfort himself. At least, Miss Dromore knew his mind, and as for the threatened year of probation, that was a trouble which might be cut through at any one of a hundred favourable opportunities.

They had been silent for a full quarter of an hour, and, sauntering slowly, had reached the limit of the wood before he spoke again.

"I will not disobey your commands," he said then, thinking a manly submission the wisest game to play; "but I think it will be only honourable to tell your guardian of our interview."

She would willingly have had him keep silence, and, if he

had asked her leave, would in all likelihood have declined to give it. But she saw her way to no objection and he took her silence for consent.

The sun was shining broadly on the open lands—a broad strip of common ablaze with the gorse, and beyond it the dark-tiled roofs of a clustered village asleep in broad daylight, with two or three spirelets of faint blue smoke rising from it in the breathless air. On the winding road between the village and the wood there was a solitary figure swinging sturdily along through the sweltering heat of the open as briskly as if it had been a winter's day. A broad-shouldered man in loose-fitting grey tweed, with a soft-felt hat clapped carelessly at the back of his head, a walking-stick in his hand describing all manner of energetic circles, and a briar-root pipe between his lips. The smaller details came out one by one as he drew nearer, but at the first sight of the approaching figure, Ida clapped her hands with a gesture of pleasure, and, forgetting all the restraint the recent conversation had left upon her, began to hurry forward with a smiling face and sparkling eyes. She had gone but a yard or two when she glanced over her shoulder.

"This is Martin," she said, "Martin Steele. You are sure to like each other."

Oscar was by no means so certain of this as the girl seemed to be, for her evident gladness at the new-comer's approach sent a pang of jealousy through him, and he was prepared to hate Martin Steele on sight, whatever sort of personage he might turn out to be.

The girl's quickened footstep changed into a half-dancing run, and Martin Steele, lifting his hat on the crook of his walking-stick, waved it on high, and came forward at a lithe

trot, thrusting his pipe into his pocket by the way. When he and Ida reached each other, he dropped the walking-stick and the hat together, and took the two hands the girl extended towards him in frank welcome. He was a grave, reserved-looking fellow, with grey eyes and a profusion of waving brown hair. He was about seven-and-twenty years of age, but his thoughtful brows and sternish-looking lips made him seem half a dozen years older. He said no word of greeting, but his eyes having studied the girl's face, travelled all over her; and when they came back to her face again and met her own, his face broke into a smile so sweet and sudden, that nothing but the old simile of sunshine on a clouded landscape will answer for it.

"Ah!" he said, and having given to the two little hands a single hearty shake he released them, and stooped to take up the hat and walking-stick.

"That means approval?" Ida asked, with dancing eyes and a countenance otherwise demure.

"Unqualified," he answered, with another swift smile, and then went grave again.

She made him a little curtsy, and then stood laughing at him with a pleased affection.

"My uncle told me you were coming," she said; "but he only heard from you this morning. We hadn't expected you so soon. You may go on smoking, I don't mind it in the open air."

"I had not expected to be free for a week to come," he answered. "I got all my business through last night after I had sent off my letter."

Oscar St. Cyres had thought Miss Dromore's warmth of welcome a little extravagant, and came up at this moment under a cloud of gloom.



"This is Mr. Steele," said Ida: "next to my uncle, the oldest friend I have. This is Mr. St. Cyres, Martin, who is staying at The Belfry—Mr. Oscar St. Cyres."

The two young men saluted each other; not, perhaps, with the best grace in the world, though Oscar laid himself out in rather an icy fashion to make conversation.

"You are an old inhabitant of this charming country, Mr. Steele?"

"Born here," said Mr. Steele, who was apparently a man of very few words indeed.

"You are the Martin Steele, I think?" said Oscar, with a forced smile. "The artist?"

Steele nodded, and made an affirmative sound. He had a grave way of studying people, and St. Cyres felt a little displeased at it. There was nothing insolent or disapproving in the look, but it was calmly unconscious and penetrating. St. Cyres had a not unnatural objection to being summed up summarily, and having the balance for and against struck for him by a stranger; and that was precisely what this especial stranger seemed to his irritated mind to be doing.

"I can hardly fancy a landscape-painter being born in more fortunate surroundings," he said, still trying to make talk.

"Beautiful country!" said Steele, removing his pipe to speak, and immediately returning it to his lips. "Uncle well?" he asked, turning towards Ida.

"Perfectly well," she answered.

"Jacob? Mrs. Welcome?"

"Both quite well."

"I don't ask after you," said Steele, smiling once more. "No need."

Oscar felt slighted, and as if left out in the cold. He was just resolving to say his farewells, when Ida unwittingly gave him an opportunity.

"I am going to buy some things in the village, Martin," she said. "If you will go with me we can walk back together. You were going to see uncle, of course."

He made a single solemn nod do duty as an affirmation to both propositions.

"Then I can leave you under escort, Miss Dromore," said Oscar. "I ought, as a matter of fact, to have been at home an hour ago. I have letters to write, and I'm afraid that I shall hardly catch the mail."

He ventured on a rather lingering pressure of her hand, and gave her an appealing look, which she met quite steadily and calmly. He went away feeling newly rebuffed and hopeless, and angrily jealous of the intruder, though in an hour's time he confessed that Steele's arrival had delivered him from a position of acute discomfort. Steele looked after him as he walked away.

"Good-looking chap that," he said; "looks a nice sort of fellow too. Clever?"

"Oh," said Ida, "Mr. St. Cyres is very clever. He paints and plays and writes verses. He speaks five or six languages, and has travelled a great deal."

"Old Satan's nephew, isn't he?" Steele asked.

"Yes," returned Ida, laughing. "He owns that dreadful tincture, but he seems to carry no cloven hoof himself."

They were walking side by side towards the village by this time, and Martin Steele, suddenly arresting his footsteps, laid a finger on his companion's shoulder and turned her round. She obeyed the touch, and confronted him as radiant in her fresh young beauty as a flower.

"My dear," he said with a tender seriousness in his voice, "you have grown into a woman."

"I do assure you, Martin," she responded, "that I feel desperately elderly at times."

"All young things do," said Martin, with a humorous sententiousness. "It's only in first and second childhood that people feel really young."

"Are you come to stay, Martin?" she asked.

He looked at her with an increase of gravity, and paused so long that she gave him a playful little shake, and repeated her question.

"Ah," he said, blowing a great cloud sideways and looking down on her with what seemed a glance of more than ordinary meaning, "that depends."

"Depends on what?" she asked.

"I'll tell you in a week or two most likely," he said, and with that they walked on towards the village, the girl chattering gaily of a hundred familiar things, and Steele listening in a sympathetic silence, and now and again shining upon her with a smile in which all his heart seemed to brighten his face.

### CHAPTER III.

St. Cyres walked towards The Belfry, but since he took the longest and most circuitous of the three routes that were open to him he may possibly have changed his mind as to the pressing character of the letters to be written that afternoon. He might have skirted the wood and have reached his destination in a quarter of an hour, or he might have accompanied his companions to the village, and have reached it in something less than twice that time. As it was, he chose to go through the wood, by way of the old Oak House, and so nearly quadrupled the briefer journey. Ida's answer had set him free from fears concerning any present entanglement in Love's net. She was too young and lived too lonely a life to have had many opportunities of forming an attachment, and, beyond that, her manner had satisfied him that he had to fear no immediate rival. But, for all that, he disliked her intimacy with Martin Steele, and was no sooner left alone than he made up a rapid mind at least to be beforehand with him. He had already claimed, and had had ceded to him, the right to approach Theodore Craill, and he had, on every ground, good right to expect a favourable reception there. He was the nephew and protégé of the scholar's school and college companion and constant friend, and he stood high in the old gentleman's good graces.

Thinking thus he walked briskly through the wood, growing more and more confident as he went. Almost midway he met the object of his search, still nursing the Miltonian treasure, though less absorbed in the contemplation of its virtues than he had been in the morning.

"Nothing the matter, I hope?" said the bookworm, as the young man approached him with a rapid and decided step.

"Nothing whatever," said Oscar. "I left Miss Dromore in the care of Mr. Steele. He was on his way here, I believe, when Miss Dromore intercepted him."

"Oh, oh!" said the old gentleman. "Martin's down, is he? Already? That's well. That's well. I shall get my chess of an evening once more. Ida's a poor opponent, but with Martin I experience always that stern joy which warriors feel in foemen worthy of their Steele." He laughed in enjoyment of that simple *jeu de mots*, and rubbed his hands over it with evident satisfaction. It was an old friend, and Martin and Ida had learned to tolerate it years ago.

"I have something very particular and important to myself to say to you," said Oscar, when the old punster had ceased to chuckle, and had quieted himself down with a pinch of snuff.

"I am all attention, my dear young Sir," said Mr. Craill.

"I am all attention." He bestowed his Milton in a side-

pocket, and testified to the accuracy of his statement by murmuring under his breath that—

"Behemoth, biggest born of earth, upheaved  
His vastness."

The new purchase had set his mind on Milton, and he was retasting all his favourite lines. St. Cyres made a gesture of impatience, but checked himself.

"Pray listen to me, Mr. Craill. What I have to say to you is of the profoundest importance to myself. The happiness of my whole life depends upon it."

"My dear young friend!" said the dreamer solicitously, and became broad awake from that instant.

"I have this afternoon spoken to Miss Dromore," said the lover, halting somewhat in his speech. "From the moment at which I first met her Miss Dromore excited an unusual interest in my mind. That interest has grown so far and so fast that"—

He floundered there, and the old gentleman helped him out.

"Yes, yes, Oscar; I understand. But you are both very young to be thinking of such things, and it's all very well for a gay young dog like you, Sir; but I am an old fogey, and I don't make friends, and you want to come and take all the sunshine out of my house. Ah, well; it's the way of the world." He looked very mournful over the information he supposed himself to have received, but bore it with a sort of humorous courage, which had always been his characteristic under misfortune.

"Then you, Sir, will have no objection?" said Oscar, eagerly.

"Oh," said Craill, "if she is to be stolen, I would as soon have you for the thief as anybody. But it all depends upon Ida herself. She decides. I don't. What does she say to it?"

"Well, as a matter of fact, Sir," said Oscar, "she declines to answer me for the present."

The old gentleman, who had been trying to look valiant, suddenly brightened.

"That's better," he said; "that's better. I beg your pardon, my boy, but vested interests are sacred things. I have some rights in the matter, after all; and if ever you come to be elderly yourself you'll begin to recognise that young people, to say the least of it, are quite as selfish as old ones. I know, I know. The world must go on rolling. I can't hold it back. I would if I could. I'm like poor Elia, and shall be content to be as I am; no richer, no wiser, no handsomer. I don't want to drop like mellow fruit into the grave. I don't want to grow old, and cold, and lonely. I don't want to be robbed of the one bit of youth and sweetness that I have about me."

"If I were so happy, Sir," said Oscar, "as to secure Miss Dromore's consent, I am sure that no one of the three who would be concerned would wish for a separation."

"That's all very well," said the recluse, humorously peevish; "but you wouldn't live here: you couldn't live here. And I can't live anywhere else. I didn't suppose," he added,

"that you were here on any such rascally errand. Upon my soul! Oscar, I was complacent old fool enough to suppose that it was a mere love of books that brought you, and that you had a liking for this mouldy old savage!" He tapped himself emphatically on the breast, and wandered on for a step or two with a disconsolate air. "I shall get used to the fancy in a little while," he continued; "I shall get used to it."

There's no immediate cause to be despondent. You may try your best, my boy. I won't help you to my own undoing, but I'm not against you."

Then he suddenly took a more serious tone, and, laying a hand on his young friend's shoulder, said, "She's bound to go some day, and I think that you might make her happy. Don't take an old man's grumblings *au pied de la lettre*."

The two shook hands, and Oscar, after profuse thanksgiving, went away a little lightened in his mind. Not even the inestimable Milton could cheer the heart of Theodore Craill, and he rambled up and down the woodland road in a growing trouble and despondency. He had been so absent-minded, so absorbed in that endless, aimless labour of reading and note-taking that the inevitable had taken him altogether by surprise. He had been buried in a refined selfishness, and had not known how much his ward's presence in the house had contributed to that general sum of things which made him happy. Now that he awoke for the first time to a sense of her value to him he naturally exaggerated it. To lose Ida seemed to be to lose everything. His whole life's landscape went dark under the shadow cast by her vanishing figure.

This, of course, was only just at first, and in an hour's time he had schooled himself to a better appreciation of things. He was naturally of a valiant temper, and when aroused could see other people's side of the case as clearly as his own. He had spoken the truth already, but it was easier to say it than to think it. The world would not stand still to suit the convenience of one elderly solitary. Though he grew older and was doomed to be altogether lonely, youth would still be served. There would still be marrying and giving in marriage, in spite of the fact that he had chosen to be a bachelor, and had laid up for himself an old age which began to look strangely dreary, cold, and unfriendly.

He was thinking thus when Ida came back to him accompanied by Martin Steele. The visitor was a mighty favourite with the old gentleman, and was received with great warmth and friendliness. Ida went on towards the house, and the two being left together the old man shortly fell into one of his customary brown studies, but pished and pshawed and sighed so often that Steele was moved to take him by the arm and inquire if there were anything the matter. Theodore turned upon him with a shake of the head, which was not intended to convey a negative.

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"I was going to tell you all about it, Martin," he said. "I meant to tell you all about it. Do you happen to know young St. Cyres—Oscar? Oscar is Lord St. Cyres' nephew, you know. He was lunching with us to-day, and this afternoon he came back, after leaving you and Ida together, it appears, and startled me more than a little."

"Oh?" said Steele, looking sideways at him with his habitual air of grave inquiry.

"It seems," Theodore went on, "that he had actually made a proposal of marriage to the child this afternoon, and he came straight to me to ask if I had any objections to offer to the match."

Martin took his pipe from his pocket, and, steadying himself with one hand against a tree-trunk, put up a foot and tapped the pipe leisurely upon his heel. He said nothing, and, the unsmoked residue of tobacco in the pipe-bowl seeming to be obdurate, he went on tapping for pretty near a minute.

"Well?" he asked at length, straightening himself, and glancing once more at his companion's face.

"Why, you know," said Theodore, falling back upon his former manner of humorous pettishness, "I can say nothing to the contrary. But I never expected it. I'd never thought of it. I protest that it had never crossed my mind even as a remote possibility."

Martin filled his pipe slowly, and with a laborious painstaking. It took a long time to do it, what with the deliberate searching for his tobacco-pouch, the slow opening of it, the apparently minute care with which certain special shreds of

tobacco were selected, and again the deliberate closing of the pouch and its return to his pocket.

"Yes," he said at last, "I can quite understand its coming as a surprise to you."

"It was more than a surprise," said Theodore. "It was an amazement—a downright amazement. Here's the world been rolling by for a dozen years and I've taken no note of it! It has been rolling by these sixty years and odd," he added wistfully, "and I have taken no note of it. A self-absorbed old fool, Martin, garnering years of loneliness for old age. Well, well! Well, well!"

Martin drew out a fuses-box, struck a light, and began to smoke.

"They can't have known each other very long," he said.

"Ida said something about a bowing acquaintance with him three months ago."

"Ah," cried Theodore, "there's my only hope. The girl has acted very sensibly; very sensibly indeed. She has declined to give an actual answer for a year."

"Then there's no engagement after all?" said Steele.

"No, no," returned the old gentleman. "No actual engagement; no, thank Heaven, there's no question of her going away at once. But what shakes me, what strikes me in the matter, is that Ida has grown to be a woman, and that we are liable to that sort of thing. And if it isn't Oscar, don't you see, it will be somebody else. I tell you, Martin, that when Ida was here just now I was moved by what had occurred to look at her, to remark her with perhaps an unusual closeness. She's quite a woman—quite a woman. And not only that, but, unless my partiality deceives me, she's an unusually pretty one—unusually pretty and engaging."

"I don't think your partiality deceives you," Martin answered.

"Nor do I," said Mr. Craill; "and that being so, she's bound, even in a sequestered place like this, to find admirers. She has a pretty little fortune of her own, and whatever I have will go to her. Facts like those, Martin, don't make an attractive girl less charming. I know enough of the world to be aware of that fact."

The old scholar had not had the remotest idea of the effect their talk had made upon his companion. Martin had hidden his own sensations with a more than Indian stoicism; but his heart had never been put to such a proof in all his life before. He had run and danced with Ida on his shoulder when he was a sturdy lad of fifteen and she a laughing little Irish thing of six with the brogue of Kerry like some strange wild honey on her tongue. He had nursed her on his knee a thousand times, inventing fairy stories for her, and he could not remember an hour from their first meeting when he had not loved her. As she had grown up out of childhood, the tender intimacy of their friendship naturally took another form; but it had never waned, though, at one time, a natural danger seemed to threaten it. The young man of five-and-twenty had grown gauche and shy with the young lady of sixteen, who took rather old-womanly airs at that time, and exhibited a wonderful stateliness and dignity of bearing. That phase had passed away as the two which preceded it had done, and Martin Steele entered upon another. There is nothing for it but the simple old phrase—he fell in love. He was a reserved, quiet, self-communing fellow; and, as is very common with such people, was quite unable to do anything by halves. So, when he fell in love, he seemed to give himself over to the girl, heart and soul, mind, body, and estate. There was nothing he had, or was, or could be that was not wholly and entirely at her service. He lived for her; worked for her; cherished her as the constant companion of his thoughts. In his busiest hours she lived with him like a silent presence. If, for a moment, in the exaltation in which he pursued his art he seemed unconscious of her, the first second of relaxed effort saw her back again, the dearest, best-loved shadow that ever haunted man.

Now, having been born with no special advantages of wealth and station; having no rich patrons to back him, and being much hampered in his upward way by a stern sense of duty towards his work which would not let him paint mere prettinesses for the buying public, he had had a stillish time of it, and had seemed for years to make but little progress. A year or two ago a discerning pupil had begun to talk about him, and by this time his work was securing fair prices. A score of men whom, in his own quiet, inward way, he despised with a solemn scorn, were far in front of him in that respect; but he was making an income more than trebly sufficient for his wants, and at a growing rate was saving money. That year's Academy show had seemed to bring him to the turning point of his career. It was generally admitted that a brilliant future lay before him. His fortune was not yet made, but all the materials for its building lay actually to hand. He had carried most of them from far, after an infinitude of patient search and labour; and for the past year and a half, at least, he had carried no weight and set no footstep on the way except for Ida's sake.

Ida's social position had, to begin with, been certainly better than his own; but about that there was no further question. The barrier of her fortune still remained, and Theodore Craill had given an unconscious hint of it which he would not have offered for the world if he had but known the secret of the young man's hopes. But that was a secret that was shared with nobody. On what warrant of experience the theory is based I do not know, but it is a common belief amongst people who concern themselves with those sentimental matters, that a girl always knows when a young man is in love with her. A woman of the world may, and, indeed, generally does. The romantic-minded, self-searching conscious young person who makes the tender inquiry the business of her days, may make good guesses; but the unconscious maid whose heart is full of wholesome duties, and whose brain is busy with the thoughts proper to herself, will most likely go ignorant that she has a lover. She will know when she is told, but it is by no means certain that she will know before. Ida, as yet, guessed nothing, dreamed of nothing. It is pretty certain that on the whole she thought Martin Steele the most admirable of young men, just as naturally as she thought her uncle the most lovable of old ones. But until Oscar St. Cyres had put it there that afternoon, no thought of marriage had entered her head: and now, perhaps, if he had only known it, the aspiring swain had done his rival as good a turn as it was in man's power to do.

"This business," said Theodore, "has set me thinking. It may turn out to be no more than a flash in a pan; but in any case I take it as a warning. The real thing is bound to come one of these days, and I shall be left lonely. Lord St. Cyres writes me once a twelvemonth at least, trying to persuade me to go to town. I got an invitation only this morning, and this time I shall accept it. I shudder to think of living to be absolutely alone. I don't know if at any time of life it's possible to make new friends, or even if it's possible to take up the broken ties of long ago; but I must try, Martin, I must try."

"You will take Ida with you?" Martin asked.

"Assuredly," said Theodore. "Assuredly. You see, Martin, the event of to-day has awakened me to many things. In so important a matter as marriage, a girl ought not to act blindly. She ought not to be compelled to act on a limited





Miss Cat's-Eyes is, as you may guess,  
By her fal-lals, from Holland sprung;  
And, if a little quaint her dress,  
She has boy-lovers, though so young.

#### CAT'S-EYES.

BY P. HOECKER.—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY F. HANFSTAENGL, MUNICH.

Not wholly for her beauty sought,  
Nor for her large round eyes address;  
The young Mynheers, 'tis said, are caught  
By Cat's-Eyes in her father's chest.





How blest it is, at Christmas time,  
When friends, long sundered, meet again;  
And voices sweet are heard to chime,  
As eager questions pour like rain!

# ARRIVAL OF THE OLD FOLK.

BY A. HUNT.

And when the Old Folk go to see  
A married daughter or a son,  
With what exuberance of glee  
To welcome them the young ones run!



choice, if she can help it. I have no objection in the world to young St. Cyres; but Ida might very well see a score of young fellows in town whom she might like better. When she chooses she ought to choose with her eyes open. I am afraid I have been remiss in that matter, though she is very young as yet, and there is not much time lost. I'm not a very practical man, Martin; but I think you see that that's practical and sensible. Eh?"

"Very," said Martin, after his own word-saving fashion.

"That's right," said the old gentleman; "I'm glad to have your approval. Upon my word I have grown so unaccustomed to act at all that I feel as if I wanted to be guided and conducted. I sha'n't find anybody, I am afraid," he added with a laugh, "to act as bear-leader to so elderly a bear; but, really, I don't feel like going alone. But your approval—you're quite sure you approve, Martin?"

"Quite," said Martin.

"Just so. That fortifies me. I'll write to St. Cyres this evening, and send Jacob off with the letter before I change my mind."

#### CHAPTER IV.

Mrs. St. Cyres was a stately old lady with snow-white hair, and a complexion of singular beauty and delicacy for her years. She lived at Fulham, and maintained the state due to her family pretensions in a villa of no great size. She was very choice in the society she kept, and her list of visitors was restricted. She only knew the very pick of the local people; by which is to be understood not the most amiable, the most accomplished, or the best; but those who were most nearly related to the Peerage. The brother of Mrs. St. Cyres's deceased husband might have been, if that were possible, more dissipated, dissolute, and disreputable than he was by a thousand times over. But as the living head of the noble and venerable house he represented he would still have seemed to her respectable and worthy of honour. The individual was merged in the race, and though Mrs. St. Cyres was too deeply rooted in principle to let her noble brother-in-law's faults of character go by without groaning, she was, on the other hand, too deeply permeated with the territorial and titular sentiments to blame his Lordship as she would have blamed a common man.

She had not been born to the purple, and in the inmost recesses of her own soul she closeted one dreadful secret—her grandfather had been engaged in retail trade. She knew that from her sainted mother, the widow of a war-scarred General

lately seen and heard of him, might at any moment, by one or other of his foolish extravagances, put a period to his life. But whether I win or lose, either in one sense or in the other, I am bent upon continuing my suit, and I should feel myself very much reduced in my own esteem if I consented to be driven into a loveless marriage by any fear of losing his Lordship's levings."

"Quixotic child!" said Mrs. St. Cyres, a second time laying down the letter. Perhaps the original Quixote had simpler motives than those which animated Mr. Oscar St. Cyres; and, possibly, the sort of social double-shuffle the writer of the letter was dancing would have been difficult for him to execute. But to the anxious mother the phrase seemed appropriate—so appropriate as to bear repetition. "Quixotic child!" she said again, and so returned to the letter.

"Miss Dromore is beyond comparison the most charming girl I have ever seen."

"But," said the old lady to herself, "I have read and heard that phrase before. The silly boy must be saved from this entanglement. Every girl he sees is beyond comparison the most charming. He inherits that facility of admiration from his poor dear father. If he were more of a rake, poor child, he might be less of a sentimentalist. That is a very terrible reflection; but it is hard to be a mother and to see one's children suffer for their virtues."

"She is, perhaps, a little rustic; but only just enough so to show how mistaken as a lure for love the artificiality of women bred in society really is. She has a more than comfortable competence of her own, and Mr. Craill, who is himself well-to-do, has no other living relative. The match is far from being a poor one in a worldly point of view, and, if it is not an actual set-off against his Lordship's favour, it is at least not open to the charge of being imprudent. I am doing my best to persuade Mr. Craill to accept my uncle's invitation

extremely long on one side and were drawn over and plastered down upon the other. These and his eyebrows were both dyed, and shone a purplish black. Then his Lordship rouged, ever so little, and was powdered like a lady. In spite of these foolish devices he looked like a man of brains—he looked like a gentleman—but he looked undeniably cynical, weary, battered, and wicked. The thorns had crackled under his Lordship's pot of pleasure very merrily until the lees of life ran low, and had then begun to burn holes in it.

"You got my letter?" he said, when his visitor was seated. "Where is Oscar? I have heard nothing of him for a fortnight!"

"He is staying at Wandshaugh, at The Belfry," she replied.

"I want him in town," said his Lordship. "Write and tell him so."

"Certainly, if you wish it," Mrs. St. Cyres responded. "You spoke in your letter of the Marriott affair," she added, in a tentative way.

"Yes," he answered; "I want that settled."

"I know nothing," said Mrs. St. Cyres, "of Oscar's feelings."

"No?" questioned his Lordship, with something of a sneer.

"By-the-way, Arthur and I are getting to be quite friendly. He positively called upon me yesterday. I assure you we might have been less cordial. He is a little puritanic still is Arthur. The return stroke of the pendulum, I presume. But he is not so unendurable as he was, and I fancy he wants a rapprochement. I'm not unwilling. I'm getting old, you know, Laura, and really it's a melancholy thing for father and son to be separated as we are."

"Everybody concerned would be delighted if a reconciliation could be brought about between you," said Mrs. St. Cyres.

"You, my dear Laura," returned his Lordship, "would, I am persuaded, leave no stone unturned to bring about an object so desirable." He took up a tumbler of seltzer-water faintly dashed with brandy, which stood ready to his hand, and sat looking at her across the rim of the glass before he drank, clinking a piece of ice within with a faint musical tinkle. "I admire that angelic spirit," he said with an infinite dryness of voice and manner. "Believe me, I do it justice."

She understood him perfectly, and was not in the least alarmed. She knew him too well to suppose a reconciliation possible, but she accepted the hint he desired to convey.

"You wish me to write to Oscar at once?" she asked. He nodded, still nursing the tumbler in his hand and looking steadfastly at her across its rim. "And to bring him up to town?" He nodded again, took a second sip, and set down the tumbler.

"Very well, I will do so."

"What's Oscar doing?" his Lordship asked. "Have you any news of him?"

"He seems to be sketching," she replied, "and to be writing his verses."

"He has a very pretty turn for verse," said his Lordship; "but he chooses too many divinities. Brown eyes, blue eyes, violet eyes, black eyes. Tall and stately, mignonne, airy, fairy Lillian and Cleopatra. He reminds me of the old jingle of the woman who wanted to get married—'Soldier, sailor, tinker, tailor—anybody! anybody!' Anybody seems good enough for Oscar to fall in love with and write verses about. Who's his last flame, I wonder. Do you know? Has he found anybody down at Wandshaugh, I wonder?"

He put the question with a perfect air of commonplace; but it startled his companion, though she kept too good a guard upon herself to give any sign.

"His fancies seem rather ephemeral, poor boy," she said; "but I don't hear much about them as a rule."

"By-the-way," said his Lordship, with so elaborately casual an air that the listener became more than half afraid of him, "I got a letter from my old friend Craill this morning."

At this Mrs. St. Cyres actually changed colour; but her noble kinsman, though he looked her full in the face, did not seem in the least degree to notice it.

"I don't know," he went on, "for how many years I have been bombarding Craill with annual invitations. I am afraid that the thing had almost degenerated into a habit with me, and it came upon me with quite a little shock to learn that at last he had accepted and had made up his mind to face the dangers of the town. Craill is quite a hermit, as you know. He is bringing his ward with him, he writes me. He tells me that she's grown into quite a charming girl. I haven't seen her for years, but I should suppose she's getting to a marriageable age. I suppose it's that which induces the old boy to leave his solitudes. He'd have little enough chance of marrying her down at Wandshaugh."

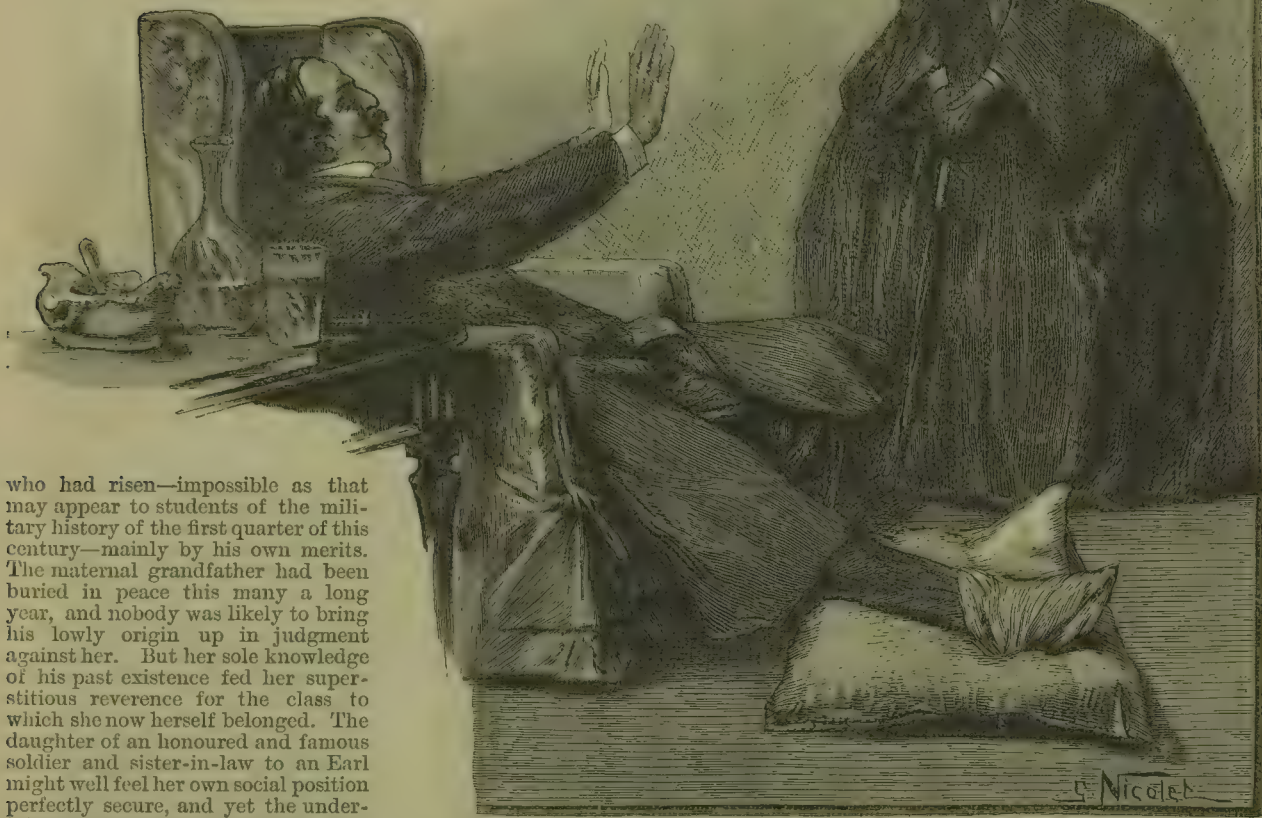
If he knew anything, thought Mrs. St. Cyres, his pretence of ignorance was very finely managed; but she knew him of old. There was nothing which so pleased his Lordship as a game of cat and mouse. He had an almost diabolic way of finding out things and of playing innocence. He looked so very candid now, so friendly and unsuspecting, that she sat in a trembling distrust of him.

"Put the thing very plainly, Laura," he said after a smiling little pause. "Let Oscar know that it is my wish that there should be no more shilly-shally in the business. When he has got it over he may go back to The Belfry and stay there as long as he pleases. If I had the right to do it he should have it at a gift. What brings a fellow at his years burying himself in a place like that? There's no society—absolutely none—except for old Craill and the parson. He can't be writing sonnets to their eyebrows? There's the ward, of course. I'd forgotten her. Does the young impressionable take you into his confidences, Laura?"

"Not often," she answered, doing her best to answer in his tone of badinage.

"I suppose not," said his Lordship, "I suppose not. It's a long time ago now, but I don't remember having taken my mother very deeply into my own little secrets. I am afraid, though, that I had the reputation of being rather wild in those days. You don't remember them, my dear Laura; and, of course, with advancing age one quiets down. Nobody would think it who knows me now; but in my young days, I am afraid, I was a bit of a rake. Well, well, that's a thing of the past. Let us get back to the present. Put the case as strongly as you can, Laura. I want the business over. I want the boy settled."

She promised to do so, and, accepting his manner as a dismissal, rose to take her leave. On the outside, she was by this time as self-possessed and as much at ease as he; but within she was full of anxieties. It was hardly possible, she thought, that Mr. Craill could have written to Lord St. Cyres without making mention of his nephew's almost suicidal proposal. As an actual matter of fact, his Lordship had full information, and was looking forward gleefully to a delightful imbroglio. To his mind, the circumstances could hardly have been happier. He was a genuine cynic, and the meannesses of human nature were like meat and drink to him. He loved to have people currying favour with him, and read with infinite relish and humour the countless mean shifts with which they angled for his influence and his money. He loved to be suave with people who spoke ill of him behind his back, and there was



"Keep your distance!" he cried. "I won't have you within six feet of me!"

who had risen—impossible as that may appear to students of the military history of the first quarter of this century—mainly by his own merits. The maternal grandfather had been buried in peace this many a long year, and nobody was likely to bring his lowly origin up in judgment against her. But her sole knowledge of his past existence fed her superstitious reverence for the class to which she now herself belonged. The daughter of an honoured and famous soldier and sister-in-law to an Earl might well feel her own social position perfectly secure, and yet the underlying modest sense of insufficiency in her own title made her proud. The really old people are rarely the exclusives, and for this good and sufficing reason: that a Duke of the blood Royal may walk with a chimney-sweep, if he so chooses, and be none the less himself; whilst your new-made man of dignity feels himself to be known by the company he keeps, and is bound, for his own credit's sake, to have it of the best.

The morning post brought the stately old lady two letters, which, after perusal at the breakfast-table, she had laid by for especial study. One came from the head of the house himself, and one from her son Oscar.

"Dear Laura," ran the first, "I want to have a talk with you about the Marriott affair. I am feeling a little seedy, and am compelled to lay up for a day or two. You will find me at home to-morrow, and I shall be glad to get the business over."

The second was much longer, and, in conjunction with the subject-matter of the first, perplexed her a good deal.

"My dear mother," Oscar wrote, "I have taken a step of the utmost importance, and it is only right and fitting that you should have my news at once. I have this afternoon made a formal proposal to Mr. Theodore Craill for the hand of his niece and ward, Miss Ida Dromore. Mr. Craill, as you know very well, is my uncle's oldest friend, and I don't think that on that side there is likely to be any very strong objection to the match. I know that my uncle entertained other views for me, but he has been silent about them for a long time past, and I think it not unlikely that he has forgotten them."

"Ridiculous boy!" said the mother, laying down the letter with a petulance which, alone as she was, was confined to the most ladylike limits. "Of what are you thinking?"

"I don't fancy," the letter ran on, "that the old fellow is very certain of his own opinions, or that he has been so for a year or two. In any case I shall not permit myself to be coerced by any threat he may hold over me. I must tell you, though, and perhaps you will feel more comforted by this fact than I do, that Miss Dromore withholds her answer, and will not, if she remains in her present mind, give me a definite reply for a year. In these circumstances it will be just as well to let his Lordship know nothing of the matter. He is living with all his old want of caution, and from what I have

to spend a month in town. If he comes, Miss Dromore will, of course accompany him. A young lady, even in the companionship of her guardian, would hardly find a fitting home in his Lordship's establishment, and I shall ask you, my dear mother, to show your usual goodness by receiving her. I, of course, shall stop at the Albany if I return to London; and I want you to understand that my desire to prosecute my intimacy with Miss Dromore is not founded on the sentimental fancy of a boy who does not know his own mind, but rests on the deep-rooted conviction of a man of the world that he has at length, after manifold voyages of discovery, lighted on the one living creature whose society can make him happy, and whose purity and goodness will be a constant spur to him in the effort to reach a loftier and nobler ideal for himself."

"This incurable romanticism!" said the old lady. "Oscar will never talk or think like an ordinary and reasonable being."

She knitted her stately brows, and sat for a long time absorbed in thought.

"I shall say nothing of this to St. Cyres," she decided at length. "It happens, fortunately, that the child has withheld her answer, though that, of course, is no more than a mere piece of impertinent coquetry. As I remember her, she can be no more than a mere chit of a girl. Bred as she has been, she can hardly have seen a gentleman; and, of course, she only thinks that poor Oscar will be the more eager for her if she puts him off. Everybody knows of the bitter quarrel between Lord St. Cyres and young Wandshaugh; and I dare go bail that she knows it as well as anybody."

His Lordship, it appeared, when she reached his house an hour or so later, was laid up with the gout, and his right foot, swathed in flannel, was set on a cushion. He waved his sister-in-law to caution as she entered the room he sat in.

"Keep your distance!" he cried. "I won't have you within six feet of me! Sit down in that arm-chair! Don't draw it any nearer! Stop where you are!"

His Lordship had a somewhat Mephistophelean air of distinction, and would still have been handsome, in a fashion, but for two or three transparent devices he had for looking young. He had a narrow dome of bald head, and, to conceal this, half a dozen inefficient wisps of hair were allowed to grow



nothing more delicious in the world to him than to watch the smooth obsequiousness of those same people in his presence. Things that taste like gall or scald like vitriol to most people were to him like honey and sweet oil.

Mrs. St. Cyres, reaching home, addressed Oscar in a letter so peremptory that she was half afraid it might provoke rebellion; but after two or three attempts to write another, made up her mind suddenly and dispatched the original to the post. She did not dare to hint at the suspicion which lingered in her mind, for, as she argued rather shrewdly, Oscar might regard his Lordship's knowledge of his proposal as setting a sort of seal upon it and making it beyond recall.

The young gentleman came up post-haste next day. He was very poetic and enthusiastic, and declared his intention to face his uncle with the news at once.

"How excessively mad and Quixotic you have grown!" his mother remonstrated. "Only two days ago you yourself saw the wisdom of silence. Your uncle's favour is a bird in hand, and Miss Dromore's acceptance is a bird in the bush. Miss Marriott is an excellent fortune, and has many solid and agreeable qualities. You must look for more than mere beauty in a wife, Oscar."

"My dear mother," he answered, with a tremendous solemnity, "is a man's happiness to count for nothing? And is a sordid consideration for the main chance to be one's guiding rule in life?"

"You should know better, Oscar," returned his mother, in a tone of injured dignity, "than to charge me with being sordid. What have I to seek for, but your welfare? I know how sordid life may grow—how sordid it does grow—when people's means are narrow. I am older and more experienced than yourself, and I have seen scores of cases."

"But, my dear mother, it's not a question of poverty. There is no question of narrow means. If Miss Dromore should honour me by the acceptance of my offer she will bring me more than I have myself. I am quite sound upon that point," the youthful Quixote added, with a persuasive smile, "for I have made inquiry."

"Your uncle's favour," his mother told him, weightily and gravely, "is worth twice as much to you as your fortune and Miss Dromore's together. If you choose to obey his wish, you may be an exceptionally wealthy man, and any career you choose will be open to you. Whatever you do, you may rely on the enmity of the future head of the house. You have your uncle's good will at present, and you know very well what it is worth. As for your romantic flights, I have neither faith in them nor patience with you. I know very well that, unless you marry, you will be in love with a new face in a month."

This, of course, was like a blasphemy, and Oscar contended against it hotly. He admitted, since the denial could have been of no possible service to him, that he had wandered a little in his affections in the past, that he had mistaken a little flush of enthusiastic liking for a profound affection, and so on. But now it seemed that the fiat had gone forth for eternal fidelity. There were to be, there could be, no more changes. In future he was going to be like that miraculous tide cited by Othello: he would know no ebb, but would hold right on from his Propontis to the Hellespont.

"All this," said Mrs. St. Cyres, "would be understandable if there were a mutual affection. But there is nothing of the sort. Even if you persist, and wait without encouragement for a twelvemonth, nothing may come of it after all. You may think as you please about the matter now, Oscar, but I have studied your character all your life. It has been my one pre-occupation to know you thoroughly, and you are not the man to come triumphantly through such an ordeal. And you propose," she cried, falling to pacing up and down the room, "to throw over a great fortune for such a flimsy hope as that! Your uncle will never forgive you if he hear so much as a breath of the affair. You know St. Cyres as well as I do. He has no affection for you; he has no affection for anybody. If he offers you his protection and promises to leave you a fortune it is purely and simply to spite Wandshaugh. Do you think he will endure to have his will crossed? Surely you are not mad enough to fancy that."

Her usual dignity and repose of manner had altogether given way. She walked agitatedly, and employed abundant gesture. There were tears of anger in her eyes as she concluded, and she still went sweeping up and down the room at a pace very unusual with her. Oscar had never in his life seen her so moved.

"I must do nothing that affects you, dear," he cried, for he was a very tender-hearted and susceptible young man, and could bear to look on no sort of suffering. "I will do nothing without your advice. I promise that. I promise it quite seriously."

He had to reiterate this twice or thrice before his mother would consent to be soothed by it; but at length she embraced him with a tear or two.

"Things are not so bad as you fancy, dear," said Oscar. "Let us wait a little while, and see what happens. Miss Marriott, for all I know, may not be eager for the honour my uncle is so anxious to thrust upon her. His Lordship hasn't much delicacy in these affairs, I fancy; but even he can hardly expect me to rush at this proposal like a bull at a gate. Let him know that I have come to town in answer to your letter. Tell him that we have had a serious talk together."

Before mother and son parted it was so agreed. Lord St. Cyres was to understand that Oscar knew his duty. Oscar, in the meantime, arranged with himself to trust to the chapter of accidents, and Mrs. St. Cyres determined to rely upon her own power to mould the young gentleman's rather too malleable will.

#### CHAPTER V.

A fortnight later Theodore Craill had positively uprooted himself from his woodland solitude, and had transferred himself to London with his ward. Lord St. Cyres, who, under ordinary circumstances would have thought his establishment embarrassed by the presence of any women folk but the housemaids, looked forward to Ida's visit with pleasurable anticipations. He made his bachelor's hall a possible habitation for her by commanding his sister-in-law to close her cottage at Fulham, whilst she did the honours in his own house. He had rooms especially fitted up for his charming guest, and insisted upon Mrs. St. Cyres's superintendence of the preparations. When the time fixed for Ida's arrival came and Ida with it, he received her with so fine a distinction and courtesy that she was most favourably impressed by him. Nobody could have better manners than his Lordship when he chose, and the country-bred girl thought him the most perfect specimen of the old-school gentleman her limited experience had shown her. The mordant old nobleman found a keen delight in praising her to Mrs. St. Cyres. He knew that with every word of encomium he uttered he flattered a hope in the widow's heart that her son might be allowed to have his own way, and yet not lose the last dozen years' savings on the family estates.

"A charming girl, Laura!" he would say. "Ah, those young fellows! those young fellows! I wish I were one of them. I suppose I'm too old to be thinking of that kind of

thing. And with an aged Puritan like myself, a mere child like that would be necessarily unhappy. Thirty years ago I wouldn't have hesitated; but crabbed age and youth cannot live together. She's really a very delightful young person, Laura. Quite a little wild-rose sort of creature. Oh! Ophelia, I am ill at these numbers; but she's a very agreeable little creature all the same. What does the bard say—the divine—the immortal? 'Youth, I do adore thee; Age, I do abhor thee.' Help a failing memory, Laura."

His Lordship was better of the gout, and what with the actual malicious fun of teasing his sister-in-law with unfounded hope, and his anticipations of further enjoyment in that direction with his nephew, he was gayer than he had been for years.

In the very hour of Theodore Craill's arrival he had invaded his guest's quarters, and had imposed upon the simple-minded old gentleman completely.

"I shall rely upon your honour, Theodore," he said, "to keep my secret. I am not supposed by my nephew to know anything of what is going on between him and your ward. They don't know anything of your letter, and I want to see the fun. It won't last long, I'm afraid; for it's only natural to expect the young man's declaration shortly. I don't wonder at the young dog, do you know. I suppose it was those Irish eyes that did his business. They'd have done mine at his time of life, or, maybe, even yours."

Mr. Craill was somewhat scandalised at this, and gave the laugh that the speech seemed to call for with some uncertainty and reserve.

His Lordship had had nothing to do with innocence for many a long day, and somehow he found it piquant. He lost no opportunity of talking with Ida, and got more and more into her good graces. If any one of those who knew him best could have seen him as he sat and listened to Ida's talk, the spectacle would have been one of unmitigated astonishment. He knew the story of her simple and uneventful life in a week, and long before that time was over they were perfectly at home with each other. Ida had a natural turn for mimicry which she could no more help employing than a bird could help singing. It was not mimicry of the downright broad pattern which emulates its subject in detail, but was rather of the suggestive sort, which gives you an image of the thing copied in an occasional glance, tone, or gesture. Lord St. Cyres had as vivid a notion of Jacob Burr and Mrs. Welcome as if he had lived in the same house with them for months. He laughed obstreperously over a story of a six-weeks old puppy which charged with the toddling step of infancy a bullying monarch of a turkey-cock, and routed him by sheer audacity. The girl's talk brought the very odour of the country to him. Before her coming he would have thought it the least agreeable of perfumes, and would have voted even for patchouli in its stead. After all, perhaps it was natural that the novelty should interest him. It may possibly get to be a little tiresome to a man who can do so much better with his life, as St. Cyres might have done, to live in the society of demure of both sexes, where all the wit circles round one unfailing theme, and where everybody is palled with yesterday's wine until to-day's wine wakes them up again. He knew very well that Ida would tire him in a while, but so long as she pleased him he was content to be pleased. He sang her praises to Oscar in the sardonic hope that the young man would declare himself. He sang her praises to his old friend Theodore quite single-heartedly, and he flattered the girl herself with so much delicacy and adroitness that he might have spoiled a less honest and forthright nature.

His Lordship heard much of Martin Steele, and was not long in discovering that the girl, without in the least knowing it, was very near being in love with him. He liked to work by underground methods, and he approached Oscar on this question, though he gave his nephew no chance of suspecting his intent. Oscar had been to see Martin's pictures, and had especially studied the last much-talked-of work at the Academy. The painter's method displeased him, and he was captious about it—as the old nobleman discovered when he listened to his artistic nephew's guiding criticism on a visit to Trafalgar-square, where, as people who are old enough will remember, the work of the English Academicians was at that time displayed.

"Well now, really, my dear Oscar, said his Lordship, posing his double glasses on his nose, and looking at the picture with his head on one side, and a fair general imitation of the connoisseur aspect, "I really can't say that I quite agree with you. I admit, of course, without reserve that you know more of these things than I do. But though I am humble about my own opinion, I can't help holding it. I really seem to discern a very considerable talent—a kind of power. I have a slight personal knowledge of the artist—very slight, indeed—but enough to enlighten me a little as to the fundamental conception there. I think I know him well enough to call upon him. He's a great friend of Craill's—a great friend of Craill's. Craill would be quite delighted to have him made free of the house. Suppose we drive over to his place together, Oscar?"

He was enjoying himself richly; but his look betokened nothing but the utmost innocence and geniality.

"I really feel better," he said. "I really feel better to-day than I have felt for years. This troublesome frame of mine is less of a burden than it usually is. I am a great sufferer, as you know, my dear Oscar; though I trust I bear my burden with a Christian resignation."

His Lordship held this form of speech as a constant habit. His life was a perennial scoff and sneer, and he loved his own gall and wormwood so well that at times he was almost happy over the beverage he poured out so liberally.

"You would like young Steele immensely," he went on, leaning upon his nephew's arm as they made their way down the front steps of the building into the street. "Though, by-the-way, I think you know him also? You have met him? Once only? Indeed? Once only. And what impression did he make upon you, Oscar?"

He knew that his nephew was on thorns at all this, and that certainty put him into the gayest of good humours.

"I was not greatly pleased with his manners," said Oscar, coldly.

"Indeed!" replied his Lordship. "Now, I thought him charming. I am quite pleased to have an opportunity of renewing the acquaintance. I think you would like him if you get to know him, and with your artistic leanings a man of talent in his way ought to be interesting to you."

Oscar knew, out of a long experience, that the old nobleman was generally engaged in some sort of mischief when he was so very gay and happy as he showed himself to be on this occasion; but what the mischief was he felt himself unable to divine. He could not help fearing at times that Miss Dromore's guardian had mentioned his proposal, and whenever that thought assailed him it gave him a shuddering chill. It was only natural to imagine that since the two were under the same roof so obvious a confidence should have been long since offered. But neither Theodore nor his Lordship had made the remotest allusion to it, and Oscar, for his life, dared not approach the subject. The young man was far from enjoying

the drive as his uncle seemed to do, and he felt, indeed, that the circumstances in which he was placed were almost altogether comfortless.

Martin Steele had his studio in Charlotte-street, Fitzroy-square, not even then the most fashionable of artistic neighbourhoods, and a little troubled by the Bohemian beer-drinking contingent. He had done all his up-hill work there, and was as yet loth to leave the place for two or three reasons—amongst which the economic played as large a part as the sentimental. He had only got back from Wandshaugh on the previous day, it seemed; and when Lord St. Cyres and Oscar were shown up into his painting-room—the only place he had in which to receive them—he was contemplating a broad expanse of canvas which had as yet nothing but a charcoal outline on it. He was attired in a blue blouse, such as the French workman used to wear; and laid down his pipe as his visitors entered.

"I have had the pleasure of meeting you before, Mr. Steele," said his Lordship, tendering his hand; "and I hope I need no reintroduction. My old friend Craill is staying with me in town just now. He speaks of you with very great friendship and affection, and will be extremely glad, I know, to see you. We have just come from looking at your picture, Mr. Steele. Craill tells me that you hate to be complimented, and I won't annoy you by telling you how highly I was delighted with it. My object in coming here is just to ask you if you will dine with us. We are quite a homely little party. Miss Dromore is with us, but otherwise we are alone. Are you free for this evening, Mr. Steele?"

"I shall be delighted," Martin answered.

"Eight o'clock, then," said St. Cyres. "Pray don't let us stop you in your work. I know how precious the hours of daylight are. But if you're not *géné* by a sympathetic looker-on"—

"Not in the least," Martin responded, and straightway began to set his palette. "You don't mind the pipe?"

"On the contrary," replied his Lordship, "since you permit it I will smoke a cigar myself. I have been hearing a great deal of you of late, Mr. Steele," he went on, beaming with a happy smile in the consciousness that he was sticking pins and needles into Oscar. "You can pardon the freedom in an old man like myself; I would very much wish to better our acquaintance."

"I am very much obliged," said the artist, with grave simplicity, looking up to meet the smiling glance of his distinguished guest.

"Miss Dromore and I," pursued his Lordship, still smiling all openness and sunshine like a summer landscape, "Miss Dromore and I have grown to be great friends, and she has spoken of you so often that I positively feel as if we were old familiars. I have not met a nature so fresh, so charming, so—so—so unjaded, if I may use the term, as Miss Dromore's for years. She comes up, unfortunately, at the dying end of the season, or she'd have killed a score or two of young fellows. I have succeeded in persuading Craill to leave her in town for a month or two after he goes down, and it is arranged that she will stay with Mrs. St. Cyres, my sister-in-law, at her little place at Fulham. A town-bred bird would find that rather dull, I fancy; but after Wandshaugh it would be rather exciting than otherwise."

The keen old gentleman was persuaded in his own mind that he had another person in whom to stick pins and needles, and though he had no earthly reason—except that supplied by his own malicious fancy—for making Martin Steele uncomfortable, he took immediately advantage of his opportunity.

"My sister-in-law," he went on gaily, "is extremely popular with young people, and likes to have them about her, so that her guest will have admirable opportunity for meeting people more suitable to her years than Craill and I, who are really a dreadful pair of old fogies to have so young and charming a charge in hand. Really, Oscar, this is very interesting. You may learn something by a glimpse of Mr. Steele's method. My nephew paints *en amateur*, Mr. Steele, and though he's much too modest to endorse my judgment, paints uncommonly well. Of course his work hasn't the breadth, the grasp, the touch—the—the—you understand me. But for an amateur!"—

Oscar was filled with nervous fears as to the real reason which made his noble relative so spitefully genial that morning. His Lordship prattled on for something like an hour, having all the talk to himself, and seeming inexhaustible in the discovery of topics. Martin, of course, had no suspicion of him—the smiling exterior was perfectly polished and finished and courtly—but Oscar fumed and fretted at every instant.

"Well, Mr. Steele," said St. Cyres at last, throwing the extreme butt of his cigar into the open fire-place, "we'll rid you of the burden of our presence. Eight o'clock to-night. And whilst Craill and Miss Dromore are with us, will you consider my house theirs and give us as much of your society as you find agreeable to yourself? Thank you. Now, don't leave your work; we can find our way. Now, I insist, Mr. Steele; we have disturbed you far too long already. Good morning."

So with a hearty shake-hands by way of farewell, the dear old gentleman, who had not enjoyed himself so much for many a day, took his leave, and made Oscar's life a burden to him for the rest of the drive by eulogies of Steele, in whom he professed to have found a young man altogether after his own heart.

"I'm really not surprised," he said, with a fine air of unconsciousness, "that he should have such a fascination as he evidently has for Miss Dromore. They have been thrown a good deal together," he added, in a tone of inward contemplation. "Yes, yes; it's very natural."

At this moment, by one of those transitory mercies of Providence which sometimes befall the afflicted, Oscar sighted a friend—the street, and, professing urgent business with him, was permitted to escape.

"Of course you'll dine with us this evening," said his Lordship, "to meet Steele again?" and the young man, perforce, assented to this new evil.

Lord St. Cyres drove to his club, where he smoked another cigar and refreshed himself with a brandy-and-soda, beaming complacently behind the broadsheet rampart of the *Times*.

#### CHAPTER VI.

Considering the fact that there were only half a dozen people present at his Lordship's table that evening, the sentiments of the *convives* were remarkably varied. They were not merely varied, but in the breast of every diner they were lively. *Place aux dames!* Mrs. St. Cyres had found her brother-in-law so excessively amiable and gracious that she was in actual dread of him. She conceived it to be quite impossible that Mr. Craill should have been silent on so important a topic as Oscar's proposal for his niece's hand. She determined that his Lordship's silence was due, not to ignorance, but to the natural playfulness of his disposition, and every time he addressed her she trembled lest the dreaded inevitable thunderbolt of his displeasure should fall. St. Cyres had a habit of innuendo so secret and hidden that she sought a meaning below the surface of every phrase he uttered, and he, fully aware of her distemperance, kept it alive by a





Yes, to the fancy ball I go,  
As Yum-Yum, in this very dress;  
While dearest Julla takes Peep-Bo,  
And Pitty-Sing our Bonny Bess.

PREPARING FOR THE FANCY BALL.

BY CONRAD KIESEL.

I would not think of telling you,  
Only I wish you so to come,  
In character of Nanki-Poo;  
Say Yes, to please your own Yum-Yum





DRAWN BY G. NICOLET.

*She walked on without a word. The whole world was, for a moment, blotted out, obliterated, unmade.—SEE NEXT PAGE.*

"SWEETBRIAR IN TOWN."



hundred sallies, in every one of which he seemed to approach the centre of her fears.

Ida, who was the only other lady present, found herself troubled, for the first time, with a burdensome shyness in the presence of Martin Steele. There is an hour in which every girl must pass beyond the narrower range of virginal fancy into the broad sphere of accomplished womanhood. Oscar's declaration had opened a door of the existence of which she had not even dreamed. She wandered, half unconsciously, into the world which lay beyond it, and found herself face to face there with a presence which, though lordly and worshipful, seemed at first altogether terrible. Love stood there before her, and bore every lineament of her old companion. Of course, the whole business was simple and explicable enough. The girl had never thought of marriage until Oscar St. Cyres had put it into her head; but when once she began to think of it, she saw with a fatal clearness that there was only one man possible for her in the world. She had always thought Martin the best, the most loyal, brave, gentle, and upright of men. She had always thought him the cleverest and the manliest. She had even thought him the best-looking; though, except for those instants, few and far between, when his face was transfigured by that rare smile of his, he was far from being worthy of so favourable a judgment. But, happily, the eyes of affection see us always at something better than our best, and no reasonable man, unless he be a rival, can blame a girl for thinking her sweetheart an Apollo, if he were as plain as a pickstaff.

Now, Martin had never spoken a word to her that was not purely brotherly. She had no ground for believing that he nursed anything but the feeling for her which she had always dared to avow to herself for him. And here she was blushing and trembling under the consciousness that she had given herself wholly away without claim made or question asked! From the moment at which this shocking discovery was arrived at, the waters of shame went over her. Perhaps her crime is commoner and less hideous than she fancied, but it weighed upon her with a sense of confused guilt; and, at Martin's arrival, she had felt herself blush and tremble, and then turn pale and blush again. These tell-tale symptoms threw her into a yet deeper confusion, and it was only after a heroic struggle that she became mistress of herself again.

To come to the gentlemen. Martin saw the signs just detailed, and what with reading them aright and dreading that he read them wrong was in, at least, an equal flutter. Oscar shared his mother's miseries, and his Lordship was in the third heaven of satisfaction. The bookworm was the only tranquil person at table, and, being left very much to himself, was so deeply sunk in his own thoughts, that, for all practical purposes, he might as well have been on the top of Mount Ararat or immured in a dungeon cellar. He ate his dinner mechanically, and knew nothing whatever about it.

If Oscar's scheme had had his uncle's approval, the young gentleman would have been able to display a dozen little pleasing assiduities to his charming young neighbour. As it was he was compelled to limit himself to the merest forms of politeness, and even then feared that he read suspicion in his Lordship's gaze. The tantalising old man, bent on tormenting his expectant heir, made most of his talk a veiled panegyric on Steele. He spoke about artists and pictures, and displayed an unexpected intimacy with modern painters and their works. He blamed most of them for the absence of the qualities which Steele himself thought essential, and constantly strove to gain. After dinner, when the ladies had retired, he became at once more decided and more practical.

"You don't mind talking business for a moment, Mr. Steele?" he asked.

"Not at all," said Steele.

"It's unfair to spring business upon a man at one's own dinner-table," with his most amiable aspect, "but I've taken a strong fancy to that landscape of yours, and I don't want—if I'm not too late already—to be behindhand in asking for it. Tell me, is it sold?"

"Yes," said Martin; "it was sold on the opening day."

"May I ask your price for it?"

"Certainly," the artist answered; "I got six hundred pounds."

"And now, I suppose," said St. Cyres smilingly, as he toyed with a pair of nutcrackers, "after your success you will be claiming more?"

"The picture I began to-day," said Steele, "is commissioned at a thousand."

"Ah," said his Lordship, balancing the nutcrackers on a level with his chin, and glancing over them at his nephew, as if he looked across a barrier. "And are your hands very full?"

"For three or four months, perhaps."

"Ah," said his Lordship again, still looking sideways at his nephew with a very catlike aspect; "if you'll allow me we'll continue this talk at your studio to-morrow; or, if not to-morrow, next day. At all events, Mr. Steele, don't undertake any further commissions until you and I have come to an understanding. I should like you first. I have half a dozen spare spaces on my wall."

Oscar, out of the long certainty of heirship, had come to look upon the savings of the St. Cyres' rent-roll as his own, and he positively felt as if his uncle were robbing him by an act of unjustifiable extravagance.

"Good art," said his Lordship, "is an excellent investment now-a-days. You please your eye whilst you live, cultivate your taste, expand your mind, and when you're gone you leave property of an enhanced value behind you."

"Enhanced or depreciated," said Steele.

"Precisely; precisely," said his Lordship, with a laugh. "That depends very much on the judgment of the buyer. Come, Oscar, you're an art-enthusiast, you agree with me—don't you?"

Oscar gave an enforced assent.

"Such investments," he allowed, "turn out very profitably sometimes."

"Oh! yes, of course," said his Lordship, genially; "one knows of cases of failure by the hundred."

This admission served its intended purpose in making Oscar a little more uncomfortable than before. He thought his own judgment of Steele's work quite honest, and would have warmly resented any imputation of prejudice or bias. The promise of this lavish commission, therefore, looked like an undertaking to throw so much money into the gutter, and he regarded it as a rather bitter piece of injustice.

It goes without saying that Steele was mightily pleased to have found so wealthy and generous a patron, and when his Lordship went down to his studio next morning, dragging the unfortunate Oscar with him, he had every reason to think himself blessed and fortunate amongst rising artists. Lord St. Cyres went over folio after folio of sketches, setting aside half a dozen from this and half a dozen from that, and then winnowing his selections until he had at last brought them down to five, with no one of which he seemed able to part. He appealed constantly to Oscar for his advice and opinion, and the young gentleman was compelled to be at least outwardly amiable.

"I'll have these five, Steele," said his Lordship. "Just take these sketches as your inspiration, and paint the pictures uniform in size with the one you have on the easel. Eh, Oscar? They'll do excellently for the long room at home. Two on either side and one facing the entrance."

He rubbed his hands together and smiled with the utmost sweetness.

"You think they lend themselves to a large treatment, Steele?"

"Yes," said Martin, in his laconic way; "they'll do very well."

"And when can you let me have them? Within the year?"

"Impossible," said Martin, decisively. "Three within the year, the other two six months later."

"Very well," returned his Lordship; "we must make that do. I'll give you some sort of screed about it. It's just as well to have these little things in business form, and when I get back I'll write to you."

He went away in the highest spirits, mischievously calling on Oscar to share his pleasure in the promised acquisitions, and submitting his protégé to all the torments he could devise in that fashion.

"And, oh, Oscar," said he, half-way home, as if struck with a sudden remembrance, "what about that Marriott affair? I shall really have to ask you to report progress pretty soon. Don't forget to see about that little matter. I am pardonably anxious," his Lordship added sweetly, "to see you settled. You don't resent my interference in that matter, do you?"

The wretched Oscar muttered a feeble negative in answer to the kind inquiry, and fell into an angry desperation, whilst his Lordship, who was lately getting full of projects, unfolded a plan for rebuilding The Belfry. When Oscar feebly hinted that this might be a somewhat expensive enterprise, St. Cyres said musingly that those scoundrelly architects always did underestimate things, to be sure; but that the sum supposed to be necessary was no more than thirty thousand pounds. At this rate, it became abundantly clear to the young gentleman that his own prospective fortune would not take long in melting. His uncle's every sentence was like a crack of the whip or a dig of the spur to urge him forward. He would have obeyed, with at least an outward grace, a month or two earlier; but the very dangers and difficulties which surrounded his courtship of Miss Dromore naturally made the young lady herself seem more desirable; and he parted from the head of the house in a mood which half disposed him to rebellion.

Meantime, Martin, pipe in mouth, was slaving away at his easel with a new inspiration of vigorous hope to help him. He remembered always afterwards what a happy certainty and mastery belonged to that day's work. He never hesitated or doubted for a second, but was in one of those splendid moods in which an artist is ensured of success beforehand, and knows himself to be at his own absolute best. Somewhere in the middle of the day he ate a sandwich and drank a glass of sherry, without laying down his palette for a moment, and on that slight refreshment he laboured until the failing light warned him to set his tools aside.

The five thousand pounds his Lordship's handsome commissions promised would have been sufficiently welcome if they had brought nothing but their own value with them. But they brought infinitely more than that. They gave him the right to speak of the secret he had so long nursed in his own heart. They set him on the very pinnacle of hope. He had seen that peak shining roseate and glorious from afar, and had known the way between himself and it to be rugged, toilsome, and slow. And now—see what wealth could do!—a rich patron had but to reach out a hand to him, and lo, at a bound he touched the summit of his desire, all dangers and delays left behind.

Some belated entertainment, which should have been held a month earlier, and had been unaccountably delayed till now, when three-fourths of the world were out of town, was booked for that very night. Ida had promised for it, and Mrs. St. Cyres was to accompany her. Oscar was going, too, and even his Lordship, in pursuit of that mischievous system of cat-and-mouse play on which he had entered with his nephew, had made a sardonically gracious promise to look in. Martin was invited, and being one of those people who make up their minds rapidly when they have sufficient ground, he resolved that, by one means or another, he would contrive to speak to Ida before the night was over, and would get a "Yes" or a "No" from her. Nobody would have thought it to look at him, for to all outward appearance he was just as calm and self-possessed as ever; but there was a dreadful flutter in his breast when once he had arrived at his resolution, and every now and again, without apparent provocation, his heart would beat so violent a tattoo against his ribs as to take his breath away. Many a brave man going into action for the first time—or, for the matter of that, the second or the third—has experienced a similar emotion. And if there were no actual risk to life here, there was as great a risk to Martin's mind. He was to have or to lose, for good and all, that which made life worth having—to his way of thinking. He was no conquering Sultan who had but to throw his handkerchief, but felt devoutly humble, unworthy. He was a prey to all manner of doubts and fears, and quite honestly depreciated himself beneath his poorest merits. When he had dined at his usual restaurant, he went back to his room, turned up his lamp and etched for an hour or two before he began to dress, striving with all his might to keep his mind clear of the coming fatality, and, on the whole, succeeding rather poorly. When he could control his impatience no longer—and this was at an absurdly early hour for his purpose—he attired himself with unusual care, and, having done so, took a "scunner," as the Scotch folk say, at his own personal appearance.

"How could a girl be expected to fall in love with a fellow like that!" he asked, as he surveyed himself in the glass. To his own eyes he looked uncompromisingly ugly, loutish, undignified. He was so little of a coxcomb that even his self-depreciation seemed coxcombical, and he was as little pleased with his mental as with his physical aspects. He turned away in a flush of self-disdain, almost of self-despair. What an insolence it seemed that he should dare to aspire to any creature so pure, so innocent, so good, so far from his own sphere! His own sphere looked low, coarse, and sordid to him.

Serious lovers take their malady in this way; and not only poets and romancers, but the wiser and milder sorts of philosophers have long since come to the conclusion that these takings of self to task, and this exalting of the virtues of another, are amongst the most wholesome of a young man's natural exercises. It certainly seems almost an essential that a high-minded young man's love for a girl should carry him through these phases, and if the girl is only worth a twentieth part of that sweet worship which he bestows upon her she is worth the whole of it.

At that late period of the season, Lady Margaret's rooms were but thinly peopled. A month earlier they would have been crammed with a sweltering crowd; but now there was positively room to walk about all the evening long, and Ida found her first carpet-dance in town eminently enjoyable. To her contrived experience the evening was a crush, and when her hostess lamented so few people were present, she took it

for a kind of fun and answered with a demure satire that it was certainly a pity.

Lord St. Cyres, to the astonishment of everybody who knew him, came early and stayed late, as if his tastes were growing innocent in old age; but the secret of it was that Miss Marriott was there, and he found a keen pleasure in the hidden surliness of Oscar's demeanour. That young gentleman was assiduous in his attentions to the plain and wealthy young lady his noble relative had chosen for him, but he darted a hundred glances of rage and jealousy at Steele, who, whenever he had the chance, attached himself limpet-like to Ida. Martin had no opportunity of speaking his mind at any time, but he had a strange new way of looking at her which disturbed the girl a good deal. It was Martin's way to be solemn, but he was more than usually grave to-night.

People dropped away by twos and threes, and then, as sometimes will happen, even in an assembly of jaded people at the fag-end of the London season, there came a moment when everybody seemed resolute to stay. For one thing, there were a great many young people there, and over some of these came an abandon of excitement and merriment, which, communicating itself to the rest, turned what had hitherto seemed a rather solemn and dreary function into a scene of gaiety. Dancing set in with renewed vigour, and was kept up until broad daylight.

Ida had never enjoyed herself so much in her life, and when at last Steele helped to muffle her in her wrappings, her eyes and cheeks were bright, her lips were parted, and her whole face was alive with pleasure.

"I have something to say to you," he whispered, as he bent over her, at the hall-door. They were alone for the moment, but Lord St. Cyres' carriage stood at the kerb, and the footman, stifling a yawn behind his hand, stood with the door open. "When can you give me an opportunity?" said Steele, in rather a masterful way. "Let it be soon."

He was so ultra-solemn that Ida half feared that she had somehow contrived to offend him. Nobody, she thought, had been quite as mirthful as herself, and perhaps Martin might think that she had overstepped the limits of propriety. That reflection appeared so dreadful that she rose at once to face it.

"We can walk home to Lord St. Cyres' house," she said. "It is only three or four hundred yards from here. We can talk by the way."

The pavement was dry and warm, and the morning air of town almost as pure and balmy as that of the country. The sky was of a hazy blue, and everywhere a torn fleecy veil of rose was drawn over it. The long perspective of the street was blank save for the figure of a solitary policeman, who stood a hundred yards away, looking at the little cluster of carriages and the figures of departing guests. Martin offered his arm to Ida, and they descended the steps together.

One little gloved hand rested on his arm somewhat tremulously, and the other gathered up the foamy folds of her dress, so that Steele, looking down as he walked beside her, saw a delightful realisation of old Suckling's verse. For—

Like mice beneath her petticoat,  
Her little feet stole in and out  
As if they feared the light.

A lover has a perfect right to be charmed beyond reason by any grace his mistress may display, and the appearance and vanishing of the little white-slipped feet aroused an absurdly disproportionate joy in Martin's bosom. He was nerving himself all the while for his declaration, and, if it had not been for the growing nearness of the lounging policeman's figure, could have found courage to make it.

"You had something to say to me, Martin," said Ida, wondering a little at his silence.

"Yes," he answered. "Let us get past this fellow, and then I'll tell you."

She was certain that he was going to scold her, and, to disarm him, settled her hand a little more confidently upon his arm and looked up with a timid and appealing smile.

"I hope you have enjoyed yourself," she said nervously. "I am really afraid that I was growing boisterous. Did you think so, Martin?"

"You? boisterous?" he answered. "Certainly not."

"I was really afraid," she said, "that you were going to be angry with me."

They had passed the policeman by this time, and the street was clear. Martin passed over his right hand and took extra charge of Ida's.

"You might do what you would, dear," he said; "but you could never make me angry. Ida," he went on quickly, "to-day has made a great difference in my fortunes. I should say yesterday, rather. Lord St. Cyres has given me a commission for five thousand pounds' worth of work. That puts me where I had not hoped to be for a long time to come, and I have made up my mind to speak. I want you for my wife. I love you with all my heart and soul."

She walked on without a word. The whole world was, for a moment, blotted out, obliterated, unmade. He, looking down at her, saw that her face was white; and, for a few brief seconds, which must needs have seemed long and terrible to a lover's mind, he thought that either in itself or by his abruptness his declaration had shocked and frightened her. But, in what was, after all, a very little while, the colour flowed back until her cheeks were suffused with blushes. What he said she hardly knew; and Martin himself, having passed the limits of his customary self-control, would have been hard put to it if asked to report his own utterances an hour later. But he poured out his whole heart to her, and she gave him no answer until they stood before the door of Lord St. Cyres' town house. There was not a creature in sight; the birds were carolling in the leafy trees of the square as blithely as if the sun that inspired them to song had awakened them in the heart of Wandsworth Wood itself.

"You're not hurt?" said Martin, holding both her hands in his. "You are not offended?"

It took all the courage she was mistress of to enable her to look up and meet his glance.

"I could never have cared for anybody else in the world," she said.

And with that his Lordship's carriage, which had been mercifully delayed by the exchange of some small confidences between Mrs. St. Cyres and her hostess, swung round into the square. Martin rang the bell, and whispered,

"I shall speak to your uncle to-morrow."

She gave him a new blush for an answer; and as the carriage drew up before the door, they shook hands. There was no chance for another word, and they parted there and then with the assurance that at least two people in that huge Babylon were perfectly happy. And what a blessed thing it is to know that love's sweet reality comes to almost everybody once.

#### CHAPTER VII.

That very carpet dance which gave Martin Steele the opportunity for his long-deferred declaration was the last straw which broke the camel back of his Lordship's social endurance. He had so desired that Theodore Crail should think well of him that, when once his old friend had resolved upon his visit, his Lordship himself had decided that, during its limit at



least, he would quit sack and live cleanly. He had now been sober for more than a fortnight, and, within his own door, had, except for those brief hours when he was closeted with his own confidential valet, carefully bottled up all his ill language. Ida's fresh youth and beauty had made his self-imposed task less irksome than it would otherwise have been; but, as his Lordship had clearly foreseen from the first, he was growing weary even of her, and was all the keener set on getting back to his original vices because of the little spell of virtue to which he had treated his friends.

So long as his Lordship kept sober he could control his tongue; but when once he had taken too much wine his tongue controlled him and led him into very curious ways indeed.

Being pretty well engaged in the resumption of his old pursuits, he forgot the promised letter to Steele for a week or so; but one afternoon sent his man down to the painter's studio with a request that Martin would dine with him that evening, and a promise that the document should then be handed over. The young artist was, of course, only too glad to spend an evening under the same roof with his goddess, and at once closed with the invitation.

There was something distinctly odd about Lord St. Cyres that evening. He talked fast and laughed loudly. His eyes were more than naturally bright, and there was a flush of feverish colour which spread beyond the vanishing point of his careful rouge. Old Theodore had gone off to dine with an eminent bibliophile, and to spend the evening in envy and admiration amongst his bookish treasures. Martin was sole guest, and so there were only four at his Lordship's table. Mrs. St. Cyres sat on thorns, dreading an explosion from her noble brother-in-law; and once or twice the old man muttered oaths at the servants. When the meal was over, Mrs. St. Cyres made haste to drag Ida away; and when, after coffee and a cigarette, Steele would fain have followed the ladies, St. Cyres, with a noisy joviality, laid forcible hand upon him and pushed him back into his chair.

"I don't want any of their confounded cat-lap!" said his Lordship, who, from the dilapidated Apollo of a week ago, had changed to a thin Silenus, with a touch of the satyr in him. "I'm going to have some brandy and soda, Steele. You have some brandy and soda, too. I'll take a cigar, and write out this agreement."

He rang for writing materials, and the man who obeyed his orders not being quick enough to suit his fancy, his Lordship himself cleared a portion of the tablecloth by a sweep of the right arm which wrecked half a dozen wine-glasses. He rated the man for this, and threatened to stop the costs of the breakage out of his wages. But the servant having listened and retired in respectful silence, his Lordship grew loudly good-humoured again and apropos of nothing began to tell a story. Steele thought the narrative even curiously objectionable, and sat glum and solemn, facing the naughty old gentleman with a glance of reproving scrutiny.

"You don't like that kind of story?" said his Lordship, a little thickly.

"I do not, indeed!" said Steele.

"Then," said his Lordship, "I'll tell you another."

He helped himself to more brandy and soda and reopened his batteries.

"I beg your pardon," said Steele, "but with your permission I'll go and join the ladies."

"Oh! be hanged!" cried his Lordship, rising and turning the key in the door and then withdrawing it and slipping it into one of his pockets. "We're going to make a night of it. You don't know how damned sick I am! What with the young baggage and the old baggage, and that old duffer of a Craill, and that young prig of a nephew of mine, I've been tired of life this fortnight."

Had his Lordship been younger than he was the artist might have spoken his mind without delay; but, howsoever unvenerable his old age might be, his years were reverent, and a man almost young enough to be his grandson was bound to keep silence so far.

His Lordship, for the time being, had forgotten his story, and maundered tipsily of twenty things before he recollected it again. Steele stopped him midway through it.

"I want your Lordship to understand," he said, "that I don't care for that kind of amusement."

"You're one of the psalm-singing lot, I suppose," said his Lordship.

The wine was so far in that the wit was out altogether. His faculty of polished satire had left him, and he was simply a foolish, flustered, drunken old man with a taste for ill-temper and objectionable narrative.

"You're not yourself to-night," said Steele. "Let me advise you to go to bed."

"That be damned for a yarn!" said his Lordship. "Take your liquor, and take a lesson in breeding with it. Never interrupt a gentleman in his own house. Sit quiet there, and let me finish my story."

"I'd a great deal rather you didn't finish your story, Lord St. Cyres," said Steele. "Let me have the key, if you please. You had better allow me to ring, and tell your man to help you upstairs to bed."

"Do you mean to insinuate," said his Lordship, "that I am in a condition to make assistance necessary?"

He ran the words altogether into an almost indistinguishable jumble, and, rising as he spoke, rounded the table with an uncertain footstep to confront his guest.

"I insinuate nothing," Steele answered, with a vexed laugh.

"You do, Sir!" his incensed host cried out in a loud voice.

"Hush! hush!" Steele remonstrated. "The ladies are overhead."

His Lordship's reply need not be chronicled; but it was so gross that if a younger man had spoken it the artist could have found it in his mind to knock him down.

"Who are you?" stormed St. Cyres, and instantly proceeded to describe his guest in the least flattering terms.

"Now," said Steele, "you are getting to be very disreputable, and in the morning you will probably be very sorry and ashamed."

St. Cyres cried out that he was an insolent young jack-anapes; that he had picked him from the gutter, and had honoured him with a seat at his table; that he had been willing to make his fortune, not because he cared for his confounded pictures, which, on his conscience, he regarded as abominable daubs, but to spite his nephew Oscar, who was a disobedient young fellow, and had attempted to run counter to his patron's wishes in the matter of marriage.

"Wanted to marry a ragged robin out of a country hedge!" said his Lordship. And then, suddenly seating himself, drank more brandy and soda, and became on a sudden ridiculously cheerful. "The little filly has got her points," he said.

"Hold your tongue, Sir!" Steele broke in sternly. "I won't have you talk of your own guest, and my plighted wife, in that fashion!"

It is quite likely that his Lordship had never received such a command in his life before; and for the moment it staggered him into sobriety. He had been surrounded by tuft-hunters and toadies all his days. He had never cared much to associate with his own social equals, and had fed and flogged, this

forty years past, as mean a herd of hirelings as the town could find—which is saying a good deal.

"My young friend," he said, with something like a resumption of his common manner, "you're a fool."

"That is quite possible," Steele responded; "but I am the sort of fool who likes to conserve his self-respect, and I think I shall do that best by going."

If his Lordship had been master of himself, he would have known better how to be dignified.

"You've thrown five thousand pounds into the gutter," said he.

"It may lie there for me," Steele answered in cold contempt. "I don't choose to grope there for money. May I trouble your Lordship to unlock the door?"

His Lordship disdainfully flung the key upon the table, and sat glowering at him with a face of drunken anger. Martin took up the key and unlocked the door. He knew his way to the drawing-room, and, mounting leisurely, made his adieu to Ida and to Mrs. St. Cyres. The elder lady followed him in some trepidation to the landing, and stayed his retreat for a moment by laying the tips of her fingers upon his sleeve.

"Mr. Steele," she said, with a look of distress, "you have quarrelled with Lord St. Cyres?"

She was not in the least sorry for that, but she knew, by experience, the conditions under which his Lordship quarrelled with his guests, and under those conditions was in abject terror of her noble kinsman.

"There has been a disagreement between us," Martin answered. "I don't think the fault was mine. Pray say nothing to Miss Dromore."

"Is he greatly excited?" the lady asked.

"I think not," he responded; "but I think that on all grounds it will be better that Miss Dromore should not see him again this evening."

"Oh, be sure of that, Mr. Steele!" cried the lady; and on this assurance they parted.

His Lordship went to sleep, and awaking cold and wretched a few hours later, made his way to bed without recalling the events of the evening very clearly. Rising next morning with an accusing headache, and a vivid memory of the quarrel, he felt savagely humiliated.

"The painter scored," his Lordship confessed to himself. "There is not the shadow of a doubt about it: the beggar scored, and I gave him every chance to do it."

He was bitterly angry with himself, and was somewhat surprised to discover how little he was enraged against Steele. He resolved early that he would not be the only person to be humiliated that day, for it had been a lifelong fashion with him to soothe his own smarts by making somebody else to suffer. He composed his shaken nerves with a brandy and soda, and lay in wait for his sister-in-law.

"My dear Laura," he began with an unusual suavity, when he encountered her, "I am not quite satisfied with our young friend Oscar. I should be sorry to say anything which should distress you; but unless we can see our way to bring our young friend to some sense of his duty, I'm afraid I shall have to quarrel with him, and to quarrel with him seriously."

"I hope not," said the poor lady, trying to smile in answer to his Lordship's goblin playfulness.

"We both hope not, of course," said St. Cyres. "It would be a grief to me to quarrel with Oscar; and, not only a grief, but an embarrassment. I should positively be troubled to know to whom to leave my little economies; and you know, at my time of life, my dear Laura, men grow averse to changing their plans."

The thinly veiled threat was more than clear enough; but Mrs. St. Cyres had to smile as she listened to it, and to treat it as an ebullition of the merest friendly humour.

"You know my wishes for Oscar," his Lordship continued, "and Oscar himself is perfectly aware of them. Now, an open and manly declaration on Oscar's part that he could not, for his own happiness' sake, yield to my wishes, would have met, on my side, with every consideration. You know that, my dear Laura, I am sure."

"I assure you," she began, but his Lordship cocked so wickedly watchful an eye at her that she stopped, confused.

"Quite so," he said, with supreme dryness. "Exactly. I anticipate what you would say. You were ignorant of his objections?"

"But he has no objections," cried Mrs. St. Cyres.

"Now, let me tell you, Laura," said St. Cyres, nursing one knee and looking sideways at her with the richest enjoyment of her growing trouble, "that there is nothing I appreciate so much as candour. Nothing I dislike so much as its opposite. Oscar, I am afraid, has not been quite candid with me in respect to this affair. Oh! by-the-way," he added, with an air of having suddenly remembered something, "did I tell you that Craill was leaving us?"

"No," she answered, wondering what this sudden change of subject might portend.

"Yes," said his Lordship, "he's leaving us. He's going back into his solitudes. I have persuaded him not to drag Miss Dromore back at once, and I have as good as promised him that you will take care of the young lady for a week or two. Town is dull just now; but, of course, it's all fresh and delightful to an inexperienced child like her."

"She is a dear creature," said Mrs. St. Cyres. "A dear little creature. I shall be delighted to have her with me."

"I knew I could rely upon your kindness," he made answer. "But about Oscar now. Do you think he's contented with my plans for him?"

"I am sure," said Mrs. St. Cyres, "that he has no reason to be anything but grateful for your interest."

"Of course," said his Lordship, with mischievous gravity; "and I suppose that so far as you know he has never shown any dissatisfaction?"

"Oscar," said the young gentleman's mother, with an effort to appear at ease, "is very young, and though he gives me very little of his confidence, I am really not prepared to say that he has not sacrificed some romantic fancy or another in deference to your wishes."

"But nothing that you know of?" said his Lordship, with a casual air. The poor lady gave a laugh which looked and sounded natural enough, and spread her hands abroad as if she asked whether such a confidence between Oscar and herself were probable. "I'm very glad to be assured of it," said his Lordship. "As for that, of course, you couldn't fail to know if anything of the kind had happened, and I'm very pleased to have your assurance."

She knew that he had trapped her, but she was afraid to retire from the position in which he had placed her, or to offer any explanation.

"I must have a talk with Oscar one of these near days," he said. "I'll ask him to lunch with me at the club, and have it out with him, though I can't very well do that whilst Craill is here. We'll let it rest for a day or two, my dear Laura—we'll let it rest for a day or two. But remember to remind the young gentleman that what I value most in the world is candour. It is a quality which does not often decorate your sex, and I admire it all the more in you. I believe in the hereditary transmission of virtue, and a boy who has the inestimable blessing of a candid mother should be a model of

upright truthfulness. I breakfast at the club this morning. Make my excuses to our charming guest, Laura, and so—au revoir!"

He sallied out a little soothed by the baiting to which he had subjected his sister-in-law, but still sore about last night's interview with Steele. He had not been dignified with Steele. He had not been master of himself. He had come off so far second best in the encounter that the painter had an undeniable right to despise him.

"Hang the beggarly upstart! I wish there were more like him."

He rang that change all day; but, to do him justice, his approval was vastly stronger than his dislike.

"I'll stand equal with that fellow!" he declared. "I'll force that fellow to respect me!"

## CHAPTER VIII.

St. Cyres's news with respect to Theodore Craill's departure was, of course, well founded. The old recluse and bookworm had never accustomed himself to sedentary habits, and could no more confine himself within doors in London than in the country. The streets of town were like a nightmare to him. He lost his way whenever he went out alone, and every day he had to charter a cabman as his guide homeward through the brick-and-mortar desert. If he stood to think on the pavement, a score of people jostled him, and on one or two occasions, placid and harmless as he was, he fairly lost his temper. He came, in a week, to the conclusion that London was no place for him, and unbosomed himself to his host only a day or two later. He was one of the few living creatures whom St. Cyres respected, and it may even be said that the unvenerable Peer had something like an affection for him. But, in spite of this, the world-ignorant bookman bored him; and though he made a graceful resistance, he was rather glad than otherwise that his guest was going. It was part of the graceful show of resistance to hand over Ida to the care of Mrs. St. Cyres, and to keep her in town for a week or two after her guardian's departure; but in this he had a personal purpose of his own to serve. He had by no means done with Oscar yet; and the thought that his nephew had attempted, however unsuccessfully, to overreach him filled him with a sense of spiteful pleasure.

It was not until after Craill's departure that he sent his promised invitation to Oscar to lunch with him at his club. The young gentleman came, and, though warned by his mother, came in apparently high spirits. The high spirits were none the less real because of his Lordship's open breach with his newly found and recently discarded protégé, the artist.

St. Cyres was a little grumpy during the meal, and after it proposed a retirement to the card-room, which at that hour, and at that season of the year, was empty.

"Oscar, my boy," he began, with an air and tone which were meant to be a parody on those of fatherly affection, "I have been a good deal exercised about you of late. I am not quite sure that I have been acting in accordance with your own views of your own best interests."

"Indeed?" said Oscar, feigning an easy unembarrassed surprise at this. "I assure you, Sir, I don't understand."

"I ought to have considered," said St. Cyres, "that youth sometimes has fancies which old age no longer shares. Be frank with me, Oscar. I can trust your candour. I told your sainted mother—don't be alarmed by the word 'sainted'—she is still with us, and in the enjoyment of robust health for all I know to the contrary—I told your excellent mother the same thing the other day. Considering the frail nature of my own tenure of life, my dear Oscar—though, thank Heaven, I was never better than I am at this minute—and considering the possibly disagreeable nature of the claim I made upon you, I have been thinking how a disingenuous fellow might have acted. A disingenuous fellow might have said to himself, 'Here is this confounded old uncle of mine who wants to bully me by the power of his money into a distasteful marriage. But the old wretch may go off the hooks any day.' You observe, my dear Oscar, that I employ the disingenuous young man's modern form of expression. I can't help it. I have a sort of dramatic faculty which insists upon my putting myself in other people's places; which insists, indeed, upon my thinking as well as speaking as they would do under given circumstances. Let me see. Where was I? Oh, yes! the disingenuous young man. Well, I picture the disingenuous young man as saying that this tyrannous old uncle can't last for ever. That any little affair of the heart may be kept a secret from him, and that, in fine, one may dangle and keep dangling until the old wretch dies, and may inherit the price of obedience without incurring its pains."

Oscar's joints were loosened, and he said nothing.

"I am not a suspicious man," pursued his Lordship. "My experience of the world has not been fortunate, but I am glad to say that I keep my green youth unspoiled. And being unsuspicious by nature, and having a model of candour for a nephew, I have never had any fear of my designs being wilfully set at naught by you."

"I—I hope not, Sir," said Oscar, with a ghastly effort to seem natural.

"Hope!" cried his Lordship, gaily. "Hope is a feeble word to express so perfect a certainty. And how do the love affairs go, Oscar? Tell me. When did you see Miss Marriott last?"

"I have had no opportunity of late," Oscar stammered. "I dine with Mr. Marriott to-morrow."

"Ah," said his Lordship, "that's well—that's well. No *arrière pensée*, eh, Oscar? No little shrinking violet of a maid hidden away in the country anywhere? No priory tachment, as Mr. Weller says? Ah, you dog; I wish I were as young as you are!"

It will be admitted that if his Lordship had led either Oscar or his mother towards the way of confession, he had taken good care that the road should be as rugged and difficult as he could make it. To have given them a chance of being open with him, each in turn, and to have given it in such a fashion as to make candour less possible than it had ever been before, was a legitimate triumph to his way of thinking, and the sense of his own astuteness was like nectar to him. But whilst Oscar sat forlornly counting his own chances, his Lordship fell with a scarcely abated confusion and self-contempt to thinking of his failure with that fellow Steele. There is no such cure for self-contempt as the power to despise a fellow-creature, and St. Cyres consoled himself by contemning his nephew.

"He comes to heel," he said to himself, "like a rated hound! I'd never have done that for anybody's money. That jackanapes of a painter wouldn't either. He's the only man I've seen in the crowd. He's worth fifty of this foppish dilettante."

Oscar was no sooner released from him than he leaped into a hansom and drove over to his mother's house at Fulham. "That satanic uncle of mine," he said, "suspects something. Craill must have spoken to him. It was mere mid-summer madness to suppose that he would keep silence on such a matter. He had no reason to keep silence, and every reason in the world to speak."

(Continued on page 20.)





Welcome, indeed! Yes, all who know  
Sweet Lady May take that for granted;  
Her presence kindles such a glow  
That men and women feel enchanted;

A WELCOME GUEST.

BY R. C. WOODVILLE.

She is so blithely debonair,  
So keen, so marvellously witty,  
So fascinating, and so fair,  
Yet has a heart of tenderest pity.





THE CHRISTMAS WAITS: WHEN IN DOUBT—



Through miry roads, oft tired and wet,  
The poor waits trudge to country houses,  
Where they some sixpences may get  
From gentry gay at their carouses.

PLAY TRUMPS.  
BY G. E. ROBERTSON.

At one the hounddog, fiercely grim,  
Close bars the way to their proceeding;  
They throw a meaty bone to him,  
And then slip in as he is feeding.





A CHRISTMAS DANCE: THE LANCERS.

BY LUCIEN DAVIS.



"I am convinced," returned his mother, "that Mr. Craill has said nothing. We should have heard more than hints and innuendoes if he had. Your uncle suspects and is trying to fathom things. During the whole time I was in his house I was under cross-examination. You have been dreadfully indiscreet, Oscar; but it is not yet too late to repair the mischief."

"If Craill has not spoken," cried Oscar, "there is no mischief done."

"Indeed! there is," Mrs. St. Cyres protested. "Your uncle's suspicions are aroused, and if once he thinks that you have been trying to outwit him, you may bid farewell to any hope of his money. I have every reason to believe that Miss Dromore has engaged herself to Mr. Steele, so that any renewal of that chase is certain to be fruitless. Submit to your uncle's will, my child. Show that you desire to please him, and everything will be well."

"But if he should speak to Miss Dromore," said Oscar.

"Leave Miss Dromore to me," his mother responded. "Miss Dromore is a sensible girl, and will not make mischief in the family of her guardian's friend."

"Have you spoken to her?" Oscar asked.

"You may put yourself at ease upon that matter," said Mrs. St. Cyres. "I charge myself with it. You dine with the Marriotts to-night? Do your best, Oscar. Forget those high-flown and Quixotic sentiments which you have hitherto allowed to carry you away. I am older and more experienced than you, and I can tell you out of my own experience that they lead neither to prosperity nor to happiness. I had to relinquish my own fancies in that way years ago."

Perhaps even a mother who thought Oscar St. Cyres a Quixote might have had but little sentimental baggage to part with at any time; but the good lady was perfectly honest and serious. Oscar himself was fairly frightened, and had had full time to arrive at a double conclusion. Miss Dromore looked less essential to his happiness than she had seemed so short a while ago; and his uncle's fortune, in the near peril of losing it, had come to have at least a doubled value. He went away quite determined to be docile, and though he did not surrender his poor little romance without pain, he set his duty to himself against it, and—so accommodating and elastic is human nature—thought himself something of a hero.

Mrs. St. Cyres had spoken with perfect confidence for Ida, and had no dream of any difficulty to be encountered with her. The widow had tact, and opened the ball with cunning. She began by delicately praising Steele, in whom she discovered a rare combination of manly faculties and qualities, and, in the full tide of her praises, embraced and kissed Ida impetuously, declaring that she was a lucky girl. The lucky girl, thus taken off her guard, had nothing for it but to confess, and her hostess heaped congratulations and prophecies of happiness upon her.

"My poor Oscar," she said, "is broken-hearted; but you know the verse, dear—

Alas! for pleasure on the sea  
And sorrow on the shore,  
The smile that blessed one lover's heart  
Has broken many more!"

She spoke the lines with a half-tearful smile and an air of mingled fun and tenderness which were really very charming, and made the allusion to poor dear Oscar quite bearable.

"Oscar," mamma continued, "would fret for a time, and will feel very deeply, for I know his sensitive nature. You may think how much he cared, dear, when I tell you his uncle had other views for him, and that the poor dear romantic boy in proposing to you made up his mind to throw away a fortune of half a million."

Mrs. St. Cyres took the outside estimate; but then she was a person of a hopeful disposition, and always preferred that to a smaller one.

"If you had been able," she pursued, "to return his attachment, poor fellow, to be sure he would never have regretted the fortune. He is too nobly indifferent to money, and I have had great difficulty in keeping him from telling his uncle all. But, you see, Ida dear, I am a mother, and I have poor Oscar's interest at heart. Since he cannot be happy in his own way, I would strive to make him happy in mine; and though money is not everything, it is not to be despised. At least, it opens a career to a young man, and makes public usefulness and public ambition easy to him."

With all of this Ida devoutly concurred, and, having got so far with complete success, Mrs. St. Cyres approached the hub of her design.

"Lord St. Cyres suspects that Oscar has been running counter to his will. He is extremely jealous and arbitrary, and, though I would not speak ill of the head of the house for the world, I am afraid he is a little underhanded in his ways. If he were to ask Oscar or me outright, of course we should be bound in honour to tell the truth; but he will never do that. I think it very likely that he may approach you, dearest Ida; but if he should do so it would be by hint and innuendo, and I am sure that though you have been obliged to break Oscar's heart by accepting Mr. Steele, you would not wish that his attachment for you, rash and hurried as it seemed to be, should lead to his worldly ruin."

Therewith she sank in tears and handkerchief, and Ida promised that nothing less than a direct and unescapable question should draw an answer from her.

"Direct question is not St. Cyres's way," said the widow, "but, pray be on your guard against him."

Ida promised, being quite enlisted by her hostess's distress, and being as fully determined to escape any assault his Lordship might make as ever woodland rabbit was against the devices of the weasel.

His Lordship, after his own delightful fashion, tormented his sister-in-law by a multiplicity of friendly visits. He redeemed an hour or two of every day from his customary dissipations by a constitutional drive, which invariably led him past Fulham. He called with gifts of fruit and flowers for his late guest and his sister-in-law, and was brimful of politeness and amiability. At his every call the widow's heart was in her mouth and she was on the tenterhooks of suspense throughout the duration of every visit. There sat his Lordship, with his delicate artificial complexion and his dyed eyebrows and moustache, smiling and smiling, and talking the most agreeable small talk conceivable, and opposite him sat the anxious mother, with all her maternal instincts awake and trembling in anticipation of attack. After a week of this it began to seem as if the attack were never coming, but she never ceased to dread it. But when once the supersubtle old manœuvrer had made his morning call look like a habit he neglected it; and driving over unexpectedly in the afternoon, found Ida alone.

"And now," thought the Earl, "here comes the tug of war."

She would have been a strange sort of girl indeed who would willingly have wrecked any young gentleman's fortunes for so pardonable an indiscretion as a proposal for her own hand.

"Dear me," said his Lordship, receiving the news of Mrs. St. Cyres's absence, "Laura not at home?" He raised the

dyed eyebrows in astonishment, "I should have thought myself certain to have found her here at this hour. I find the sunlight a little oppressive, Miss Dromore. I shall have to drive in tinted glasses. You will allow me to rest a little here? Thank you. Very cool and reposeful after the glare and dazzle out of doors."

"Mrs. St. Cyres has gone out to make a call," said Ida. "I expect her back every moment."

"Ah," returned his Lordship, "I can give myself a little while in that case to the charm of Miss Dromore's society. By-the-way, I don't find Oscar here of late."

"No," said Ida, smiling to think that here the attack began. "Mr. St. Cyres seems busily engaged elsewhere. His mother complains that he comes so rarely."

"I gave him credit for better taste," said his Lordship, smiling and bowing. "That is one of the advantages of approaching age, Miss Dromore. It gives one a right to frankness. One has the sweet privilege of speaking one's mind. It is right that age should have some compensations. It carries penalties enough."

Ida saw nothing in this which called for any further answer than a half-serious assent. Her country life had taught her the value of occupation, and her hands were rarely empty. They held now some delicate feminine trifle, and she was glad of the preoccupation it afforded her.

"I don't know, after all," said St. Cyres, "that taste is in fault with Oscar. The real fault is a too great catholicity of taste, I fancy. I take, again, the privilege of age, Miss Dromore. I warn you against the young gentleman's blandishments. He is St. Cyres, but they are not."

"I trust," the girl answered coldly, "that your Lordship will not disquiet yourself on that ground."

"I don't know," said his Lordship, "I don't know. A word in season, how good it is! It is like apples of gold in a network of silver. I am not quite sure of the quotation, and I don't see the appropriateness of the resemblance; but it is worth something equally valuable and handsome."

Now, if Ida had never been warned it is a thousand to one that she would have allowed his Lordship's little impertinence to pass in silence. But being on her guard, and fearing lest silence might seem to give consent, she gave an answer.

"You must excuse me if I tell you that your word seems curiously out of season." She tempered the statement with a laugh, which she fancied made it sound as if it meant next to nothing.

"Very nearly out of season, surely," said his Lordship, bending forward with another smile. "My dear Miss Dromore,



"You have no right, Lord St. Cyres!"

I have been young myself. The young man is the man who remembers his youth, and in that sense I am still at fiery five-and-twenty. Don't humiliate me by telling me that my penetration is altogether at fault."

He looked so very wicked and waggish, and, knowing that, the girl blushed beneath his glance without having the remotest reason for it, and being conscious of her failure, blushed the deeper.

"May I beg you to excuse me?" she asked, rising. "Mrs. St. Cyres will return directly."

St. Cyres arose also, with an air of suavest regret and apology. "My dear young lady, my dear Miss Dromore! forgive me. I had no intention to offend or pain; I had not supposed my nephew had been so fortunate as already to enlist."

"You are under some strange error," Ida said. "The old gentleman had his hand upon the door, whether to open it for her or to retard her exit, was not clear either from his face or attitude."

"There is no fool like an old fool," he said. "I thought I had sufficient ground to go upon. I had permitted myself to hope. I had thought that Oscar had disclosed his hopes to you."

"You are the victim of some delusion," Ida answered. "There is nothing whatever between Mr. St. Cyres and myself."

"I am sorry to hear you say so," returned his Lordship; "but of course I must needs accept a lady's word. Oscar has not spoken then?"

"She gave no answer, not being prepared, even for her hostess's sake, to venture on a downright falsehood."

"He has never spoken?" pursued St. Cyres, in a tone of soft regret and astonishment. "Not a word? He has never laid bare his heart before you? You do not tell me that! You cannot tell me that! And you have rejected him? Poor Oscar!"

The tone of soft regret was not so well assumed that Ida did not seem to hear an underlying note of mockery and anger in it. She felt desperately that she had been snared, and that fair means had not been employed against her, and, under this conviction, she flamed for a moment into anger.

"You have no right, Lord St. Cyres!"

"Pardon me," he interrupted her smoothly; "but I have Oscar's interests at heart. It has been the dream of my life to see him happily and advantageously settled before I go. I am sorry to learn of your rejection of him."

"You make strange assumptions," said Ida, fighting to the last.

"But," cried his Lordship, "Miss Dromore does not deny them!"

At that instant Mrs. St. Cyres entered the room. The old gentleman had heard the click of her latch-key, the very rustle of her dress; but Ida had been too excited to take notice of these faint sounds.

"My dear Laura," said St. Cyres, making way for her as she entered, but still retaining his hold upon the door, "I could wish that you and Oscar had been more candid with me. Happily, Miss Dromore's sense of honour does not permit her to disguise the truth. Believe me, Miss Dromore, I should

regret your rejection of my nephew's proffer more if I could think him worthy of your regard."

A mere instant later he had gathered up his hat and gloves and was gone, leaving Ida and his sister-in-law to face each other in a common dismay.

"You have betrayed us!" cried the elder lady, in a sudden outburst of fury. "You have ruined us! I wish with all my heart that I had never seen you, never heard of you! I wish that Oscar had never set eyes upon your face! He paid you a compliment you no more merited"—she could find no simile or comparison—"and you have ruined him in return for it!"

"I never spoke a word," Ida protested, with tears. "He took everything for granted; and though I told him that he had no right"—

"Oh!" cried the elder, wringing her gloved hands together and dragging them apart with a sudden gesture of ungovernable anger, "I have no patience! I trust I may never see your face again!"

She swept from the room in a tempest of sudden tears, leaving Ida planted there in a profound distress. A full hour went by before she could gather her thoughts together. She had heard Mrs. St. Cyres' door closed violently, and had heard the vicious turning of the lock. The poor lady's rapid and disordered footsteps sounded constantly overhead, and Ida for a while cried helplessly. She was too courageous to be thus annihilated long; and when she had recovered herself, she sat down to write a note:—

"My dear Mrs. St. Cyres,—I cannot longer trouble you with my presence, after what has happened. I am terribly sorry, but I beseech you to believe that I am blameless. I did not speak one word to Lord St. Cyres to justify his belief. He took everything for granted, and I had no power to contradict him."

Having signed and sealed this brief epistle, she gave it to Mrs. St. Cyres's maid for delivery to her mistress, and secured the woman's help in packing. In another hour, a four-wheeler had been found, and Ida was driven to the railway-station. Mrs. St. Cyres watched her wrathfully from the lead-room window, and was no sooner assured of her departure than she shot a poisoned arrow after her. It was little like her to do it, but anger in the feminine mind would sometimes seem to be even more of a madness than in the male.

"Your ward," she wired to Theodore Craill, "has left my house. I have no clue to her whereabouts."

This comforted her a little for the moment, though it was not long before repentance and self-disdain closed in upon her; but it fell like a thunderbolt amidst the quiet household in the old Oak House at Wandsworth. The despatch was carried by a mounted messenger, for the nearest telegraph-station was seven miles away. Jacob Burr entered his master's studio bearing the buff envelope on a silver, and, standing respectfully waiting there for a possible response, the old servitor was startled by Master Theodore's gasping cry, his staring eyes and shaking hands. In his excitement and dismay he took his master by both shoulders and shook him, his own disturbed wits offering him no other restorative.

"What's the matter?" he cried.

"Read that!" said Craill in a frightened voice. "Read that! What does it mean?"

Jacob snatched the paper from his outstretched hands and read.

"Mean?" he answered. "Laura St. Cyres? That's one of Satan's brood, I reckon. Mean? Why it means they've been up to some devilment, and Miss Ida's got out of their way. Her's got pocket-money, I suppose? No clue to her whereabouts," he repeated scornfully, with an eye upon the telegram. "Her whereabouts will be Wandsworth Wood before twelve hours are over our heads! Ay! or six for that matter. Why, Master Theodore, I'm ashamed of you. Do you mean to give in before a thing like this? Do you pretend to yourself for a minute as Miss Ida's done anything wrong? Oh, fie upon you, gaffer! fie upon you!"

"No, no," said Theodore, struggling from his seat.

"Nothing wrong—but—where is she?"

"Knock up a bit of spirit, Master Theodore," said Jacob.

"Drop a line to Mr. Martin. The man as brought this is takin' a drop of beer in the kitchen. He'll carry it back for you."

"Yes, yes," said Craill. "You're right, Jacob; I'll send a wire to Martin."

His hand shook so that he could scarcely guide the pen, but he controlled himself and wrote a telegram of needless length, beseeching Steele to make immediate inquiries. He fed the messenger extravagantly for extra haste, and the man put in spurs and started at a gallop. The weather had been heavy and thunderous for days, and a summer storm was brewing. It broke while Theodore stood listening to the dull sound of the retreating hoof-beats. The first heavy sprinkle of the thunder-shower drove him indoors. He stood in the hall looking out on the woodland vista which went suddenly pale and grey behind the veil of rain. Jacob came bustling to close the door, and authoritatively pushed his master into the study. The lightning flashed with a dreadful nearness, and the answering thunder was almost continuous. It seemed to the bookworm's confused and shaken mind as if the elements were somehow aware of a human tragedy and as if their sudden change from dead quiet to the wildest storm were in sympathy with it and commemorative of it.

"This," cried Jacob, in his quavering voice, shouting to make himself heard above the elemental noises, "is what comes of leaving a child like that alone in a wicked hole like London!"

Poor Theodore made no reply, but Mrs. Welcome, over-hearing Jacob's voice, came in, and half by main force drove him from the study. The thunder grumbled itself away into the distance, but the swift loud rustle of the rain continued for hours, and the fall made the woodland paths almost impassable. Meantime, the soaked messenger had reached his destination, and the despatch he bore was flashed up to town to Steele. He, not understanding it in the least, and knowing not what disaster to fear, tore off his painting-blouse, replaced it with a coat, snatched up his hat and ran into the street, bearing the crumpled telegram in his hand. He hailed a passing cabman and set out at once full speed for Fulham; but, passing down Piccadilly, sighted Lord St. Cyres upon the pavement. He signalled to the driver to pull up, and, springing from the cab, confronted his Lordship, who stared at him in a well-bred surprise.

"May I ask," said Steele, offering him the telegram, "if you can give me any explanation of this?"

His Lordship put up his folding-glasses with a tantalising slowness, and having adjusted them to his satisfaction, read the telegram.

"No," he said, looking up. "I know nothing of it. I have been at my sister-in-law's house to-day and met Miss Dromore there. If she has left the house, you may rely upon it she has gone home. You were driving to Fulham when you saw me?"

"I was driving to Fulham," Steele responded.

"Let me take that task from your hands," St. Cyres suggested, "and do you drive to Paddington. Make inquiries there. I will wire whatever I learn both to you and Craill."





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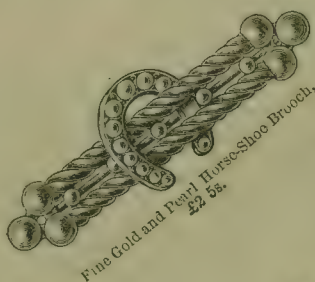
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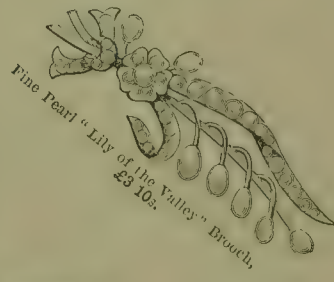
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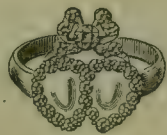
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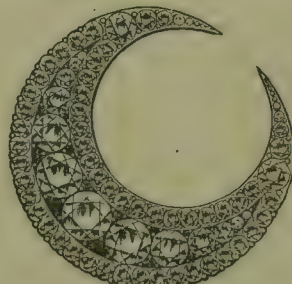
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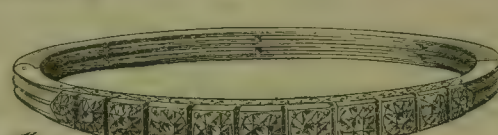
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If you discover anything at the railway station leave word for me with the station-master. I will call for your news."

Steele expressed his obligations coldly, and had already set his step upon the footboard of the cab when his Lordship touched him on the shoulder.

"I trust, Mr. Steele," he said, "that you will shake hands with me? I owe you an apology, though you have not time to listen to it now."

Steele took the proffered hand instantly and a moment later was driven away. St. Cyres stood for a little while to look after him, and then, summoning a hansom in his turn, drove leisurely to Fulham.

At Paddington Martin found news of the fugitive, who had started by the Northern mail two hours before. He identified her beyond a doubt, wired his news to Craill, and to St. Cyres at Fulham, and followed by the next train.

The telegram reached the detached villa before his Lordship, who was by no means disposed to hasten upon his journey. It was put into his hands upon his arrival, and he read it with a smiling countenance.

"My mistress is indisposed, my Lord," said the maid, in answer to his inquiry.

"My compliments to your mistress," he returned, "and my request that she will grow a little better."

Mrs. St. Cyres descended, red-eyed and pale.

"My dear Laura," said his Lordship, "my call originally had another purpose; but, as matters have turned out, there is nothing left for me but to congratulate you upon your perfect generalship. You have mocked the fond and trusting old fool who finds himself unworthy at the head of the family"—his smile of bland self-satisfaction at this moment was a study—"and you have put an indelible affront upon the sole relative of his dearest friend. You merit my congratulations, my dear Laura, and you have them."

Hitherto, his Lordship had only seen a reasonable way to spiting one person; but now he beheld a vision of the possibility of making life bitter to three. It warmed his heart, and he went away uplifted. He could not help being something of a gentleman after all; and the next day saw him in the country, on a journey of apology and explanation to his old friend.

"My dear fellow," cried the bookworm, beaming and shaking him by both hands, "say nothing. I am an" Martin reached home together last night. She was delayed at the station by the thunderstorm, and Martin caught her up there. They could find nothing but an open dogcart to drive home in, and they got here, drenched but happy. Congratulate me, my dear fellow. They are going to be married. Martin



"No, no," cried Craill, "a good, pure, wholesome world!"

transports his studio here from London, and we shall all settle down together. You must congratulate them both in person."

"Ah!" said St. Cyres, "I must think about that, Theodore. Suppose I tell you that this same young fellow, Steele, insulted me at my own table? Suppose I tell you that he bade me hold my tongue there? That he flung a five thousand pound commission in my face? That he told me in my own house that I was drunk, and as good as ordered me to bed?"

"But, my dear fellow!" cried the student in alarmed appeal, seizing him by the lapels of the coat.

"My dear Craill," returned his Lordship, "there is nobody whose friendship I value more than yours, but you can't change my opinion about that fellow. He is the only man before Heaven, Theodore, who ever dared to tell me the honest truth and hold his head up like a man before me. I've been looking all my life for a man I couldn't bully, and at last I've found him. It's a dirty world, Theodore."

"No, no," cried Craill, "a good, pure, wholesome world!" "Perhaps," said his Lordship, "we have lived on different sides of it."

So fine, were in her hothouse grown. Make haste, for Ma will long to know What the dear creature says, and so Indeed will all of us, for Nell Is clever, and so sweet as well."

The letter shown, all with a shout Voted that it be read right out; And as 'twas read the breakfast-table Dropp'd to dead silence from a Babel Of many voices, laughter light, And pleasant shafts of humour bright.

#### THE LETTER.

Dear Uncle, Aunt, and Cousins all,—Accept my greetings, great and small: May this year's Christmas bring to you Of rarest blessings not a few. Alas! to think I cannot go, By utter weakness laid so low. But I'll be with you, never fear, In spirit, and partake your cheer. I trace the day as it was spent For many years with sweet content.

After a generous breakfast, we Prepare for church; and still I see The group on their long walk set out O'er pathway winding much about, Through fields and woods and deep-sunk dells, The air quite musical with bells; Dear Bolham Church, in which we met, Who its pure worship could forget? The sweetly solemn service there—The lifting of the heart in prayer; The psalms, in which all bore a part, Charming, if not the ear, the heart? And what sweet sermons, too, we heard, So that our souls were deeply stirred: Not on dry points of doctrine, such As intellect can barely clutch; But showing how the path of duty Is but a path of loftier beauty; For disquisitions over-nice, The glory of self-sacrifice. So we felt better for the teaching, Which is the chief end, sure, of preaching.

I find my weakness won't allow That I should write you more just now; So I conclude by wishing all What most they wish at Lister Hall.

#### POSTSCRIPT.

Oh, by-the-by, Attorney May Called here an hour ago to say One of his clients, who'd just died, With land and houses far and wide, Has left dear uncle, in his will, A "thumping" legacy. So, still, A woman's postscript, you will find, Holds the quintessence of her mind. Dear uncle mine, with heart and voice, In your good fortune I rejoice—

Hip, hip, hurrah!

The youngsters quick took up the strain, And troll'd it out with might and main.

JOHN LASH LATEY.

## THE UPS AND DOWNS OF PHIL AMOS.

BY JOHN SAUNDERS,

AUTHOR OF "ABEL DRAKE'S WIFE," "HIRELL," "ISRAEL MORT," ETC.

### CHAPTER I.

THE JOHNNY GILPIN INN.

A pair of characters, whom the irony of fortune has oddly brought together, have met as usual for their morning draught in the parlour of the above-named inn, one of them big with the idea that he is about to make his fortune, but embarrassed by the habit of the other to knock down with a rough monition all such absurd aspirations.

The personages are Phil Amos, the barber, and Mr. Benjamin Bunce, an independent gentleman with a settled income of fifty pounds a year, who, consequently, looks up to nobody.

Amos dreams of reviving in his own person the historic glories of the old English barber—that truly great man who was at once surgeon and apothecary for the body, while for the mind his shop was a focus of light and mirthful enjoyment for the neighbourhood. There the newest news was always to be obtained—the latest jest promulgated—the affairs of the empire and the parish vestry discussed.

To fulfil his dream Amos requires only fifty pounds. Was ever before, or since, so much happiness dependent on such small means? To Amos, however, the attainment of such a sum seemed as hopeless as the creation of a landed property out of the green trees and pastures of a lovely mirage.

His companion, Mr. Bunce, was once described as the Oracle of his neighbourhood, and the knowledge of the fact was a secret pleasure, and one he did his best to live up to. He became equally short, thundery, and mysterious when he did condescend to commit himself to speech, and more than equally reticent at ordinary times than the knowing ones of old.

And Amos took all in good part. If the Oracle told him he was a fool, as he not unfrequently did, Amos would meekly reply—

"Perhaps I am, Sir. I can't say."

"I can! Drink your beer, man."

On the subject of beer the Oracle was liberal, while preserving the frugal mind of the trader who gave name to the sign he sat under. Just as the clock struck twelve each day he would appear in Amos's poor little shop to be shaved, pay him his three halfpence with the air of a man who was saving Amos from imminent poverty, and, that done, would formally ask him to take a glass with him over the way, which was never refused, and never encroached upon: Amos seeming always freshly struck with the kindly consideration of the proposal, as he followed his patron to the Johnny Gilpin.

The morning on which our tale opens was a bitter day in December, the ground covered with snow, an east wind raging at large as if to find out any sheltered spot that might have been accidentally left in possession of a bit of comfort.

Perhaps it was the weather that gave a finishing touch to the severity of the Oracle's growl against things in general, which naturally took the concrete shape of Amos, who was ready at hand. Besides, as he remarked, the snow had broken through the roof of his house; and the clerk, who had summoned him to a jury, instead of setting him down as "gentleman," had merely written "of no particular occupation."

Amos had been long biding his time to open his mouth, and thought it had now come.

"I want to tell you, Sir"—

"What I don't want to hear!"

"Only, I thought"—

"You are always thinking—act, man! Act!"

"That's just what"—

"Can't you be silent for a single minute?"

"I'll try, Sir," said Amos, with a smile, as he took refuge in his pipe.

"What the devil are you waiting for?" said Mr. Bunce immediately afterwards.

"Well, it's about a little affair that happened last night on which I want your advice."

The Oracle puffed fiercely towards Amos two or three times the smoke of his pipe, as if suspecting he was going to take liberties with him, but remained grimly silent: on the watch.

"Well, Sir, a woman came to me last night, just as I was shutting up shop, saying she knew I dealt in oddments of furniture and such like, and that she wanted me to come to the big barn which Farmer Hutchins had just vacated to see a picture in a frame that he had made her a present of, in return for her help in his moving with his family and belongings to some outlandish place in the Yorkshire Moors.

"I don't deal in pictures, my good woman," said I. "They're a cut above me."

"Oh, we don't valley that—it's the frame—all oak—and carved beautiful, they say."

"Well, it's a horrid night to go out in, so I hope you'll make it worth my while."

"So we went to the barn, the biggest I ever clapped eyes on, with big rafters far away above—that is, when she lighted two or three candles, so as to let me see. 'I don't perceive the article,' said I, as I looked everywhere, and then paced round the walls, in spite of the rats that ran about my feet and the bats that fluttered about my head.

"It's up there, in a hole in the wall by one of the rafters."

"And how am I to get up there?"

"Oh, there are steps up." And she took me to them.

"How in the world did the thing get up there?" I asked.

"The farmer told me he found it there fifty years ago, when he took the farm, and all that he could learn about it was it had been there long before his time, and was not worth the trouble of taking it down, for the picture was so old you could make nothing out, and the frame most likely rotten."

"Now, Ma'am," said I, "do you really think I am going to climb up, at the risk of my limbs, to look at a rotten frame?"

"Well, now you are here, I do think you should. I only want five shillings for both; and they tell me carved oak is precious now-a-days."

"What! if rotten?" She didn't answer; but I went up, grazing my hands against obstacles that I could neither see nor understand, so that on lighting a lamp I had brought with me the first sight I saw was the blood on my fist. I just did give that woman her blessings in advance if the frame should prove rotten.

"As soon as I could move and throw down a lot of haybands that covered the frame, and scrape away the dirt that lay thick all over it, I felt at one corner. That was hard and sound, and the carving crisp to the feel. Then I felt my way all over it; everywhere the same, hard and crisp on the surface. It was large—about five feet square I guessed. There was no time to lose.

"Is five shillings your ultimatum?" I holloed down.

"I think so," she replied cautiously.

"You offer the frame and the canvas inside for five shillings?"

"Yes."

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## THE COLOURED PICTURES.

Painted by C. T. Garland.

### GOOD OLD TORY!

Dear Doggie, you shall look so gay, Prankt out as though 'twere Primrose Day; I'll dress you to the Nines, you dear— Though what that means I'm not quite clear; 'Tis something very smart, I know, And that's enough, so here we go. Now hold your head up—yes, just so— While round your neck this wreath I throw. You good old Tory! Why, you look Fit to be pictured in a book; Or, were it mine to pick and choose, Say, in the *Illustrated News*.

Attention, sir! Mark what I say. You must not go outside to-day; Or jealous dogs might snarl and bite, And then, if you should have to fight, Away your garland soon would go, And you would make a sorry show. So on the lawn walk up and down, Nor mind the peacock's envious frown.

Now, listen to a word or two Of sense 'twixt me, the post, and you; And, like a good old Tory, do Just as you would be done unto; Though Tom says Tories may be cads, And gentlemen he's known as Rads: So we won't quarrel 'bout a name, As some folk do, unto their shame. Sure dogs may be, as well as men, Each in his station, gentlemen: Which means, dear Tory, don't you see, That you must keep good company; And it should be your greatest pride Always to take the weaker side. Mark! if you ever play with Rads. Meaning thereby coarse riff-raff cads; Or if you dare torment a cat (You may, of course, hunt down a rat— That is dog nature, and comes pat), Then never let me see your face, For you would be in dire disgrace; And never should you walk with me, Never my proud protector be; And never should you lap new milk, Nor have your hair dressed soft as silk.

Now, having had this little talk, Dear Doggie, we will take a walk.—J. L. L.

### A CHRISTMAS GREETING.

Early last Christmas morn Miss Lister Met in the hall her youngest sister; And having lovingly caressed her, In eager accents thus addressed her: "Where *did* you get those glorious flowers, Dear Josie! Surely they're not ours? You have a packet there, I see, For dear Mamma from Cousin D. The roses, too, I might have known,



# Good ♦ Complexion ♦ & ♦ Nice ♦ Hands.

## HEALTHFUL SKIN.

**N**OTHING adds so much to personal attractions as a bright, clear complexion, and a soft skin. Without them the handsomest and most regular features are but coldly impressive, whilst with them the plainest become attractive; and yet there is no advantage so easily secured. The regular use of a properly prepared Soap is one of the chief means; but the Public have not the requisite knowledge of the manufacture of Soap to guide them to a proper selection, so a pretty box, a pretty colour, or an agreeable perfume too frequently outweighs the more important consideration, viz: *the composition of the Soap itself*, and thus many a good complexion is spoiled which would be enhanced by proper care.

**T**O persons whose skin is delicate or sensitive to changes in the weather, winter or summer, **PEARS' transparent SOAP** is invaluable, as, on account of its emollient, non-irritant character, *Redness, Roughness and Chapping are prevented, and a clear appearance and soft velvety condition maintained, and a good, healthful and attractive complexion ensured.* Its agreeable and lasting perfume, beautiful appearance, and soothing properties, commend it as the greatest luxury and most elegant adjunct to the toilet.

**A** MOST eminent authority on the Skin, PROFESSOR SIR ERASMUS WILSON, F.R.S., *President of the Royal College of Surgeons, England*, writes in the *Journal of Cutaneous Medicine*:—"The use of a good Soap is certainly calculated to preserve the skin in health, to maintain its complexion and tone, and prevent its falling into wrinkles. **PEARS** is a name engraven on the memory of the 'oldest inhabitant'; and **PEARS' transparent SOAP** is an article of the nicest and most careful manufacture, and one of the most refreshing and agreeable of balms for the skin."

## CAUTION TO PARENTS.

**T**HE delicate Skin of Infants and Children is particularly liable to injury from coarse and unrefined Toilet Soap, which is commonly adulterated with the most pernicious ingredients; hence, frequently, *the irritability, redness, and blotchy appearance of the Skin from which many children suffer.* It should be remembered that **artificially coloured Soaps are frequently poisonous**, particularly the Red, Blue, and Green varieties; and nearly all Toilet Soaps contain an excess of Soda. Very white Soaps, such as "Curd," usually contain much more Soda than others, owing to the use of Cocoa Nut Oil, which makes a bad, strongly alkaline Soap, very injurious to the skin, besides leaving a disagreeable odour on it. The serious injury to children resulting from these Soaps often remains unsuspected in spite of nature's warnings, until the unhealthy and irritable condition of the skin has developed into some *unsightly disease*, not infrequently baffling the skill of the most eminent Dermatologists.

**P**EAR'S transparent SOAP is recommended as absolutely pure; free from excess of alkali (soda), and from artificial colouring matter. It is delightfully perfumed, remarkably durable, and has been in good repute nearly 100 years, and obtained 15 International Awards.

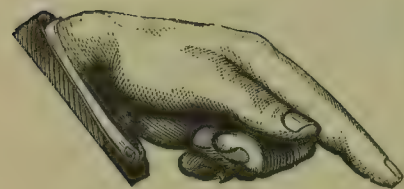
**T**HE following testimony is extracted, by permission of the publishers, Messrs. Chatto & Windus, from "The Hygiene of the Skin," by MR. J. L. MILTON, SENIOR SURGEON to St. John's Hospital for the Skin, London. "From time to time I have tried many different Soaps, and 'I have now after **Fifteen Years**' careful trial in many hundreds of cases, both 'in hospital and private practice, no hesitation in giving my verdict to the effect that *nothing has answered so well, or proved so beneficial to the skin as PEAR'S transparent SOAP.*'"

## Pears' Soap!!

## Pears' Soap!!

## Pears' Soap!!

### Pears' Soap.



### Pears' Soap.

### TESTIMONIAL FROM

## Madame Adelina Patti.

I have found it matchless for the hands and complexion.

*Adelina Patti*

### TESTIMONIAL FROM

## Mrs. Langtry.

I have much pleasure in stating that I have used your Soap for some time and prefer it to any other.

*Mrs. Langtry*

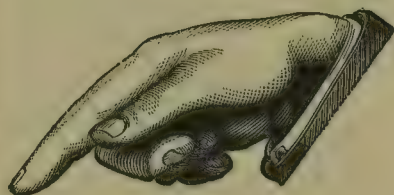
### TESTIMONIAL FROM

## Madame Marie Roze Mapleson,

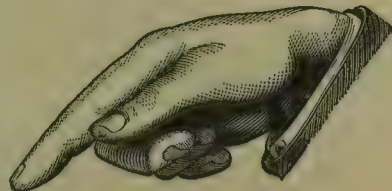
Prima Donna at Her Majesty's Theatre.

For preserving the complexion, keeping the skin soft, free from redness and roughness, and the hands in nice condition, it is the finest Soap in the world.

*Marie Roze*



### Pears' Soap.



PEARS'

Tablets and Balls.

Transparent

SOAP.

1/- each.

Larger Sizes, 1/6 and 2/6.

(The 2/6 Tablet is perfumed with Otto of Roses.)

A smaller Tablet (unscented) is sold at 6d.



ESTD

1789.

A. & F. PEARS,

Soap Makers by Appointment to H.R.H. the Prince of Wales,

71-75, NEW OXFORD-STREET

(Late 38 and 91, GREAT RUSSELL-ST.)

LONDON, W.C.

PEARS'

Transparent

SOAP.

Sold Everywhere, but INSIST on having the GENUINE.

Sold Everywhere, but INSIST on having the GENUINE.





Sweet Lucy Moore, as eldest girl  
Of a large household, mainly boys,  
Is mostly in a constant whirl,  
With little time for girlish joys:

A MORNING WALK.

BY G. A. STOREY, A.R.A.

But, being of an active mind,  
She every morning takes a walk  
Unto a neighbour's house, to find  
Some slight relief in pleasant talk.



"Done! I accept. Write receipt. Here's paper and pencil."

"The paper I threw down was a leaf from my pocket-book."

"Thank you," she replied.

"Now go to my truck. There you will find a long rope. Bring it."

"While she was gone I got down and looked for the receipt. Couldn't see it on the ground. When she returned I took the rope, and wound it round my body, then turned to remount."

"Oh! I may as well pay you," I said.

"Yes," she said, "here's the receipt," taking it from her bosom.

"All the while I had been thinking how I was to get the picture down—it was so high up and so heavy. But she was strong and willing to help. So I again went up, and having released the rope, fastened one end round the middle of the frame, and made it secure with knots, then threw the other end over the rafter, and let it slowly down."

"Can you reach it?" I shouted.

"Nicely."

"Then, when I give the word, pull with all your might, as I shall, so we'll lift it up free from everything, and then lower it to the ground." So said, so done, and in half an hour I had the picture and frame safe on the truck, and was pushing on as well as I could through the blinding sleet, which I didn't care for a bit, so pleased was I with my prize.

"H'm! Prize!" growled Mr. Bunce, with withering contempt. "That's like you, Amos, to forget everything you ought to remember! Fifty years the farmer had it—say a hundred and fifty other people had it before: that's two hundred years old—cracked, no doubt; injured in all sorts of ways. Can only be of use to the Wardour-street men to cut up into bits. I doubt if they'll repay you the five shillings invested, which would have found you a capital Christmas dinner. Silly! Very!"

"Will you come over and look at it? It's all ready in my shop," asked Amos.

"Not now—I may to-morrow." But at that moment he caught a sly twinkle in Amos's eye that Amos did not often let him see there. Hadn't the fellow told him all?

"Amos," said he, "I must look into this matter at once."

## CHAPTER II.

### AMOS'S PURCHASE.

When Mr. Bunce entered the shop, he saw, carefully placed in position to be looked at, a richly carved frame, and that only, the picture itself being covered by a green baize curtain.

Aided by a big glass, he began a minute scrutiny of every part, but found no crack—only slight injuries to the carving, every part answering to the query of his finger, "Sound—perfectly sound, Sir!"

"A very fair bit of work!" was, however, all he committed himself to. And then he was about to go.

"Stay, please, Sir; I've more to show you." And waiting for no answer he removed the curtain and displayed the picture. Nearly every part of the painting was in complete obscurity, but a hand stood out, clear, almost bright, and exquisitely drawn.

"I thought I'd wash it a bit—with soda in the water. And see how fresh that hand has come out."

"Soda! Of course! and you have most likely done like other restorers—ruined a valuable property."

"I hope not, Sir. May I ask you if you can trace dimly the outlines of a figure—and the pose of a head?"

"I only see that in your imagination, Amos."

"If you will stand just here, Sir, with your glass, I fancy you will see even better than I do."

Mr. Bunce moved to the spot indicated, tried with his glass and without, and owned at last he did see what Amos suggested—but could tell him much more. He saw distinctly the outlines of a grand figure—most likely of some big aristocrat.

"Now, Amos, don't fool again with the soda, but fetch some warm water, and soap, and I'll see what I can do."

And off went his coat, in spite of the chill of the shop, warmed only by the tiny fire. He looked for and found the barber's sponge, and on Amos's return he set to with a will.

With unspeakable interest and delight Amos saw one bit after another *shine* forth, as he phrased it, from the canvas, till a grand figure stood dimly but unmistakably revealed, the recovered hand resting haughtily on the handle of his sword.

"Why, Mr. Bunce, it seems to me as though you had been creating the very picture you thought you saw!"

A splendid stroke on Amos's part. Mr. Bunce put out his hand, which Amos grasped only too tightly for any man's comfort, and said—

"I congratulate you. A good bargain."

"Doesn't it seem as though he looked uncommonly high and mighty down upon us?" queried Amos.

"Can't say. I touched the face lightly. Some other man must look to that, and get out the likeness and expression. Well, good day, Amos; I'll think about this for you, and let you know to-morrow."

## CHAPTER III.

### A PURCHASER OFFERS.

Amos, however, had the audacity to anticipate Mr. Bunce's thoughts, by thinking his own.

Early next morning, when he took down his shutters, passers-by stopped in amazement before his window, till quite a crowd had collected, for there he had mounted the picture, in its magnificent and costly frame, for the whole world to see.

Hour by hour he listened with amusement and delight to the speculations called forth by the exhibition. At noon, Mr. Bunce came, saw, and could scarcely believe his own eyes. Terribly indignant, he was about to enter the barber's sanctum and annihilate for ever Amos's indecent attempt at independence, when he was stopped by the sound of wheels, and, looking back, recognised a gentleman only known to him as Mr. Chipping Norton.

He was driving a pair of horses in a mail phaeton, and was passing by, when his eye caught sight of the picture, and he stopped to look.

Presently he got down, and made way through the crowd till he reached the window, when he took another long, lingering, earnest look at it, and at Amos, who seemed to be almost asking him to take an inside view.

He turned to his horses, took hold of the reins, and seemed to Amos about to pass away without caring to speak about the picture; so Amos went to him and said—

"Please, Sir, I should be exceedingly obliged if you would give me your opinion of this work of art."

"My good fellow, I don't pretend to be a judge."

"Perhaps if you saw it close?"

"Well, I'll come in. Mind, I am not a buyer."

"Oh, I quite understand that, Sir."

Mr. Chipping Norton went in; instituted a very close and lengthened examination, while pointing out, as if casually, a number of defects, and finally remarked—

"I incline to think this is only a copy by an inferior artist of a fine original work, and therefore of no value to a connoisseur. What do you value it at?"

"Oh, Sir, I've no knowledge of such things."

"The frame, at all events, is worth something. And I shouldn't mind giving you a couple of guineas."

"Without the picture, Sir?"

"The face, dim as it is, and too far gone to be quite recoverable, reminds me of a friend, and for his sake I should keep it in a back room by itself. My gallery consists of originals. My offer, of course, included that; but, however, not to waste your time and mine, I'll say three guineas."

"I'm unlucky, but, as I said before, no judge of pictures. This one mightn't be worth the old canvas it is on; and I might be imposing on you in selling it."

Mr. Chipping Norton could not help a laugh as he rejoined, "I'm afraid your ignorance is a better weapon to fight with than other men's knowledge. But come, make me an offer; and if it's reasonable, I'll think of it, and see you some other day."

"I really would if I could, Sir. It's very unfortunate. But I'll be glad to hear what you think."

"Will five guineas tempt you?" Amos laughingly shook his head. "Ten? Well, I'm a great fool, but now for my ultimatum. I've only got three guineas about me, and there they are. I'll fetch the frame and picture to-morrow morning, and pay you the other twelve. No! not a word! I'm doing you a service, and only doing myself a pleasure." And with that he hurried to his carriage, taking no notice of Amos's repeated calls to him to stop.

The latter, however, going to the door, threw the guineas on the pavement, and two or three greedy and dirty hands were about to pick them up, but Mr. Bunce and his gold-headed cane interposed.

"Be off!" he shouted, "if you don't want to be locked up." And then, as they fell back, he drew the coins together with the point of his cane. Before he could express his sense of the degrading position Amos had left him in, Amos called out—

"Sir, I call you to witness—and these other gentlemen, too—that I did not accept his offer—that I did not touch his money, except to throw it into the street!"

"We all witness that," cried one or two voices, not including Mr. Bunce's. He looked unutterable things at Amos, which, therefore, he couldn't say. So, gathering up the coins, he put them in his pocket, turned imposingly to Amos, and warned him—

"What I think of all this you will perhaps hear to-morrow from some other quarter," and then stalked away in much dignity.

Forgetting almost the very existence of Mr. Bunce while anxiously running as to the best method of discovering the real value of the picture before he again met Mr. Chipping Norton, a question suddenly occurred to Amos which Mr. Bunce alone, he thought, could answer.

Would he come at the usual hour, twelve? No; twelve, and then one struck on the church clock, but neither brought him. This was serious. So he sent a boy with a very humble message, begging him to overlook the excitement he was in the day before, for he more than ever needed his help and guidance.

The boy was a long time gone; but at last he returned with the following letter:—

"Philip Amos,—I hereby give you notice that I wash my hands of your affairs altogether, that I shall not be at home if you call, and that I retain the three guineas till you and Mr. C. Norton agree together to apply for them through your respective solicitors.—BENJAMIN BUNCE."

## CHAPTER IV.

### THE EXPERT.

Fresh wonder affected the minds of the barber's neighbours and fellow-townsmen when, immediately after the receipt of Mr. Bunce's missive, the window appeared no longer filled with the pictorial glory.

Again a crowd came, not, as before, to see the miracle of art, which had died and come to life again in Amos's magical hands, but just because there was nothing to see if they did come. Had he sold the picture for a lot of money, and would retire and be independent? Had he made a ridiculous mistake, and so had made away with its worthlessness? Then a more fearful suggestion was offered. Where was he? The shop-door was fast. Nobody had seen him since early morning. Had he not only made away with his unlucky purchase, but with himself too?

The reappearance of Mr. Chipping Norton and his equipage as he drove rapidly to the door scattered the spectators for the moment, but made them only more eager to learn what was next going to happen.

He was accompanied by a serious-looking gentleman, the two exchanging significant looks, as the former cried out loudly and excitedly—

"Why, the picture's gone! Neither in the window where it was, nor in the shop. Can he have sold it? Or run away with it?"

"Looks bad!" remarked the strange gentleman, as Mr. Chipping Norton handed him the reins, saying—

"Keep here, while I get down. We may have to go in rapid pursuit."

Leaping out, he knocked loudly at the door, after vainly trying to force it open, and was answered by Amos from an upper window.

"All right, Sir; I'm coming down."

"Where's the picture?" Mr. Chipping Norton hurriedly demanded, as Amos speedily unbolted the shop-door, the two meeting on the threshold and passing in.

"Safe, Sir; quite safe!"

"Not sold?"

"Certainly not. I can't sell, you know, knowing so little about the value of pictures, as I think I said before."

"Well, there was something in that; and, so thinking, I went to an expert, asked him to come down and see the picture, at my expense, and here he is."

"Sir, that's very kind of you! It's just what I was wanting. Really, exceedingly kind of you. I hadn't meant to let anybody see it again—till—however, that doesn't matter. It's in my back-yard. Will the gentleman look at it there?"

"Well, a back-yard, open to the sky, on a day like this, is not exactly the place for judging a work of art, which will take time, so I'll lend you a hand to bring it back here."

"All right, Sir," responded Amos, and, without another word, led the way out, and presently the two reappeared bearing the picture back to its place in the shop, an incident that was greeted by a loud "Hurrah!" from the deeply interested observers on the pavement outside.

The expert looked once, twice, thrice at the picture, each time drawing his hand across his eyes before renewing his glance, and, having thoroughly satisfied himself, turned to Amos in a pleasant way to ask—"Have you looked for any name that might suggest either the painter or the owner?"

"Yes; but couldn't find any."

"I should like to see the back in this same light."

So the picture was turned round, and the canvas also keenly scrutinised by the aid of a microscope.

Presently the expert called Amos to look at a spot in the corner of the canvas.

"Something has been here. Could you in cleaning have dulled or rubbed it out?"

"Certainly not."

The expert went to the door, and asked the groom to give him a sheet of cartridge paper that he would find below the seat. This, and other aids, he had brought with him, in view to a claim on behalf of Mr. Chipping Norton, should Amos prove obdurate.

Cutting the sheet into strips and reuniting them lengthwise into one, he wrapped it round the picture, fastened the ends with a row of seals in red wax, and then wrote in a large, awfully clear handwriting for poor Amos to read, the following words:—

*"Called here simply as an expert, on behalf of my friend and employer, Mr. Chipping Norton, to give an opinion of the value of this picture, with a view to an honourable purchase from the professing owner, one Philip Amos, I am bound in truth and honour to declare that I recognise this picture, by indubitable evidences, as belonging to a noble family, and lost by them nearly a century ago. I therefore warn the said Philip Amos that the property will be called for at the earliest possible moment, and that in the interim, if he touches the seals, or fails in any way to take proper care of the picture, he will be prosecuted for unlawful possession and corrupt attempts to sell,*

*William Jarvis.*

*Dec. 9, 1866."*

Having read this aloud, he turned to Mr. Chipping Norton to say—

"I deeply regret your disappointment, but what else could I do? I was consulted about this very picture, and the means furnished me for identification, by the owners, who showed me a copy that was made for a relative, soon after the production of the original."

Poor Amos was too much overwhelmed to venture a single word beyond the assertion he had bought the picture in the fair way of business; and that he hoped his case would be kindly considered. The meeting broke up in discontent.

"A nice Christmas I'm going to spend!" said Amos to himself, in intense bitterness of soul.

## CHAPTER V.

### THE SUMMONS.

Many disquieting days passed over Amos's miserable head as he waited expectantly, but vainly, for the next step to be taken. The owners were abroad, and had to be communicated with by their solicitor, in whose hands the matter had been placed by the expert, as Amos indirectly learned.

One only comfort he had, and that from an unexpected quarter. Mr. Bunce, who, unable to rest without a correct statement as to the recent memorable meeting in Amos's shop, of which confusing and exaggerated accounts alone had reached him, put his dignity in his pocket for future use, forgave the barber for making him write his strong letter, and forgave himself for writing it, and sent a message to the effect—

"Would he come and see him at the Johnny Gilpin, where he then was, and let bygones be bygones?"

Prompt was Amos's answer in person; as promptly he advanced, and shook for the second time the Oracle's extended hand, which then went to the bell and brought in the waiter.

"A pint of your best ale for Mr. Amos" was the unusual order.

"A pint, Sir?" queried the waiter, who, remembering the invariable half-pint of previous days for Amos, supposed the pint must be a mistake.

"Yes; mind your own business, and don't keep my friend waiting."

"Well, now, Amos, tell me all in your own way. I sha'n't interrupt you." And Amos felt it a relief to let loose the troubled thoughts of his bosom by relating them to another.

"Well, and now what do you mean to do?" asked Mr. Bunce, when the tale was told.

"Fight!" said Amos fiercely, as his fist came down on the table with such force as to disturb the ale in Mr. Bunce's glass, and Mr. Bunce's own equanimity, "I'll fight to the last. It's now a question of character, and if her blessed Majesty the Queen were to say anything against that, I shouldn't be silent, I can tell you."

But having said so much, he would say no more; and Mr. Bunce having thoroughly emptied him of all his news, allowed him to slip away with his ale untouched, and which Mr. Bunce accordingly proceeded to deal with.

But at last "news enough and to spare" came, as Amos said to himself, on reading the following letter:—

*"Lincoln's Inn, Dec. 21, 1866.*

*"Mr. Philip Amos,—I am instructed by the trustees of the late Lord Heverston to demand your presence at this office to-morrow, at eleven, to meet them, and to show cause, if you can, why you should not be prosecuted for attempting to raise money on false pretences by the sale of a picture that did not belong to you. The picture and frame will be taken away, at the same time this is delivered to you, by special messengers.*

*DANIEL J. HARCOURT."*

Amos smiled as he read, but it was that kind of smile that tells that the trouble within is worse than could be shown by any signs of anguish or indignation in the face.

He looked out. There was the conveyance specially fitted for carrying pictures, with two respectable men, who, asking no leave, entered his shop, took up the bulky package, which Amos had got ready with the utmost care, and took it away, without saying a single word to him.

## CHAPTER VI.

### THE MEETING.

It need hardly be said that Amos was punctual—so punctual, indeed, that for nearly an hour he was hovering about the front of the solicitors' office, watching for the trustees.

But time never forgets to pass, and as two or three clocks began to strike eleven he saw, within the next five minutes, several gentlemen of distinguished appearance hurriedly pass in. A respectable-looking personage bowed with marked respect to one of them, and Amos thought he heard the words "My Lord."

"What was the person who bowed?" Amos wondered. "An understrapper, no doubt. I'll speak to him." The person in question had passed into a long and somewhat dark corridor, but Amos overtook him, and said hurriedly—

"Let me have a word or two with you, there's a good fellow. I've been called here when I ought to have been left in peace and quiet at home, to answer for a crime I didn't commit; but all's so strange and confusing, I don't know where I should go or how to behave when I get in. Will you mind taking this [offering a half-crown] and let me ask you a question?"

"Are you concerned in the matter—Lord Heverston's Trustees against Philip Amos?"

"I'm that poor devil himself—Philip Amos."

"Your question?"

"Will they call me when they want me?"

"Certainly."

"And may I wait here?"



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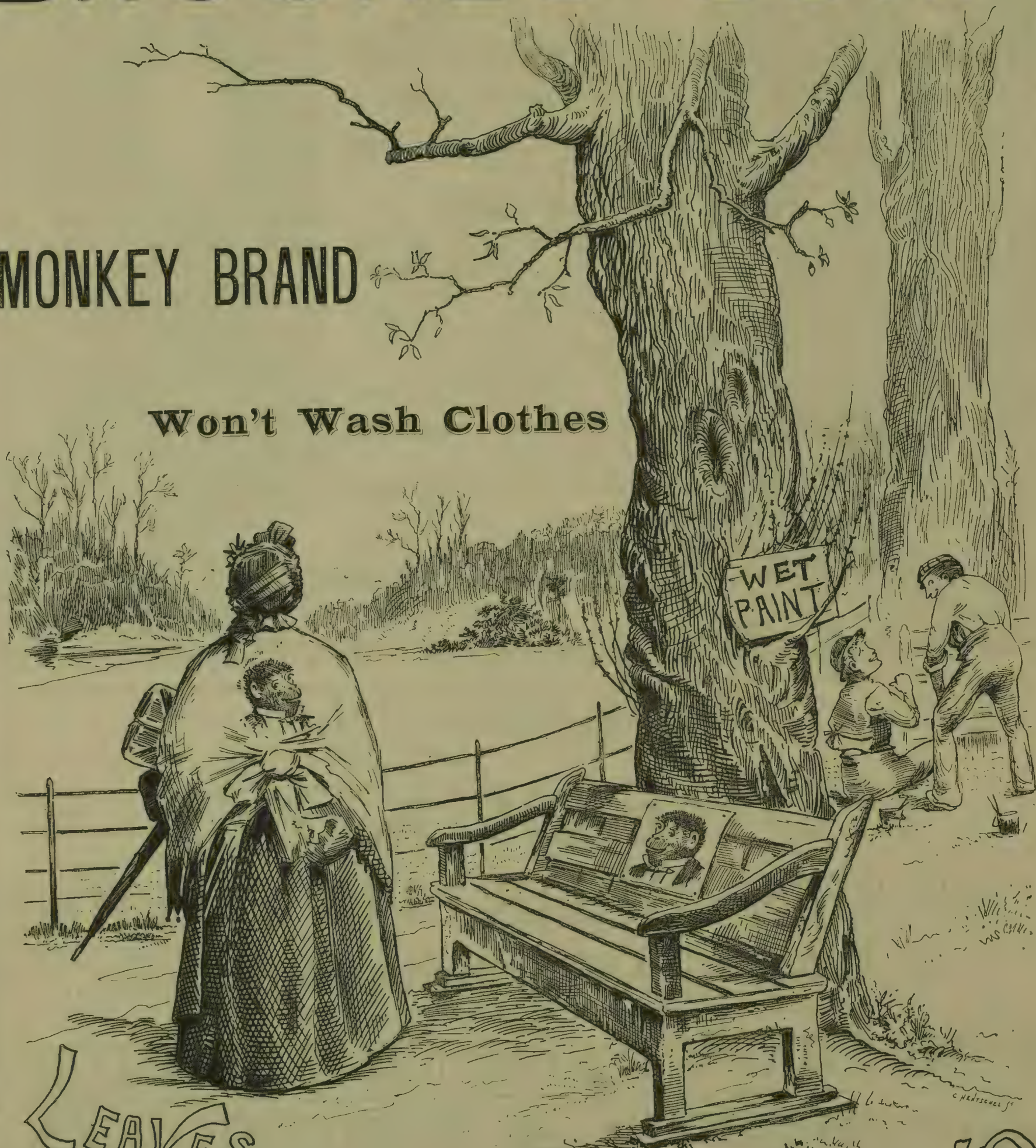
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Ben spins the little messengers  
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Of Pharaoh's chariots hauled up new;  
Of fishes that, like birdies, flew,  
And some that big as houses grew.



"Yes, for a short time, unless you like to go into a waiting-room."

"And when I go in, do I stand, or sit, or address the big wigs as 'my Lords' as they do Judges?"

"You will be told all that is necessary."

"Thanks! I am so much obliged. Right's right, you know, so please take the half-crown. You have given me many a half-crown's worth of good."

"You give it to me to do what I like with?"

"Oh, certainly, certainly!"

"You'll possibly see me in the court."

"Not as a Judge?" gasped Amos.

"No. But if I should have an opportunity to throw out a hint to you that may be useful."

"Nobody can tell how much I should value it! Yours is an honest face—and I always trust such faces."

A laugh was the only rejoinder, and Amos was left to pace up and down the corridor, as noiselessly as he could, to evade attracting attention.

Naturally he tried to guess at what might be passing. "The expert and the solicitor will have to tell the whole affair to these trustees, garnished, of course, with something like evidence against that shabby rascal—myself. That'll take time. Then"—

A door near him opened, and a clerk called out, "Philip Amos!"

"Here, Sir," responded Amos, and hurriedly followed the caller into the room.

Coming suddenly from the semi-darkness of the corridor into a room that was just then benefiting by a bright burst of sunshine through the wide window, and which fell direct upon Amos's face, he felt almost blinded, and, not knowing what to do, did nothing, but stood still just within the threshold.

"Come forward!" said the harsh voice of a noble Lord at the head of the table who was one of the trustees; while other gentlemen, trustees or personal friends of the deceased Lord and his family, occupied the sides.

Amos did as he was directed.

"What is your name?"

"Philip Amos I was baptised, but I am generally called 'Phil Amos,' my Lord."

"Do you know that picture and frame?" said his Lordship, as he indicated with his finger where Amos was to look. Amos went to it, saw the cartridge-paper and the seals, and said as he returned—

"Yes, my Lord."

"How did it come into your possession?"

"I purchased it from a woman."

"Is she here?"

"No, my Lord; I tried but could not find her. She has left our part."

"A convenient story!"

"I don't know about the convenience, my Lord, but I know it's true."

"And of that you have no proof whatever?"

"Oh, but I have, though, my Lord." And Amos produced from his pocket a paper. "Here's her receipt."

The document being handed to his Lordship, who scrutinised it narrowly through his glasses, was passed on to another trustee, and then to the third, who finally whispered something to the second, and the second to the first (his Lordship), who again addressed Amos—

"What do you call this woman?"

"Call her, my Lord?" responded Amos—and then came to a dead stop. "Well now, my Lord, I really don't know myself. I got it in a hurry at night in a big barn. I saw she had signed—that was enough for me, and, I hope, for your Lordship, for, had it been your own case, I don't think you could have done better under the circumstances."

"Take that receipt into your hand, and then tell me her name," said the noble Lord.

Amos took it, looked at it in every possible variety of aspect and light, scratched his head, and then confessed his dilemma.

"My Lord, I am ashamed to say I can't make it out, and it's no use guessing."

"You will not, then, be surprised to learn that not one of the trustees, myself included, can read it, either."

His Lordship turned towards the trustees.

"Is it necessary, gentlemen, to carry this inquiry any further? It seems to me he is convicted out of his own mouth. That document I believe to be a mere fraud."

Exchanging a few words together, the second trustee said aloud, "We think with your Lordship, but would advise that this man be first questioned about the details of the purchase."

"Very proper. I had forgot that," was his Lordship's reply. "What did you pay this supposed woman?"

"Five shillings, just what she asked me."

"And you were about to sell it for fifteen pounds?"

"Begging your Lordship's pardon, I wasn't about to do anything of the kind. I couldn't tell but it might be worth a great deal more."

"That you confess."

"Yes, if telling the gospel truth be confession, my Lord."

"Now mark. You confess you had refused fifteen guineas, because you thought it might be worth a great deal more. Under these circumstances, did it never occur to you how impossible it must have been for the supposed woman to have got it honestly into her possession?"

"No, I believed her story, that it had been given to her as of little value by the farmer into whose possession it had fallen with the barn fifty years ago. The property was in that barn."

"Is that farmer here?"

"No, my Lord; I was too poor to go seeking him in the wilds of Yorkshire."

"So that the only other witness who could testify for you is also missing. Where is Mr. Harcourt?"

"Here, my Lord," replied that gentleman, as he entered hastily, apologising for his momentary absence.

Amos glared in alarm at "Mr. Harcourt," who was probably called to arrange for his arrest by the police, for he now recognised in him the person to whom he had in senseless

stupidity given half a crown. "I might as well go to the Old Bailey at once," was his inward comment.

"My Lord, and gentlemen," said the solicitor, "documents expected some time since have only just come into my hands, and these you will need to see. But first I must tell you this man tried to bribe me near the door before the proceedings commenced, and I impounded the coin. There it is." And he put the half-crown on the table.

"But I must in justice add that what he bribed me to do was only to answer a few innocent questions. Here, my Lord, is a letter from Farmer Hutchins, a very respectable man, confirming Amos's statement about his (Hutchins's) own long possession of it, his ignorance as to its owner, and his past belief the property was not worth the trouble of even getting it down to examine. Your Lordship will be still more interested, no doubt, to discover that Mr. Hutchins further says he did make a present of both picture and frame to the woman, whose name he gives me: so that Amos's story, so difficult to believe, appears, after all, to be essentially true."

"Didn't I say so, my Lord?" cried Amos exultingly, and making his voice ring through the building.

"If you repeat that," said his Lordship, "I'll have you turned out."

"And that's where I want to go!" responded Amos.

"I can only say, Amos," interposed the solicitor, "that you make me sorry to seem to be your advocate."

"Oh, Sir! oh, my Lord! oh, gentlemen trustees! you don't know what I have suffered, or you'd forgive me worse things than this! I humbly beg the pardon of you all!"

"Now, Amos, pray let me finish what I had begun."

"Oh, I will! I will!"

"In making the inquiries which have resulted so favourably to this man I thought it but also right to inquire into his character, and I have the satisfaction of saying that, though as 'poor as a rat' in the estimation of his neighbours, he is strictly honest, and of good behaviour."

"I venture, therefore, in my capacity of adviser to the trustees, to anticipate their wishes, and require from Amos an absolute release of the property, so to avoid all possibilities of litigation, and, further, that we pay him, in consideration thereof, say, fifty pounds, to include the sacrifice of his expectations, the expenses he has been put to, and the temporary stigma on his character, now happily removed."

How Amos scanned the faces of the three trustees as they listened to this proposition—which, wonderful to say, seemed to bring the dream of his life within the bounds of an immediate possibility, or to wreck it altogether—I do not attempt to depict.

"Are you ready to accept that proposition just made?" demanded his Lordship.

"Ay, my Lord; down on my marrowbones, with all my heart and soul, and to do anything in the world that you can ask me, provided it is honest. Not that I have doubts about you. I didn't mean that—I couldn't! I shall leave everything to Mr. Harcourt. And so God bless you all! And may you all spend as happy a Christmas Day as you have made for me."

THE END.

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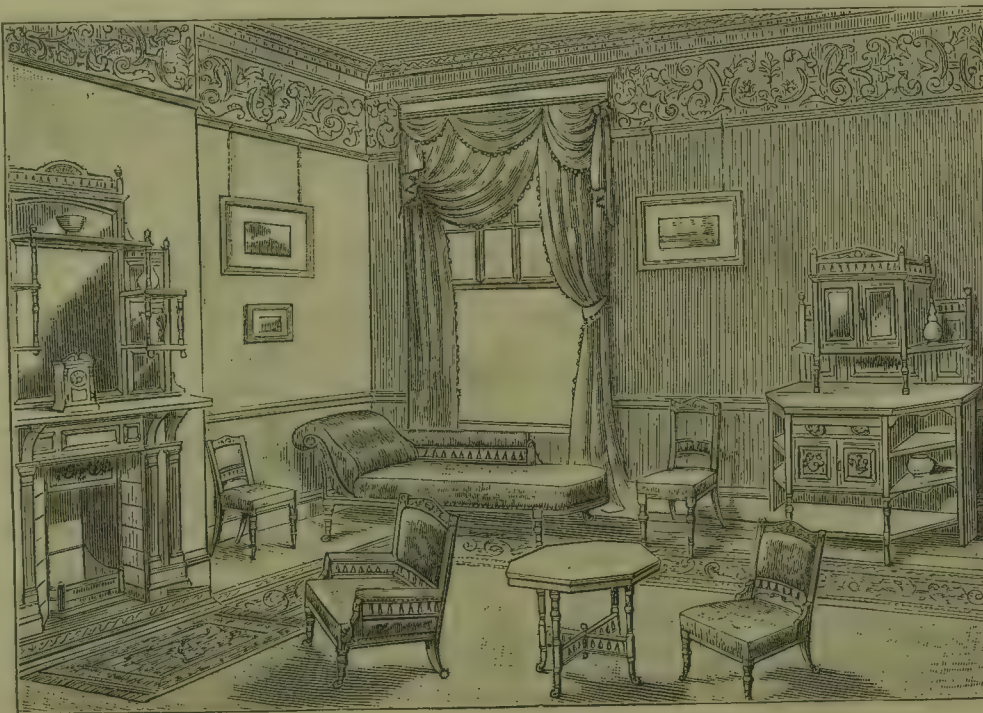
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A BARRISTER'S OPINION.—F. ARTHUR SIBLY, Esq., Barrister-at-Law, M.A., LL.M. (Cantab), writing from Hylwardfield, Stonehouse, Gloucestershire, says: "Dear Sir,—I have only been waiting until my complete recovery to give a testimony to the wonderful effect of your Electropathic Belt treatment. When I first consulted you, three years ago, I had almost resigned hope of being anything but a complete invalid all my life. At that time my vital energy was so low that I was quite incapacitated for work of any kind. From the time I put myself in your hands my

improvement was rapid. I have now regained all the vigour, both of body and of mind, and am completely restored to health."

DEBILITY.—WILLIAM SHIMMIN, Esq., 4, Goth-street, Liverpool, writes, Dec. 3, 1888: "Since wearing your Electropathic appliance my health has greatly improved. I am much better and stronger than I have felt for years."

WEAK BACK AND SEVERE HEADACHES.—Miss M. RAMSEY, 55, Wenlock-st., Hoxton, N., writes, April 4, 1889: "The effect was wonderful—I feel like a different person."

## MEN AND WOMEN

who wear HARNESS' world-famed ELECTROPATHIC BELT find that it INVIGORATES THE DEBILITATED CONSTITUTION, Stimulates the Organic Action, Promotes the Circulation, ASSISTS DIGESTION, and promptly Restores the Vital Energy the loss of which is the first symptom of decay. ITS HEALING PROPERTIES are Multifarious: it STIMULATES the Functions of Various Organs, Increases their Secretions, gives Tone to Muscle and Nerves, Relaxes Morbid Contractions, IMPROVES NUTRITION, and Restores Exhausted Nerve Force. Acting Directly on the System it Sustains and Assists its Various Functions, and thus Promotes the

HEALTH AND VIGOUR OF THE ENTIRE FRAME.

## MR. C. B. HARNESS,

the President of the Company, attends daily, together with their Physician, Surgeon, Medical Electricians, and other officers. Advice may be had in every case, Free of Charge, personally or by letter, on all matters Relating to Health and the Application of Curative Electricity.

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"THE FAMILY DOCTOR," Sept. 8, 1888:—

"The valuable and ingenious inventions of Mr. Harness, and the elaborate and beautifully fitted operating and consulting rooms at the Company's extensive 'Electropathic' and Zander Institute at the corner of Rathbone-place, Oxford-street, are indeed a wonderful example of the rapid strides made during the last few years in the science of medical electricity, and this magnificent building is now one of the most interesting sights in London. We would advise visitors from the country and others to call and personally inspect the premises, and have the various electropathic appliances and electric batteries explained to them."

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THEY CURE  
 RHEUMATIC AFFECTIONS,  
 LIVER & KIDNEY DISORDERS,  
 INTERNAL WEAKNESS,  
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## HARNESS' ELECTROPATHIC BELTS.

A WELL-KNOWN LADY'S OPINION.—Mrs. E. F. OSBORNE, The Hollies, Newark-upon-Trent, writes: "Dear Sir,—The Electropathic Abdominal Belt I had, upon your advice, has had a wonderful effect upon the circulation, and improving the general vitality of the system. My daughter has also completely recovered. You will no doubt remember she was suffering from anaemia, but since wearing the Electropathic Belt has become quite strong, and can walk miles without fatigue. You can refer any patient to me."





Full fifty years ago and more, when I was taut and trim  
(Who know me now will not believe that I was ever slim)  
I fell o'er head and ears in love with Isabella May,  
A neighbour's only daughter she, who lived across the way.

# MY PARTNER FIFTY YEARS AGO.

BY A. FORESTIER.

Some giggling damsels said she was a plain, old-fashioned frump;  
But, knowing this was jealousy, I did not care a dump:  
And how we danced—O dear! O dear! And loved each other so!—  
But then, as I have said before, 'twas fifty years ago.



## CHRISTMAS FAIRIES.

I see them dancing in the hall; I hear the sound of revelry; and the lamps shine brightly o'er the beauty of fair women and the chivalry of their cavaliers. But such wild mirth and festal pageantry are not for me, the greybeard, who, with the weight of many a gloomy winter upon me, and the burthen of sorrowful reflections, retire, silent and unnoticed, to dream in the solitude of my private chamber, with sad eyes fixed on the tapestry that hangs its walls, of the Christmas happiness that was mine in the long ago.

This is to write in the language proper to Christmas stories, Mrs. Radcliffe's romances, and Lord Lytton's historical fictions; but, as I already feel myself unable to maintain a flight so lofty, I discreetly drop at once to a lower level. There is no "revelry," and no "hall"; but the children are making merry in the front drawing-room, forcing the greybeard (who, to tell the truth, is as innocent of hirsute appendage as my Lord Rosebery) to seek for awhile a quiet corner among his books. Thither, however, the sounds of laughter and lively music pursue me, until some chance chords, some familiar notes, suddenly call up from "the vasty deep" of memory a host of thick-coming fancies to fill with vague forms and scenes the dimly lighted space. To separate them into some kind of order I find a task as difficult as was that of the fairy compelled to pick out a thousand—or was it two thousand?—kinds of seeds from the heap that lay before her. They melt into one another, and again fall apart, and resolve into new combinations, like the bits of glass in a kaleidoscope, and are as fair to see. For

these are the Christmas fairies—the dwellers in that world of Fable which, for many and many a Christmas past, has beguiled the joyous gaze of childhood; that strange, mysterious world into which, if we could see as the children see, and with the children's faith, we elders would bless our stars!

A strange, mysterious world, indeed! where nothing is as it seems—where the chances and changes are even more manifold and rapid than in the world we call our own—a world of enchanted castles, with marble towers and long flights of golden steps, solid and stable to the eye. But, hark! a bugle-note rings through the startled air, and instantly the gorgeous fabric disappears, swift as the passing of the mists on a Highland loch at the first touch of sunrise. Yes, a strange, mysterious world, where gilded galleys, gay with crimson banners, and freighted with lovely faces, glide down the smooth-flowing river, to rest in some happy haven beneath the stars. A strange, mysterious world, where unearthly music whispers through the forest, and sighing nymphs, imprisoned in the pines, beseech the wayfarer to release them from the spell that some hag, as cruel as Caliban's dam, has imposed upon them. There, in the wild recesses of the mountains, live ferocious giants, who "ever and anon" descend into the plains in search of victims, whom they hale, shrieking and weeping, to their gloomy lairs. There, dwarfs delight in the perpetration of all kinds of malignities. There, magicians weave their potent charms, and compound their philtres and unguents. There, the handsome prince roams to and fro in quest of the beautiful princess, and sympathetic Nature is always ready to assist him. There, the wicked godmother is foiled by the

benevolent fairy, just as she hopes to wreak her vengeance on her unconscious godchild. There, the birds speak in a language that everybody understands, and lions break out into strains of poetry, and cats give splendid banquets in enchanted palaces, and fishes rescue distressed damsels or carry consolation to despairing lovers. The strangest and most mysterious world imaginable! where life and death lose all their reality; where the laws of nature are constantly suspended or reversed; where the elements undergo permutations incredible; where all the good are beautiful and all the bad are ugly (which is just as it should be); where distraught lovers in the end are always made happy (which is also just as it should be); where gold and silver can be had for the asking, and, as the land belongs to anybody and everybody, Mr. Henry George has been more than anticipated; and where, in spite of gnomes, and evil fairies, and enchanter's, and all kinds of monstrous shapes, Truth and Justice and Goodness always get the best of it—which I wish was the case in this terrestrial world of ours, since it would then be a much happier world to live in!

Out of this strange, mysterious world come the fairies which hover about me as I muse by the Christmas fire. Tall and strong is the beanstalk that shoots up yonder, with little Jack on its top, laughing at the giant who gropes in the darkness below, and mutters his terrible "Fee, fi, fo, fum! I smell the blood of an Englishman!" How in one's childhood one shudders at those grim, ghastly words! And here, too, is a more famous Jack—going forth like another David to do battle against another Goliath, but equipped, not with sling and

SCHWEITZER'S

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